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TRELAWNY OF TRELAWNE.

MRS BRAY.

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TRELAWNY OF TRELAWNE.

Mrs. Bray's Novels and Romances.

THE WHITE HOODS.
DE FOIX; A ROMANCE OF BEARN.
THE PROTESTANT.
THE TALBA, OR THE MOOR OF PORTUGAL.

ROMANCES OF THE WEST.

FITZ OF FITZ-FORD.
WARLEIGH, OR THE FATAL OAK.
COURTENAY OF WALREDDON.
TRELAWNY OF TRELAWNE.
HENRY DE POMEROY.
HARTLAND FOREST, AND ROSETEAGUE.

MISCELLANEOUS TALES.

TRIALS OF THE HEART.
A FATHER'S CURSE, AND A DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE.

TRELAWNY OF TRELAWNE:

A Romance of the West.

BY

MRS. BRAY.

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TRELAWNY OF TRELAWNE:

OR,

THE PROPHECY.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

In presenting the following narrative to my readers, I feel I should be doing great injustice to myself, and still more to my subject, did I omit prefacing it with some account of the manner in which the very remarkable circumstances that form its foundation became known to me. I shall feel the more pleasure in detailing them, because it will give me an opportunity of publicly acknowledging my obligations to the present representatives of the ancient and honourable family of Trelawny, for the very kind and liberal manner in which they afforded me access to the treasures I found in their old documents, records, letters, &c., still preserved at Trelawne in Cornwall. These documents render that mansion of antiquity a depository of one of the most extensive and interesting collections of autographs relative both to public and private affairs to be met with in this part of England.

These curious records of English history and of domestic life had for years lain unknown and buried in obscurity till the present Lady Trelawny one day mentioned them to me whilst I was

a guest at her house—Harewood, in Cornwall. She had previously, with praiseworthy zeal and talent, busied herself in collecting all the information she could obtain from printed works and oral tradition respecting the family of her husband, and was in the possession of a few of the papers alluded to above that had been selected from a mass of more than ordinary interest by the late Lady Trelawny, who died in 1823. These few were entrusted to my hands that I might bring them home and look them over at my leisure. On examining them my curiosity was strongly excited, for one or two of them were letters addressed to a young lady of the Trelawny family under the name of "Mirtilla."* I soon found that these were connected with a little family history of deep interest and romantic character; indeed, with the tale of Mirtilla, which had been communicated to me whilst at Harewood.

After reading these I ventured to express my wish to make further inquiries, and begged Lady Trelawny's assistance to forward the plan I had in view. My wishes were no sooner named than they were most kindly granted; since, with that activity which is generally the accompaniment of a lively mind, she immediately arranged the whole scheme of our visit to Trelawne.

Early in the morning of November 4th, 1833, accompanied by Mr. Bray, I set off from Tavistock to commence a journey the object of which was one of unusual interest, and such, I believe, as seldom may have fallen to the lot of that class of writers who, like myself, delight in the events and characters of old times.

I ought to mention that before I set off I busied myself in

* Mirtilla was Letitia Trelawny, a daughter of Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bart. then Bishop of Bristol (and afterwards of Exeter and Winchester), who was one of the bishops committed to the Tower of London for refusing to accede to the measures of King James the Second in favour of the Papal Church.

searching several works, such as Froissart, Burnet, Gilbert, &c., to gather whatever I could collect respecting the Trelawny family, so that my memory being thus refreshed and stored with their deeds of old I might have the greater interest in visiting the venerable mansion that had for ages seen the births, marriages, and deaths of so many of their ancestry.

Safely arrived at Trelawne we partook of an excellent dinner, and finished the day by spending a most agreeable evening with the social circle, seated before a fire formed of billets of wood that blazed merrily up the old chimney of the drawing-room, where we had taken our station. A few of the old curious papers that were at hand were produced. Amongst them was a very old and large scroll on vellum of the genealogy of the family of Trelawny, drawn up by Camden, and this fact is established by the great antiquary having put his name to the foot of the scroll.

I slept in a large old room next to the clock-tower, and, what with the strange bed and the late excitement of so many things that had in them the charm of novelty and of romance, and the hooting of the owls (and such a hooting I never heard before), and the sighing of the wind, and those unaccountable noises so invariably heard in an old house during night and darkness, and the deep sounds of the clock as it solemnly struck the hour in the next building; in short, what with one or all of these things, sleep would not visit my eyes.

I was in bed, but the fire, which I had not put out, was now gradually sinking into embers; now and then, however, a flame shot up, and the shadows thrown by the old-fashioned bed, and a chair on which I had placed a travelling-cloak, fell on the opposite side of the room, and to fancy's eye conjured up a form that resembled one of the pictures I had that night looked at in crossing the gallery. It was a portrait of Cromwell's time, and

I fancied I saw the outline of the stout figure it portrayed in the breast armour, the stiff leather coat, and the iron morion or small scull-cap of the period. The fire sank down lower and lower, and with it my gigantic warrior grew more and more obscure, till, at length, all was dark.

But though the shadow on the wall was gone the train of thinking to which it had given rise remained, and, as I lay awake, I thought of the warrior sons of Trelawne. I conjured them up in memory, and, in imagination, made each pass before me in succession, like the heirs of Banquo in the cave of the witches. Fancy is a great cheat, but to her we may apply those lines of Butler—that is, with a slight variation—

> With her the pleasure is as great
> In being cheated as to cheat.

And here, reader, take in a more connected form the substance of my meditations and readings respecting the house of Trelawne. I speak of the family, not of the building.

Trelawne, or Trelawny, appears in Domesday Book to have been a lordship called Treloen, situated in Alternon, in Cornwall, and gave name to this ancient race, who flourished in the county long before the Norman Conquest. *Eduni de Treloen* held the same lands in the time of Edward the Confessor; his son, *Hamelin*, was the possessor of them, after the Conquest, by tenure from the grant of Earl Mortain, as found in the great assessment made in the reign of William the First. To *Hamelin* succeeded so long a line of *Treloen*, soon after written *Trelawne*, that it would require the space of a little volume did I but attempt to write a brief history of them, containing such particulars as may yet be gathered from public records, or from the old deeds, grants, and papers, still preserved by the family. I shall, therefore, limit my sketch to a few of the most eminent and interesting in story.

Sir Matthew Trelawny, in the reign of Edward the Third, was one of those gallant knights who, in company with Sir Walter Manny and others, joined the expedition into Britany, to support the claims of De Montfort to the duchy, and to aid his noble and "lion-hearted" countess in the relief of Hennebont. Previous to this expedition, Trelawny had been dangerously wounded at the assault on the castle of Rosternan. So much incensed was that bold warrior, Don Luis de España (the ally of Charles de Blois, the opponent of De Montfort), by the prowess of the Cornish knight, that, when he afterwards became a prisoner of war, Don Luis, without intimating his design, asked a boon of the Count. No sooner was it granted, with that chivalrous trust reposed in the honour of a knight, than the Spaniard was base enough to demand that the prisoners, Trelawny and another gentleman, should be sacrificed to satisfy his anger and revenge. "Sir," said Don Luis, addressing the Count de Blois, "in virtue of the promised boon, I require that you cause the two knights, who are now in prison at Favoet, Sir John Butler and Sir Matthew Trelawny, to be brought hither and given up to me, that I may do with them at my pleasure. This is a boon that I desire of you. They have chased, discomfited, and hurt me; they have slain my nephew Alonzo; and I know no better way to be revenged than to strike off the heads of these men before the town of Hennebont, in sight of their companions."

De Blois, shocked by a request so little in accordance with the true spirit of chivalry, endeavoured to persuade Don Luis to desist from his cruel purpose; though he acknowledged that, having granted a boon, he could not deny him the prisoners, if he should persist in requiring them: to such severe trials did the laws of honour, as they were then understood, sometimes expose the merciful and the just in the fulfilment

of a promise. The Spaniard, notwithstanding these remonstrances, persisted in his demand, and even threatened to quit the cause of Charles de Blois if he now drew back; and, though the Count again moved him to spare these unfortunate gentlemen, Don Luis sternly repelled all appeals to his pity; so that the prisoners were placed in his hands, and he swore by God and St. Iago that, after dinner, in the sight of the town held by the English, Trelawny and his friend should die.

A spy of Sir Walter Manny, who was on the watch, learned every circumstance of their destined fate, the appointed hour, and the place where they were to suffer. The spy carried the news at once to Sir Walter Manny. Though the danger was imminent, that gallant leader immediately proposed to his brothers-in-arms that they should achieve the rescue of these captive and condemned knights. A stratagem was speedily arranged, and Sir Walter and his companions sallied forth on an attempt worthy the true spirit of ancient chivalry. They reached the camp of De Blois with great caution; surprised and assaulted its outskirts, cut down the tents, and threw the enemy into disorder. These, armed on the sudden, bent their chief forces to drive back Sir Aymery de Clisson, who had issued from the neighbouring town merely for the purpose of diverting the pursuit of the enemy, so that Sir Walter and his chosen band might gain time to complete the plan of deliverance, without obstruction, before the hour of execution should arrive. In this he so well succeeded that (Froissart records), "fetching a compass behind the camp, he entered the lodgings of the French lords, where there were none to resist him, for all were at the skirmish; and, being well guided, he made straight to the tent of Charles de Blois. There he found the two condemned knights prisoners, with their hands tied behind them; those who were left about them having taken flight." Sir Walter

Manny instantly unbound them, gave each a sword, and mounted them on a couple of swift steeds that he had ready to speed them on their way. In a short time they re-entered Hennebont, escorted by Sir Walter and his gallant train, and Butler and Trelawny were received with hearty greetings by the noble countess and her friends.

Another representative of this ancient family received the honour of knighthood, was member for Cornwall, and coroner of the county, a post of much estimation in the time of Henry the Fifth. This good knight, Sir John Trelawny, had so greatly signalised himself in the wars with France, that King Henry, at Gisors in Normandy, as a reward for his services, granted him the considerable pension of twenty pounds a year. During the minority of Henry the Sixth the government of England confirmed the grant, and added to it the honour of an augmentation to his arms—three oaken or laurel leaves, the symbol of victory. Under a picture representing the chivalrous Henry the Fifth, which formerly stood over the gateway at Launceston, appeared this antiquated rhyme—

> He that will do aught for me,
> Let him love well Sir John Trelawnee.

Though it would be too lengthened a task here to recite even the names of all the illustrious, warlike, or powerful men of this house, who have figured in the annals of English history, or to detail their marriages into such families as those of Courtenay, Earl of Devon, Mohun, Killegrew, Trevannion, &c., yet it will not be amiss to state in what way the manor of Trelawne came again into the family; for, in the reign of Queen Mary, it was the property of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, who, in the year 1563, was attainted of high treason, executed, and his lands forfeited to the Crown. When Elizabeth came to the

throne, she succeeded to the possession of these, as well as other confiscated manors in the county of Cornwall.

The representative of the Trelawny family was at that period a young and handsome man; he determined to go to London. Elizabeth, never indifferent to personal beauty in the youths who frequented her court, was so much charmed with the attractions and worth of the youthful representative of the ancient family of Trelawny, that he was soon distinguished by especial marks of royal favour; as a proof of which the maiden Queen presented him with a portrait of herself. It was painted whilst she was yet young, and is no doubt a faithful likeness of royal beauty in its most decorated style. To this gracious mark of esteem she added that of conferring on him the honour of knighthood; and, as a further proof of her favour, under the name of selling, she gave him for a mere trifle, by way of acknowledgment on his part, a grant of the manor of Trelawne, with other valuable lands. Elizabeth accompanied the gift by the ceremony of putting a baton or staff into his hand—it is still preserved in the old house as a relic of ancient days. This youth, Sir Jonathan Trelawny, was chosen steward of the borough of Looe in 1600; and, for the second time, knight of the shire in Cornwall in the first year of James the First. So highly was he in favour with that prince that he was appointed ambassador to Spain; and shortly after, by royal grant, the warrant was drawn out for creating him Baron of Tiverton, in Devon, where he held lands and purposed rebuilding the old feudal castle for his own common residence in the West.

But all these honours, prospects, and designs were suddenly cut off by that "fell serjeant—death," who is indeed "too swift in his arrest;" since, could virtue, wisdom, great talents, and great worth have delayed his purpose, Sir Jonathan Trelawny would not, as he did, have died in the prime of manhood,

and in the very opening of the most prosperous career. He had married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Killegrew, by whom he had one child, a son, only twelve years old when he was deprived of a father. In consequence of the tender age of the boy the warrant for the barony was neglected, and, the claim not being stirred by the guardians of the minor, it was never established, though to this very hour the decree for its being granted remains unreversed.

The youth who thus prematurely succeeded to his father's place, though not to his destined honours, was the first of the family created a baronet by King James the First. He was by all accounts a gallant spirit, firm in honour, zealous in loyalty, of an unshaken courage, and not to be corrupted by interest or ambition. When the Civil Wars broke out he, with his noble-spirited father-in-law, Sir Reginald Mohun, made a determined stand in support of the King and the Church. Trelawny and Mohun roused the West to a spirit that emulated their own energies, nor spared their fortunes, dependants, their nearest kindred, nor their own blood, in the cause of the unhappy Charles. But I need not speak his praise; Clarendon has done justice to the character of Sir John Trelawny. The portraits of his father and mother, himself, his wife, and Sir Reginald Mohun, are all preserved at Trelawne; and, as I looked upon them with feelings of the deepest interest, I was glad to call to mind the recollection that, though Sir John suffered fine, imprisonment, and sequestration in the royal cause, he did not lose his favourite manor in Cornwall. He lived to see monarchy restored, and died soon after, happy in the consciousness of a life devoted to virtue.

He was succeeded by Sir Jonathan, the second baronet, who was also a gentleman of eminence in his day, and father to Major-General Charles Trelawny, who, in the reign of Queen

Anne, became aide-de-camp to the famous Duke of Marlborough. Burnet* tells us that he, with his younger brother, Colonel William Trelawny, were very instrumental in bringing into England William Prince of Orange. The historian adds, that the latter persuaded his brother, the bishop, to forward that great measure. The prelate here mentioned was one of the celebrated bishops who, on the 8th of June, 1686, were committed to the Tower for subscribing a remonstrance to James the Second against distributing and establishing in their several dioceses his Majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience. The bishops were tried for a libel in Westminster Hall, and their acquittal produced so great a spirit of encouragement and joy throughout the country that it proved the signal and forerunner to that finishing blow which soon after levelled at one stroke the arbitrary power of King James.

I was awakened in the morning by the matins bell of the chapel. I opened my eyes—the sun was shining merrily through the windows—and I saw the old elms, not yet entirely denuded of their leaves, standing even as they had done in the days of the good bishop, as lofty and as stately as the lords of the domain. I hastened to join the social circle, and after breakfast we prepared for a busy search amongst the records of old times.

In order to achieve our purpose, Lady Trelawny led the way to an apartment in the most ancient portion of the house, called the Tower Chamber. Not to say one word of sundry rare and old books—books that would excite a competition amongst the members of the Roxburghe Club, had the volumes been put to the hammer—I will but mention that I saw several large chests which, I was told, were filled with deeds, grants, and the most ancient records of the family, from the times of the Conqueror to the present date. One trunk, I was informed, held some

royal letters and papers, having amongst them several with the signatures of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, and other persons in whose veins ran the blood of the Tudors and the Stuarts.

All these chests were under lock and key, and I saw none of their contents; but, from the piles and packets of the letters and documents that were open, I could well believe the account given of the rest. There were many papers about plots in the West of England, and the discovery of plots, spies, examinations, imprisonments, &c., during the times of the Stuarts, and more especially of the second James. I read some letters from Killegrew, Sir Reginald Mohun, Godolphin, Atterbury, Sancroft, and many other eminent persons whose names are familiar to us in English history, or in the biography of our favoured land. Some idea may be formed of the wealth of this chamber in its collection of autographs, when I state that, though engaged many hours in the search and till I was nearly choked with dust in the task, I examined but one package that I found in an old open box without a cover. There were many I never even touched; and one deep recess was literally piled up to the very ceiling with bundles of old papers, &c., whose contents, I feel quite certain, were enough to turn the heads of more than half the autograph collectors in London. On seeing these, I thought of my own brother, of Mr. Dawson Turner, of Doctor Dibdin, of Mr. Upcott, and, though last not least, of my old and respected friend Mr. Sylvanus Urban, and what articles these would enable him to produce in the Gentleman's Magazine, even till it should add another century to the date of its instructive existence. I thought, too, of the Preacher—of the vanity of vanities of all human things. For a moment I meditated on the melancholy which attaches itself to old letters:

they live and speak of the living with all the freshness and vivacity of feeling which existed at the instant they were penned; when, alas! those to whom they so vividly refer are perhaps numbered with the dead. I repeat it, old letters are the most painful things in the world, for they cancel in a moment all the settled calm, all the subdued recollections, with which time may have invested the past; they make the dead alive again—we feel their presence and shudder.

I pass in silence the many curious facts on which I stumbled during my search that were illustrative of English history; since, however interesting these might be, my attention was principally directed to such passages of the old papers as afforded information respecting those traits of men and manners, and those habits of domestic life, now so antiquated as to be almost forgotten. Amongst a few of the latter class I may name a letter or two of a gentleman, who was nephew to the famous bishop, Harry Trelawny, and who, on that prelate's son dying without male issue, succeeded as heir-at-law to the title and estates of Trelawne. Harry Trelawny was a very remarkable character; he was at once the accomplished gentleman and the scholar. There are still preserved at Trelawne the most praiseworthy monuments of his industry in his varied and miscellaneous pursuits. These consist of some volumes, in his own handwriting, composed of extracts from the most celebrated ancient and modern authors. But, as this identical Harry Trelawny will be found to play a conspicuous part in the following pages, I shall here say no more of him, leaving him in due time to speak for himself. I shall therefore no longer detain the reader in the Tower Chamber, but briefly notice the pictures, and a few of the remaining curiosities and antiquities of the house.

The family portraits are found principally in the hall, a part

of the mansion rebuilt after the great fire in the time of Queen Anne. The first of the pictures that arrested my attention was that of the handsome Sir Jonathan Trelawny, the favourite of Elizabeth, which represents a graceful youth in spite of the padding and the buckram in the unbecoming costume of his day. His dress is of white satin, a ruff close round the throat. The date 1585. Sir John Trelawny hung also in the hall; he has a frank and soldier-like countenance. His mustachioes, like his hair, are of a rich brown; the latter, parted in front, hangs curling over his shoulders. He holds a black cap with a white plume in his left hand; beneath are the words—

JOHN TRELAWNY, BORN 1592.

This gentleman was the first baronet created by King James. The portrait of his wife Elizabeth is very curious. Her dress is the most rich and fantastical of the time of Charles the First; it is all satin, lace, knots of ribbon, and jewels. She has a round fan made of feathers, hanging like an ancient almonier from her girdle. Her little round face is seen in the midst of a profusion of the smallest ringlets, clustering about her neck; the hair is combed thinly over the forehead, flat on the crown, with a bow of ribbon on one side. And here I observed a very curious example of what was called the love-lock, spoken of by Beaumont and Fletcher; it was very carefully represented in this picture as a small long lock, tied with two little bows of ribbon, and falling on the neck from that part of the head above the temple.

Another portrait of this lady's husband, that bore the date of 1641, represented him in a black dress, with a pointed beard, a deep lace collar round his neck, and a staff in his hand. He looks in this picture as if he had indeed been called upon to exercise the virtues of fortitude and courage since we saw him

last. There is an open and resolved expression in the countenance, with a touch of thought and care, that indicates the characteristics of a brave man who has been called upon to suffer. The whole is very beautifully executed. Near this hangs the portrait of the father-in-law of Sir John Trelawny, Sir Reginald, afterwards the first Lord Mohun. The stout old Royalist is depicted in a black slouched hat, which he looks as if he would not doff to pay respect to a rebel or usurper, though his head might become forfeit. His countenance is of the most marked order; it shows, on a glance, the man: no Puritan, I will venture to say, ever got a fair word from him. The date is 1655.

Lady Mohun hangs near him—a proper spouse for so proper a husband. I will warrant she looked well to the household whilst Sir Reginald was at the wars; and that her maidens found in her, as in Elizabeth, no indulgence for the frolics of Cupid. I do not dwell on the portraits of the bishop, his lady and son, that are seen in the hall, as they are of less ancient date; nor do I pause to describe the Brigadier-General Trelawny, the friend of King William and the aide-de-camp of Marlborough. He appears with the emblem of command, the baton of the general, in his hand, with his armour on, a Flanders lace cravat round his neck, and the whole man surmounted by a periwig of most formidable dimensions; such a one as I suppose Richardson's hero, Lovelace, amused himself with tearing by the curls when he was in a despairing fit about Clarissa. The portraits of that most worthy and respectable couple (who, independent of the allegiance due to them as crowned princes, deserved, for their excellent example, the gratitude and reverence of every domestic circle in England), George the Third and Queen Charlotte, are seen in this hall; the same being, many years ago, presented to Sir Harry Trelawny by their most gracious Majes-

ties. I looked at their portraits with the reverence they themselves deserved from every English heart. In the hall also is seen a very singular picture of a couple of dwarfs. I have no doubt, so characteristic are they, that they were excellent likenesses of a pair of those diminutive beings who in old times were kept as a piece of state in the families of the great. Amongst the curious paintings at Trelawne I must not omit the mention of the portrait of herself, which the maiden Queen presented to the handsome Sir Jonathan Trelawny. It represents her when young. The hair is sandy, the complexion fair, a slight colour in the cheeks, the forehead high and broad, the eyes grey, a short compressed chin, with a small mouth. The whole possesses quite sufficient pretensions to beauty to make any flattery on the subject that might have been paid to the woman pass unsuspected by the queen. The countenance is serious, indicative of good sense, with no want of firmness of character; but there is nothing of that deep expression, that elevation of mind, which tells of imaginative powers and nicely sensitive feelings. The likeness, I have no doubt, was faithful. Allowing for the difference of age in the same person, this portrait of Elizabeth reminded me of her as she appears so admirably sculptured in the effigy on her tomb. I understand that there has been some difference of opinion as to the time at which this was painted ; but, from a long and intimate acquaintance with old pictures, I do not hesitate to say (confirmed as the opinion is by the style in which the figure is dressed) that it was executed in the reign of her sister Queen Mary; as the gown is of that true Spanish cut which Mary introduced at Court as a compliment to her husband, after her marriage with the bigoted King Philip. The waist is long, and stiff as a piece of armour ; the stomacher part of gold, on white satin, of diaper work, consisting of roses, acorns, and oak-leaves. The purple

dress is decorated, over the long sleeves, with pearls in roses. The head is enriched with gems, and a jewel appears in the front above the forehead. She has five rounds of massive gold chain over her shoulders, and a smaller chain of gold round the throat; her cuffs are of lace. This record of the youth of Elizabeth unquestionably deserves to be engraved.

In the summer parlour at Trelawne are two of the very oldest portraits, each on panel, that I have ever seen: They are in high preservation, are very richly coloured, with that hardness of outline that reminded me of Holbein; they are, however, of an earlier date. They represent a man of a most noble aspect, and a lady, who was no doubt his wife, each dressed in the costly style and the peculiar costume which distinguished the court of Henry the Sixth, the dresses of these figures being very similar to those in the celebrated tapestry that decorates the ancient hall of St. Mary at Coventry. I do not believe that there are two more curious portraits than these to be found in the West of England. Query, May they not be the portraits of that Trelawny and his lady who was so celebrated in France before the death of Henry the Fifth? No name appears either on the face or on the back of the panels, and nobody knows anything more of them than that they have been in the house ever since any one now alive can remember. The original portraits of the bishop and his lady, by Kneller, are in this room. His lordship has an open countenance, Roman nose, and projecting chin; the head is one of marked character, expressive of strong sense, firmness, and decision. He is represented seated, with the purple mantle of the Order of the Garter thrown over his episcopal robes.

But the most interesting pictures in this apartment are two portraits of "Mirtilla" (Letitia), the bishop's daughter. Each of these is the size of life. The first represents her when a

child, chubby and beautiful. A black boy, with a silver collar round his neck, is seen presenting her with a dove, which appears to startle her by its fluttering. The other portrait of Mirtilla is that of a young and lovely woman of about twenty years old. She is sitting, holding a flower in her hand. The figure slight, but elegant; her eyes are full, dark, and radiant; the features very regular; the form of the face oval; the mouth has in it great sweetness. The dark brown hair, in large wavy curls, is tastefully disposed, and by its simplicity harmonises well with the general expression; that of the countenance is very marked, pensive, sedate, reflective, indicating a character where you would expect to find strong feelings, but subject to the perfect control of reason.

The next exhibition was of sundry pieces of tapestry, carefully hoarded in an old chest, which, one and all, were the production of the ladies of the family of Trelawne. The most modern pieces among them were ninety-seven years old. They were all so large that I fancy they must have been intended to hang on the walls within the compartments of the paneling. There were shepherds and shepherdesses with crooks and sheep, and gentlemen in periwigs, and ladies in hoops, and farm-yards, and drinking boors; the latter evidently worked from the Dutch drolleries, as the pictures of Teniers, Ostade, and Gerard Douw were then called. I gave as much admiration to these as they deserved; that is, I admired nothing so much as the patience of the ladies who could work them.

At length were produced two pieces of tapestry, the subject the same in each, having only this difference (and a slight variation in the inscription), that one of them was worked in the colours of mourning—black, grey, and white; and in the other a few greens and blues were introduced. The tapestry represented a pyramidal obelisk; there was an inscription upon it,

sacred to the memory of one departed life. Cypress-trees were seen in the background; and in the front, beneath the obelisk, sat a gentleman in a mourning habit. Two youthful female figures were seated at a little distance from him; another female was on the other side, with a lyre in her hand. Still nearer to the obelisk appeared a lady holding a book; she was in the dress and the attitude of one who mourns. Rude as the execution of the work might be, yet nevertheless there was a character of feeling in the composition which, together with its inscription, excited curiosity mingled with interest.

The housekeeper pointed out the particulars of the tapestry before us, and presently added, "It was worked in this very chamber, and the lady who is sitting there, and seems to mourn more sadly than all the rest, she did it; that is her own image. She never stirred from this room, except to the chapel, for twelve months, till the work was finished. She saw no visitors; and not more of the sun than she let in upon her work from the half-closed windows. This room was hung with black, and her sighs were oftener heard than her words. Grief at last broke her heart, and no wonder."

Her ladyship proposed that we should get the key of the Trelawny vault, situated under Pelynt church, and examine the coffins, &c. to find out that of the old Bishop, and to ascertain what members of the family were buried in that ancient recess of darkness and of death. Mr. Bray was to be our escort.

In going along, Lady Trelawny had something to tell me of every place that we passed; and, amongst other things, I learned that the names of the manors belonging to the family ran thus, and formed a rhyme:—

Trelawne, Trelask, Trelay,
Ashleighcross, little Bell Hay,
And Trendaway.

As we were driving past a few cottages that stood by the road-side, Lady Trelawny told me they were called Barcelona. On hearing this, I felt no doubt that, as the sons of many of the oldest families in the West had followed Edward the Black Prince in his expedition into Spain at the time of the battle of Najara, and on their return very likely gave foreign names to parts and parcels of their dependencies, these cottages stood on some portion of ground that had been consecrated to the memory of some great achievement in those perilous and adventurous wars. I mentioned my fancies on the subject to Lady Trelawny, and asked who now lived at this Barcelona on the estate of Trelawne.

"Do you remember," said Lady Trelawny, "that civil, honest-looking man—a carpenter—that you saw this morning at work at the house? That man's name is John Jago; he lives at Barcelona, and there his forefathers have lived in regular succession, as followers or dependents of the Trelawny family, for three hundred years or more, without having once changed their place of residence. Very probably it was for an ancestor of his that the oldest of the cottages might have been built."

We soon came in sight of the church. The day was stormy, and the wind blew so hard that I could not observe much about me on the outside; but the inside we found in terrible disorder, as the church was completely gutted by the removal of pews, pavements, &c., all undergoing a thorough repair. I read many tablets, slabs, &c. to the memory of several members of the Trelawny family. Lights and the key of the vault were obtained; and, leaving open the trap-door (which formed a portion of the flooring of the church), we paused, to allow time for the fresh air to rush in and drive out the foul, and then descended to the "tomb of all the Capulets." One of the workmen went before us bearing the light—I ought to write

torch; but it was really only a tallow-candle, and I must not sacrifice truth to poetical diction in a narrative so authentic as the present—assuring my reader that, though in the character of novelist, I feel fully justified in making falsehood look as unlike herself as I possibly can, yet I can speak the truth on occasions like the present, where the matter lies between him and my own conscience.

Though we now moved in the regions of the "palpable obscure" (and it was some time after we were down ere we could see at all), by degrees I sufficiently recovered my vision to perceive a very striking lesson on the vanity of human grandeur. There were coffins that had been covered with the richest velvets, and silver nails, and gilt plates; and trophies of helmets, gauntlets, and escutcheons, still lying on some, as they were left after they had been borne at the solemnity of the funeral, now all closely packed together, mouldering, worm-eaten, black from time, and covered with dust; the whole having such an earthy smell as truly made one altogether feel that nothing can be more marked than the barriers which separate the living and the dead.

"Worldly pomp," said Lady Trelawny, "withers within the confines of a small and dark vault, the last house of mortality and oblivion."

One coffin, entirely composed of lead, was so enormously high, that, whilst standing by it, I found it reached above my shoulder from the ground where it was deposited. This excited our curiosity; and Lady Trelawny told us that a tradition in the family averred that this was the coffin of a lady called "Aunt Charlotte," a daughter of the famous Bishop, who died in single blessedness, and who, having the misfortune to be deformed, felt it more severely than a person of her good sense ought to have done; so that it was her custom always to sit with her

back to the wall in a corner of the room, on a particular low chair, which she thought was the best method of keeping out of sight the misfortune of her shape; and, "the ruling passion strong in death," she desired to be buried in this very sitting position: hence arose the necessity for that monstrous lead coffin that attracted our attention. Her portrait (that I had seen in the tapestry-room) was prepossessing. It represented a stouter person than her sister "Mirtilla" appeared to be in her picture. Charlotte's eyes, like hers, were dark, and the whole countenance agreeable. I saw nothing in the portrait that indicated deformity. Her dress, however, was full, loose, and flowing; and perhaps this circumstance, with a little exercise of politeness on the part of the artist, might account for the picture being at variance with the tradition.

For some time we were in doubt as to which was the coffin of the Bishop. But Lady Trelawny, setting at defiance dust, spiders, and rubbish, penetrated at once into the utmost limits of the vault, and found, on the furthermost large coffin, a plate loosened by time and decay. Upon this she seized. Nothing could be made out in the duskiness of the vault; but on bringing it up to the light of day, though so mouldy on the front that we could not read a word of the inscription, by turning to the back of the plate we saw so distinctly the lines formed by the raising of the letters that we read without difficulty—"Sir Johnathan Trelawny, Bart. Right Reverend Father in God, Lord Bishop of Winchester," &c. and thus we identified the coffin of the prelate. Lady Trelawny again descended, and with her own hand replaced the plate whence she had taken it. We bade adieu to this gloomy vault of the dead, and returned to the family mansion, whence, as they had dropped away, its former inhabitants had been removed to their tombs in Pelynt church.

In returning towards the house we met John Jago, and from him we learned that about sixty years ago a man named Pott was steward of the estate. John Jago very pathetically lamented the mischief this person effected during his stewardship. He broke up and destroyed all the old gardens; drained the fishponds; cut down the noble arched walk, composed of laurels. that had stood for centuries, and had at each end of the avenue what was called a wigwam, formed of laurels in the shape of an arbour. Pott had likewise destroyed the Paradise garden, and the fountain, and the old stables, and the Gothic gatehouse which Brigadier-General Trelawny (brother to the Bishop) once made his residence. But worst of all—and how shall I record it with any patience?—this abominable Mr. Pott took, as John Jago repeatedly averred, cartloads of very old books from a chamber in the gatehouse, called the old library, and, first letting anybody take or steal what they chose from the heap, he made a bonfire on the green of all that remained after this spoliation!!! For weeks and months after, our informant assured us, half-burnt volumes might be seen lying about in all directions. What punishment would Dante have imagined for this man in the regions below! Surely the ghosts of the authors whose works were thus unsparingly roasted would never after allow him to have any repose. From what I could collect, I have no doubt the library thus destroyed was one of great curiosity, having in it many black-letter tomes.

Before I parted from John Jago I asked him if he could recollect having heard any particulars relating to the lady who has so often been mentioned by the name of Mirtilla. He said, Yes: very well could he remember hearing all about that story. She was a daughter of the old Bishop. His grandmother, who had lived all the days of her life at Barcelona, and died at a very great age, when he (John Jago) was a boy, had, in her

young days, seen Mirtilla. He had heard her tell much about the Bishop's daughter, and he also repeated to me the story which I had before heard recounted. He added to it these particulars—that his grandmother said that the Bishop's daughter used to walk in the laurel-arched avenue which had been destroyed by Pott: it was her constant walk in the time of her troubles. I asked him to show me where the Paradise garden had been situated. He pointed out the place, and led me to the spot where the Gothic gatehouse had stood, at some distance from the mansion, surrounded by a walled court, which had also been levelled to the earth by Pott the destroyer. I had some further discourse with honest and intelligent John, and left him very sensibly impressed with the conviction, how much safer it is to leave our fame to the record of tradition than to the memory of stone walls, for John had told me that the gatehouse was such a building as had been "intended to be famous for ages to come." Yet it was gone, not one stone left upon another in honour of its founder; whilst the story of Mirtilla was still fresh and current, and had, in fact, become a legend of Cornwall.

On the following day we quitted our kind friends and the hospitalities of Trelawne.

And now, gentle reader, having long detained you to listen to the "portance of my travels' history," I shall speedily take my leave, hoping that in the subsequent pages you may find wherewithal to convince you that my journey was not altogether made in vain.

A. E. B.

The Vicarage, Tavistock,
December 18, 1836.

LETTER I.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Bristol, at his House in Chelsea.

MY LORD, Trelawne, Cornwall, April 4th, 1685.

IT is with no small concernment that I hasten to acquaint your lordship that on my arrival here, after my long and fatiguing journey, I found your lordship's pretty nephew much worse than I expected; and, by Mr. Marshall's report, he thinks the case wears a very bad aspect. The sickness which began with the cold caught at Westminster school he considers was thought too lightly of, so that it fell upon the lungs. Blood-letting was neglected; and now the poor young gentleman is so much reduced that he could not suffer those remedies which are applied with good success to more vigorous constitutions. The doctor has treated him with great skill and care. He did at one time hope much from the *digitalis*, but it gave but a temporary relief; since then he has caused the poor boy's legs to be bathed in warm milk, and has given him frequent drinks of carduus posset.

The poor sufferer is, God be praised, in a very happy frame of mind; and, unlike most persons in his condition, he seems very sensible of his danger, and most resigned under all the circumstances of his early affliction. He grieves that your lordship's affairs are such as to keep you from Trelawne at this present, but took your kind letter and your blessing very gratefully. He reads constantly the "Holy Dying," I pray by him daily; and this morning he extended his hand to me, and, smiling with his usual sweetness (for he was ever an angelical child, even from his infancy), he exclaimed—"*Mors sola fatetur, Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.* You see, doctor, I have not forgot Juvenal; nor, indeed, any of your lessons; and for all you taught me I am truly thankful. But most am I thankful

that in the days of my youth you taught me to meditate on my latter end. What had now been my condition but for this comfort? Doctor, when I am dead, you will find I have left you a few of my books as a remembrance of me; but you will not need them to think of your old pupil." The dear boy wrung my hand as he spoke, and, not daring to trust my voice with an answer, lest I should disorder him with the feelings I could not hide, I left the room and came straight to my closet.

After the account I have given, your lordship will not be surprised to hear that this house is one of much sorrow. The Lady Trelawny bears herself with great evenness and fortitude under her affliction. Mrs. Charlotte is all kindness and affection to her poor cousin, and reads to him when he is too much fatigued to read to himself. Mrs. Letitia* looks melancholy: no wonder, for she loved this sweet child as well as if he had been one of her own brothers; having been so much together in infancy the tie is strong between them.

In other respects, I found Mrs. Letitia very much improved since I had seen her last, two years ago. She is grown tall, and is as comely and beautiful a young lady as you could wish to see; she has that natural manner about her, and that modesty and gentleness, which the famous court misses want, and can never have, as it is not in their dispositions. The picture of Mrs. Letitia, done by Kneller when she was in London, is esteemed a very good performance. It is hung, as your lordship directed, in the summer parlour, near the portrait painted of her when she was a child, with the dove in her hand; many see a great likeness between Kneller's picture and the last named. For my own part, I do not trace it.

Mrs. Letitia's sedateness I thought rather increased than diminished; but her pretty cousin's illness no doubt is the cause. For the rest, she is as fond of the woods, and of your lordship's

* At the date of these letters single women were called Mistress. The title Miss was then only applied to women of improper character.

library, as she used to be; and for scholarship, I have no doubt that in time she will equal that paragon of female learning, the Countess of Dysart;* though she makes no parade of it, being too good a scholar to become pedantic. She is as fond as ever of her pen, and writes daily (so she tells me) as many letters to her relatives and friends as her cousin's illness will allow her time to indite. She also keeps her journal, though she lets me see only such parts of it as contain her extracts from favourite authors; her modesty induces her to conceal what is more immediately her own. I am thus particular in speaking of Mrs. Letitia, because as your lordship pleased, in former years, whilst I was chaplain at Trelawne, to make me her tutor, with a view towards the cultivation of those most excellent parts with which she is endowed, I feel a pride (though pride was not made for man) in seeing how much she has profited; and what a good, sensible, and dutiful person she is in every respect; a great ornament to her family, and a blessing to her parents and friends. But, my lord, this subject has nearly filled my paper, and I have but small space left for other matters.

I have little news to tell, as I made no long tarrying on the road; and here the state of your lordship's kinsman makes all other affairs to be little discussed. I found at Liskeard that the people were very ill pleased about the returns made, and the manner of them, at the last election; and my Lord Bath was much blamed for the part he took in the county business; he was thought to lean entirely to the court. Sir Francis Beaumont is as great in influence as in property, and seems a gentleman of much note in Devonshire, where his estates principally lie. His sister, Mrs. Hester, is daily expected on a visit to the ladies of Trelawne; the connexion likely to take place between the families being a cause that no let should be put to her company even in such a season of anxiety and trouble.

* The Countess of Dysart lived in the reign of Charles II.; she was the Madame Dacier of England.

Old Jago and his son John desire their humble duty to your lordship, and the former would be glad of your lordship's good word to the rector of Pelynt, that he might have the parish clerk's place, now vacant. All the rest of your lordship's family, tenantry, and servants are, I believe, well, and going on much as usual. I will write more fully by another post. In the interval allow me to subscribe myself, in all duty,

Your lordship's poor chaplain, and
most grateful and very obedient humble servant,
J. E. Ruddell, D.D.

P.S.—I have just heard that sundry poor persecuted Huguenots are landed in great distress at Polperro. They fled from France to save life—all their goods being gone; they report that matters there are worse than ever. God help us, if the King here drives on his measures, for in that case we may look for neighbours' fare, and suffer like these poor Frenchmen. Lady Trelawny has sent five pounds towards their relief. I have handed over Mrs. Rebecca Trelawny's letters to her ladyship and to her sister.

LETTER II.

From Rebecca Trelawny to Letitia Trelawny, by the hands of Dr. Ruddell.

Dear Sister, Chelsea, 1685.

Though I have not yet received the packet you promised, which was to contain at least a dozen letters, yet I cannot let the doctor go from us without writing a few lines to my dearest Letty. We were very sorry to hear that poor Charles was so ill; but as he is young, and amongst you all, in his native air, we hope that, with God's blessing, he may yet come round; for you know that cousin Harry was once in the same way; yet, Letty, I think you will admit there is not now a finer young

man to be seen, or one who looks more the picture of health—I wish I could add of happiness; for I declare I thought he looked as moody and as sad when I saw him in town as his old father does, who thinks that the whole kingdom should never have smiled again after the death of King Charles the First.

Oh, Letty, Letty! how I wish you were here with me! you know nothing of this wonderful place; for, whilst you were in it, I think Kneller had you all to himself; and would scarcely let any one see your pretty face till it should be on his canvas. He has done me too, but he has not made me half so pretty as he did you; though John Buller says otherwise, and swears it is as like me as it can be. But I will not tell you my secrets till I have all yours; and if you keep me in this suspense I shall begin to think you do not love me as you used to do, and that you fear to confide in your own true sister. Now do write soon; and, though you cannot have to tell such news as I have from this delightful place, yet write about yourself, and I will desire none more welcome.

Oh, Letty, how I wish you could but see Whitehall! I have never yet told you, but we were in the Shield Chamber on the great day. There Lady Buller, very good-naturedly, came and took me forward, that I might see the ceremony of the Queen Dowager receiving the envoys, and great people, who came to condole with her—(bless me! I had almost written congratulate her)—on the death of the late King.* The chamber was all hung with black; and the crown and the royal arms, with the emblems of Portugal, in gold and silver, were placed about the hangings. These swept from the ceiling to the floor, where the carpeting was so soft you could not hear a footfall. There were, I verily believe, a thousand wax tapers (for daylight was shut out), burning in silver sconces, and a sweet-smelling perfume that smouldered in large vases.

* Charles II.

The Queen dressed in the deepest mourning, with no jewels about her (except her diamond cross on her throat, and the diamonds that were about the King's picture, which she had on—for show, I suppose), sat up in a black velvet bed of state; and there she received the ambassadors, and they knelt down and kissed her hand; and the music played slow, sad airs, in the inner chamber, as they came and retired, and everybody looked very solemn.

But this is not the only sight I have seen. I was at the Spanish Ambassador's banquet at Wild House in Drury Lane, and such a banquet I never saw before. There were many chargers piled up with sweetmeats and comfitures, made in all sorts of the most exquisite forms. There was a model of old St. Paul's, and of new St. Paul's, as it is to be when finished, made all in sugar-candy by an ingenious Italian—you never saw anything so beautiful in all your life; and little fountains, set at the corners of the board, played wine and succory-water, as the cups were held to have them filled. And there were flying cupids, and pyramids of jelly, and a conserve of honeysuckles with Venus drawn by doves. And all this goodly dessert, not much touched by the company, the spectators (who were let in by tickets to see the show) demolished, when their turn came, in five minutes; the comfitures were scrambled for, and the tables cleared.

There was a great ball the same evening, danced by the ladies of the court; and the present Queen, who is, you know, an Italian * played at basset, and I thought looked too angry for a queen when she lost her money at play. The dresses were very beautiful: such jewels! such laces! and such brocades! Indeed, everything was like Paradise. I wore my white Lyons satin, with my filagree stomacher of silver lace, and my suit of pearls complete; and a fall of pale pink brocatelle from my shoulders, that was sent me from Paris by brother Jack; it was very much admired. I wore

* Queen of James the Second, his second wife.

my French head, though I do not like it half so well as my Flanders; but that stupid Cornish girl, Nancy, has so singed one of the lappets with her smoothing-box, that I doubt if she has not ruined my lace altogether; and where to get such another lappet I know not. Madame Leroi said she was in despair about it when I applied to her, and so am I. I was mortified to wear a French head at this great banquet, which all my acquaintances had seen me wear twenty times before; but John Buller said (don't charge me with vanity, Letty!) that my own carried with it the prettiest face in the room, no matter what I wore; so there was some little consolation. I danced with him a pavon to please my godmother, who would have it; though I do hate with all my heart that slow solemn dance; a country round, for steps and spirit, is worth it a hundred times over.

I have been to the playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields but once, because papa would not let me go except at a time when a play he approved might be acted. I saw Lacy, that divine actor (they call him Roscius), perform in Mr. Dryden's piece, and afterwards Harlequin to perfection.* The play was "The Tempest," where there is an island inhabited by spirits; and there are two very strange characters; one of them Miranda, who has never seen a young man, and Hippolito the other, who has never seen a woman, old or young; they were both shut up in caves.† Lacy is now acting very much in the "Scornful Lady"; but papa will not let me go with the Bullers to see it. But he is a bishop, and must be particular. But I did go somewhere else without leave, as you shall hear;—now, Letty, you will say I did very wrong; and so I did, and I'll not do so again, my curiosity being satisfied. But I had such a great wish to see high mass, for the King now goes openly to mass (only think of that, Letty!),

* Lacy was the Kean of his day · a fine tragedian and harlequin.

† Dryden took liberties with Shakspere's "Tempest." The play also at the time of Rebecca's letter to her sister was acted under his name as its author.

and so I went with Lady Buller, who took me in her coach to the chapel at Whitehall. It was the grandest sight in the world—and such music! Signor Cifaccio sang a *Requiem* for the late king. It was divine: every now and then came a lengthening note, as if spirits had been singing in heaven. And then such cadences! I shed tears, and could not help it, though not for the King, but only for the music: it overcame my spirits, and John Buller says I've a very tender disposition; but I am sure he cannot speak from experience, for I'm sharp enough to him sometimes.

There is a story much talked of about the mass, at court. It is reported that my Lord—I forget his name—would only go with the King as far as the door of the chapel to mass; and the King said, "My Lord, what! stop here?—will not your lordship go farther?" "No, Sire," answered the Protestant nobleman. "My father would not have gone with your Majesty so far."

There's much talk of the King's breaking with Mrs. Sedley, for the Queen has become very jealous. Portsmouth is not so courted as she used to be before the late King died; her day is over, and it is rumoured she intends to leave for France. Mistress Norris is about to marry General Gunn, and Lady Foster, it is said, is privately married to her own groom, but I will not believe that of a gentlewoman. We have letters from brother Jack, who is still in Paris; he is safe at the English Ambassador's, but he writes dreadful things about the persecution of the poor Protestants under this wicked French king. Charles had the last of these letters; but he has not yet received his wigs, which kept him home from the banquet at Wild House, for he could not go in an old one. Papa sends by the doctor a large packet of letters, so I do not here tell anything about him, except that public matters seem to leave him no time to think of himself. He sends you a Queen's pine; there were six of them at the banquet—what luxury! and each worth I do not know how much money.

Now, pray write soon; my love and duty to dear mamma, and service to sister Charlotte; and poor cousin Charles, I pray daily for his recovery. Now do write, and tell me everything, and trust all your secrets, as you used to do, to, dear Letty,

Your most affectionate sister,

REBECCA TRELAWNY.

P.S.—I am taking lessons from Signor John Battist on the harpsichord, and from Mons. Isaac in dancing, two great masters. Murders and duels are at this time very rife.

LETTER III.

From Letitia Trelawny to her sister, Rebecca Trelawny, at the Lord Bishop of Bristol, Chelsea.

MY DEAR SISTER, Trelawne, 1685.

I RECEIVED yours by the hand of Dr. Ruddell, but all its lively spirit, and the account it contains of the fine sights that have so delighted you in London, are lost on me. I cannot, my dearest Rebecca, in my anxious state of mind, enjoy them; poor cousin Charles is so ill that life with him seems fast drawing to its close. But, alas! this is not my only source of affliction. You know well how much pain it gave me when my lord brought hither, not many months ago, Sir Francis Beaumont, and introduced him at Trelawne, as a suitor he wished to see accepted by his daughter Letitia. You knew my reluctance to the proposed match, and my dislike of that reserved, gloomy—I had almost said, that dark-minded man. By what strange means he has managed to insinuate himself so completely into the favour of both our parents I know not. Did they see him with my eyes they would abhor him, for I always fancy that in Sir Francis there is something wrong at heart.

But he is, I know, a man of great political talent and influence, his fortune is large, his family ancient, his manners commanding, and his decided opposition to the present measures of the court (which, it seems, is contrary to his own interest) have gained him the confidence and good opinion of my father, who thinks him such a match for his daughter as England itself could not elsewhere present to her acceptance. What an infatuation! But so it is; and, you know, I cannot question my father's authority.

My dear sister, you urge me to confide everything to you; and though you are a lively and thoughtless creature—too fond, I think, of mere amusements (of which, I hope, you may heartily tire, by having so many now open to you), yet I know the warmth of your heart and its unalterable fidelity. Yes, Rebecca, you shall know all. Relying on your affection, I will pour into your faithful bosom all my cares; for though I do not see how it is possible that you can help me, either by act or counsel, there will be some relief in disburthening my most hidden afflictions to you—certain I shall have your sympathy.

Well then, to begin my tale, so that I may do justice to my own motives—may palliate, at least in some degree, what, I fear, you will think very very wrong, I must go far back, even to my earliest years; at that period when being so much with your godmother you were separated from me. You are not, therefore, perhaps fully aware of that growing affection, which is likely now to be so fatal to my peace. Yet, I think, by some words you have now and then dropped, and even by a passage in your last letter, that you are not altogether without your suspicions. But I will to my confessions, and will tell you all as briefly as I can.

Our uncle, Colonel Trelawny, of Butts Head, who was himself, when but a mere youth, so zealous a Royalist, and whose father lost nearly all his fortune in the service of King Charles the First, from his gloomy and misanthropic turn of mind,

appeared to my father not to be the person to whose care should be entirely left the education of his own son, Harry. Well, my father brought him to Trelawne, just after you had been taken from us by your godmother.

Harry and I were nearly of the same age, and our near relationship removing that barrier of ceremony and restraint which subsists between young persons of different sexes, the good bishop, who had determined to cultivate my love of books, unhappily placed Harry and myself under the same tutor, Dr. Ruddell, then the family chaplain at Trelawne. We loved each other dearly; and such is the progress of early affection, that, under that deceitful bond of kindred, we fancied, I believe (at least I did), that our dear regard for each other was nothing more than relationship: fraternal in every respect; our studies, lessons, walks, and all our pursuits bringing us constantly together. We had no disguise; all the family knew that Harry and Letitia had but one mind; and this very openness on our part helped, I suppose, to keep up the fancy that the regard subsisting between us arose from kinship in blood and in pursuit. Our father has ever had such a conviction of the impropriety of first cousins forming a union, that he would, I verily believe, have as soon suspected that a daughter of his could have had the madness to fall in love with her own brother as with her cousin; so not the slightest suspicion of the danger to which he exposed her earliest affections ever crossed his mind. And our mother, who entertained quite as largely his opinions—I must add, prejudices, was equally unsuspicious; and by her frequent long absences with our father at Bristol, London, or elsewhere, months and months passed away, and she saw nothing of us at Trelawne. And as to good Dr. Ruddell, of whom you cannot know half so much as I do, he is a man into whose head one thought of love (except what might occur in the old Latin and Greek poets) never yet entered. I believe he considers, if he ever thinks about the

matter, that passion to be quite as dead as the languages in which he has read of its existence.

Dr. Ruddell, too, is a guileless simple soul; a man who, with the best sense in things depending on mere matters of fact before his eyes, has so little penetration into character, so little knowledge of the gradual advances of passion in the human heart, that in all men, and women too, he sees exactly what they choose to let him see, and as they choose it; and neither sees nor suspects one atom more. He, therefore, looked on our growing inclination for each other as a thing perfectly right and natural in "first cousins," as he always called us, and innocently fed the flame that prudence would have taught a more observant guardian to have extinguished or discouraged. In the simplicity of his mind, he was continually praising Harry to me, and me to Harry; proud of us both, as he said, as his dear pupils, he loved us as his children.

Well, what was the consequence of all this? I need not tell you, dearest Rebecca, for you are one of those, notwithstanding all your gaiety, who know that there really is such a thing as love!—yes, I have written the word, I will not, therefore, blot it—and that a true deep-rooted and sincere affection, where reason approves the object, and virtue confirms the choice, is no more like the fancied loves of boys and girls just escaped from school, or the ravings of some of our modern plays, than an *ignis fatuus* is like the steady heat or the glowing brilliancy of a summer sun. But even that, you will say, goes down at last; so it does, but not till evening, not till day is at an end, and night shuts in with darkness, and our labours are all closed. Even such a light do I feel is this unfortunate attachment. When our day is done, good-bye, indeed, to affection, but life goes with it, and till then I know it must endure.

Yet let me tell my little story regularly. It may be like a romance; but, believe me, that to follow the fancied distress of a heroine till all goes well at the last, is very different from

being actually placed in circumstances of a nature as painful as those which I have experienced. I would give up all my claim to becoming a heroine could I but regain that peace, that ease, that rest of the soul, which was mine before I knew myself, before I knew the state of my own heart, for after all that has been the traitor.

I had grown up, and Harry (in consequence of his return to his father, who designed him for the army) had become but an occasional visitor at Trelawne, when, as ill luck would have it, he paid one of those visits just at the time my lord brought with him Sir Francis Beaumont. Dr. Ruddell, who thinks that love and marriage are solemn matters of duty, the first following the last, as regularly as the ceremony precedes the prerogatives and authorities of matrimony: Dr. Ruddell, who thinks that nothing is required but a suitable match, chosen by parents for a daughter, and that "thank you," and "yes," must follow as a matter of course—was the first person who announced to poor Harry my father's kind and prudent arrangements, as he called them, for my happiness.

How Harry took the communication, what he said or what he did, I know not; and if he said nothing by word of mouth, and let his feelings speak in his countenance or manner, our good doctor would not readily see them. But I saw the change this news had produced on Harry at a glance, that very afternoon, as we met accidentally, for indeed it was so, in the laurel-walk; and I suppose he saw something that made him think all was not well with me. Well, dear Rebecca, what am I to confess next? I will not hide the truth. Our mutual confusion and distress led the way to a mutual understanding of our feelings, for neither of us had the power or the will to dissemble—we parted, unhappy indeed, but in the full conviction that we were each all the world to the other, and that the hour which severed our hearts would be our destruction. We formed no plans, we concerted no means of attempting to gain the con-

sent of our friends (knowing it would be vain), we harboured no thoughts of acting contrary to our duty. Our feelings, we said, as we could find no guilt in them, we could not control; time had rendered them too deep-rooted: but our actions were in our own power, and we determined that they should be regulated by reason, duty, and religion. Yet on one thing we could not resolve—that was to part for ever. Harry, in an agony of mind, such as I could not paint, and with an energy of expression that made me tremble to witness the depth of feeling which inspired it, declared he could not survive the loss of your poor sister. He implored me still to think of him, to love him, as in former years, still to rely upon him as I would on a brother.

The marriage with Sir Francis Beaumont was not to be thought of. I said, and truly said, that I would die before the altar ere I consented to give my hand to that odious man. Harry was in some degree calmed by this assurance; and so we parted, for, before we could settle in what way I had best endeavour to dissuade my father from urging on his suit, some persons drew near the laurel-walk, and broke up our conference. I returned by another way to the house, where, shut in my own chamber, I endeavoured to recover my composure before I should be summoned to attend the chapel at the evening prayers. But my paper is full; I will continue and end my story in my next letter.

LETITIA.

LETTER IV.

From the same to the same—in continuation.

DEAREST SISTER,

I ONCE more resume my pen, glad to hasten on with a tale that must be told, yet feeling in repeating it those mingled sensations of sorrow, regret, and self-reproach, that render my

life so truly wretched. I told you in my last, I had not determined in what manner I should address my father on the subject of Sir Francis Beaumont's pretensions. I wanted courage; I dared not tell him the truth (ay, there was my error). I knew my lord's prejudices; I knew that I should, in his eyes, stand convicted of a crying sin—to love my own cousin—one whom he considered almost as near to me as my own brother; I could not summon resolution thus to appear in the sight of a father who loved me so tenderly, who thought of me so fondly, and, as I well knew, even with so much pride. Yet to speak what was untrue was as foreign to my thoughts; and so, like all weak and wavering minds, I took a middle course, shifting to the chances of time, and the possibilities of the future, the determination to make a full acknowledgment of the cause of my objections to the proposed alliance—to tell my father how impossible it was that I could consent to marry one man whilst I dearly loved another.

Instead of this, I pleaded distaste to changing my condition, content at home, a wish to continue my old pursuits, dislike to Sir Francis, and a thousand other shifts to avoid the fatal truth. I was caught in my own net. My lord said, that he was far from wishing my immediate decision, as certain affairs of import to Sir Francis Beaumont rendered any speedy union out of the question; that I was also so young, he did not wish, for two or three years at least, to see me change my condition. That, in the interval, he did not doubt Sir Francis Beaumont would make himself agreeable to me; that my maidenly objections would give place to common sense and to my own advantage; and, finally, he charged and commanded me, on my duty, to receive Sir Francis as his friend, and bade me do my best to overcome those childish scruples he was sorry to see in me. You know our father's manner; you know, Rebecca, how that can awe, a thousand times more than his words. I trembled, and had not power to answer him; my silence he chose to take

as a tacit submission; and so, without waiting any renewal of the subject, he rang his bell and ordered the steward to attend him on some business he had to settle.

I left him miserable enough, Heaven knows, and yet comforted—comforted with the thought that there was time before me. I was silly enough to flatter myself that, by this respite, by my father not insisting on my immediate consent, he had taken the matter out of my hands, and that he alone would be answerable to Sir Francis Beaumont. So great was the trouble of my mind, that I clung to this shadow of immediate relief. I had lost confidence in myself when I lost the straightforward path of action, and I was glad of any clue, if but the slightest thread, that seemed to offer me a chance of clearing the labyrinth.

But what followed was most distressing to me. I had to receive with complacency the attentions of Sir Francis Beaumont, as my father's friend. He did not for many months, in his occasional visits, venture beyond ordinary attentions, which, though more marked to me than to my sister Charlotte, were yet too delicately shaded for me to feel myself called upon to shun him on their repetition. Harry was sometimes at our house; and love, quick-sighted and jealous, is ever the first to detect the most remote approaches to the treasured object of its affections.

I cannot dwell on all the painful details: suffice it to say, that Harry and Sir Francis Beaumont felt an almost instinctive dislike to each other. Under any circumstances they would never have been friends, even if I had been out of the question, so opposite are their natures; but, as it was, they were like two enemies watching each other before they come to an open rupture, and who preserve only the outward forms of civility till war is avowedly proclaimed. I saw this: I saw they each suspected the other of a rivalry in the tenderest point, and that they burnt for an occasion of quarrel.

Harry is of a fiery temper, and, though I sometimes wrought on him to master it, yet not all my entreaty, not all my assurances, not even my detestation of his rival, could keep him quiet, or wholly conquer his fears, so long as Sir Francis Beaumont came to our house and sought me with a shadow of more than the most ordinary civility. Yet I might, by my reserve, which now increased towards this hated person, by my avoiding his presence as much as I dared do so whenever he came to Trelawne, I might by such a line of conduct have preserved the peace, had it not been that some one instilled into the mind of my father a suspicion of the real state of Harry's affections towards his daughter. Who did this I do not know; but, from what followed, I have no doubt that it was Sir Francis Beaumont.

My father, when he next came into the country, looked angry with me; he was closeted with my cousin. That day Harry returned to Butt's Head without my seeing him, and I soon found that his visits, whenever they were made to us, were suffered rather than received by the superiors. There was a distance, a marked civility, an observance of etiquette, for poor Harry whenever he ventured to Trelawne. His visits, once the joy of the whole house, now seemed to throw a chill, a constraint upon us all. I was silent from fear; from a consciousness that I had something to hide. My father was reserved, in accordance with his principles and his ideas of duty. Sir Francis was so from offended pride and jealous doubts; Charlotte, because she could never be glad when she saw others were not at ease; and poor Harry from utter distress of mind—almost in despair at his own state of feeling, and at what he knew must be mine.

One day he came when my father had, unfortunately, but just set off for London, leaving Sir Francis with us, who was to quit Trelawne as soon as his coach (which had been twice upset in our bad roads only in coming from Liskeard) could be repaired

to take him in safety to some place where he was expected in Cornwall. Sir Francis had requested me to show him my flowers in the Paradise garden. In common courtesy I could not refuse so simple a request. His sister had desired him, he said, to ask me how I trained the American plants I had received by my brother from abroad. In this there could be nothing of particular attention to me; we were talking about the plants, and I was stooping down to cut one of the shoots, when, unhappily, Harry (who had arrived in our absence at the house) appeared in the garden.

His manner was agitated; he spoke to me even as if he felt offended; and there was an air of marked coldness, almost amounting to rudeness, when he slightly noticed Sir Francis, that made the baronet's colour, in spite of his dark complexion, look like crimson.

Nothing more passed in my presence. We returned to the house; but I saw that the feelings of each party were like a suspended storm, only gathering every little angry cloud into one mass before the explosion. I intended to speak to Harry, to chide him for his want of temper, to implore him to command his feelings, and to beg he would, for my sake, give up all visits in the absence of my lord. But it was too late: both gentlemen left the house before their having done so was even suspected, and we knew nothing of what passed till we heard they had met, fought, and that Sir Francis was dangerously wounded.

Oh, my sister! you know but in part what followed. You know my father's anger; his insisting that henceforth Sir Francis should consider me as his future wife; his slow and, at length, extorted forgiveness of Harry; his prejudices; his displeasure. But you know not that the desperate state of mind into which this miserable affair threw my distracted cousin determined him on quitting for ever his father, his country, his friends, unless I would still consent to see him,

to write to him, to pledge myself to him, as his betrothed, his affianced bride. Urge what I may, he is, like a man in despair, determined, desperate. He lays all the blame on my father, who, he says, should never have exposed us to the trial of being so constantly together in our youth if his prejudices were so unconquerable ; prejudices he will insist they are, as he says that my father wrote to him, after he knew all the truth, that his great objection rested solely on the score of our near kindred.

Rebecca, my dear sister, I can scarcely hold the pen—so much does my hand tremble—to resume my task. I had written the above, when I heard steps at my chamber-door. Thinking it was Fanny, I was about telling her not to come now, for I should not dress yet for dinner, when a voice said softly—" Pray open the door, Mrs. Letitia ; I have got a letter for you." How my heart beat when I heard those words! I knew it was John Jago, the son of old Jago, who spoke ; and I knew from whom he would be likely to bring a letter. I took it hastily from the faithful fellow—I could only say, " Where is he ?" John knew who it was I meant, and softly whispered, " Not far off, Mrs. Letty; I'm working in the Paradise garden; give me but a sign from the window, and I'll take the answer when it is ready." Oh, Rebecca! I felt my cheeks burn as he spoke—I felt shame even before this poor Cornish peasant, when I thought what a guilty creature I must seem, to be receiving and writing letters in secret! But remorse is too late, I should have thought of all this before. I am pledged to him in the sight of God and of my own conscience ; his peace, his safety, his happiness, his very life depends on my fidelity to that rash, that fatal engagement. I must not play with the feelings of another; I must not destroy him—him ! Harry ! my dear cousin, the playmate of my infancy, the friend of my youth, the dear, dear object of all my hopes on earth ! Was it a sin to see him every hour, when the choice to do so was

not my own? was it a crime to listen to his gentle voice, that never spoke but in tones of the sweetest, the kindest affection? Could I shut my eyes on his dear countenance, that expressed every good thought, every generous, every tender sentiment, that can ennoble the human heart? Could I see all this, and know that he lived but for me, that he loved me more than all the world, and could I feel indifferent? Is it a sin to love him? If it be, why did my father expose me to such temptation, when I have so weak a heart?

Livelier spirits are more easily moved, but my mind is naturally sedate; and under that exterior calm, if I know myself, there lurks a deep, deep power of feeling, that will make me the happiest or the most miserable of beings. If such feelings, as you have often told me, are a gift beyond the common order of things, surely they are a gift of the Furies! But I will be calm: these thoughts, these self-reproaches, these upbraidings, which make me perpetually at war with myself, distract me; and I think and write fearful things; for ought I not to trust in that Power to whom I pray for peace? My dear sister, I can add no more.

Ever yours in affection,

LETITIA TRELAWNY.

LETTER V.

From Harry Trelawny to Letitia Trelawny

MY DEAREST COUSIN, Near Trelawne, 1685.

UNABLE to find rest since our last anxious meeting, contrary to your wishes, contrary to my own resolutions, I have returned that I might be near you. Your last conversation made me s wretched that it has had an effect on my mind which even the remembrance of your parting assurances could not calm. You told me that Sir Francis was coming to Trelawne, and bade me

be at peace! Good heavens! must I be forbidden to seek my betrothed, and calmly see the man who is the author of all my misery admitted, received, treated with courtesy, and urged on to a pursuit whose end aims at my own destruction? Can I be at peace under such circumstances? Your father has bound my hands by the most solemn promises (promises drawn from me in hours of remorse, when I thought I had endangered the life of a fellow-creature), bound me by my word of honour that I would shun Sir Francis—shun to meet him, shun any renewed rencounter with him. Is it then, I ask, is it generous to put my feelings, my temper, to the trial of seeing him openly courting your favour—yours!—when I, to whom you are so solemnly vowed, dare seek you but as if I were a thief, by secresy and stealth? means that I abhor! means that I hold in contempt, unworthy a gentleman, unworthy a Trelawny?

Yet, what can I do? renounce you I cannot, will not. My life may be the forfeit of these unhappy circumstances; but to cease to love you is impossible. My own, my beautiful, my gentle Mirtilla! can I ever forget the evening when I saw you looking through the window, round which grew that myrtle with white and starry flowers, emblems of your own innocence; and I plucked a sprig and bound it in your hair, and named you my Mirtilla? You were pleased with the fancy, smiled, and called me your poet. That evening was happy; but how few such hours have I since known! I could be happy now but for the thoughts of this detestable suitor urged on by your friends.

Should Sir Francis be admitted, should he press you, or should you be prevailed with at last, by importunity, to listen to him, to break your faith to me—to—the thought is madness—you cannot, no, Letitia, you will not, you dare not be false. Forgive me, sweetest, forgive me these wild thoughts; forgive that for a moment I distrust you; pardon the wanderings of a mind that labours under the distractions of doubt, of restless jealousy. But oh, Letitia! did you but know how I loved, you

would pardon me; you would weep for me. But I will be calm —forgive the distractions of these moments.

I write this from the poor widow's cottage, where I have so often found a shelter since the doors of Trelawne, that once so readily opened to me, move slowly on their hinges at my approach, and where the cold reception of your mother, and of all but yourself, makes me fully understand that I am on sufferance, and that I owe being admitted at all to my name! Yet even this coolness I have endured, and will still endure, for your sweet sake, my dearest Letitia. Yes; scorn, contempt, all may be borne so long as you are true.

I feel some relief at this moment by knowing I am near you, though I do not see you. Yet from the little lattice of the cottage where I write I can see the old trees in the park. How often we have walked together under their shade!

Letitia, I must, I will see you. Do not deny me! I will see you in a manner that will prevent all scruples. I hear that our poor cousin Charles is so ill he cannot live. Even if you were not at Trelawne, I should beg to see him once more while he was yet alive. He is your mother's nephew; she will not deny me admission; for I know Charles has expressed a wish to see me. I shall go to Trelawne; I have made up my mind to do so. Come to me then this evening for ten minutes, but for ten minutes, in the laurel-walk, that I may speak to you before we meet with so many eyes upon us; and I will then present myself before your doors.

Dr. Ruddell, our dear old master, I hear is come down. Alas, Letitia! he helped to teach us a lesson which not all his philosophy could now teach us to forget! Write me a few lines. John Jago, that most faithful lad, bears this: you may trust him with the answer; he is true to me as heart of oak. Farewell, sweetest! I wait with impatience your reply.

Ever yours in affection,

HENRY TRELAWNY.

LETTER VI.

To Henry Trelawny, by the hands of John Jago.

My dear Cousin, Trelawne, Tuesday noon.

Your letter has so agitated me, I can scarcely hold the pen to answer it. I have written and torn up more than one note. What ought I to do? I know I am wrong; but you are unhappy, and I am the cause. Calm your mind; for my sake be calm—I will meet you; yes—but for ten minutes only—in the laurel-walk. I shall be there at six o'clock this evening. Yet how to leave poor Charles, I know not; even for that short space I scarcely know how to quit him. You will find this a house of mourning indeed. Farewell till six.

Dear cousin, your own

Letitia.

LETTER VII.

From Letitia Trelawny to Rebecca Trelawny.

My dear Rebecca, Trelawne, 1685.

It is a relief to me, now that I have told you the whole truth, still to disburthen my full heart to you in moments of so much anxiety and distress. But for this occupation (and I could now turn to none but such as might be connected with my own feelings) I could hardly support the oppression of mind that weighs me down almost to the earth. But I will be more composed: I have prayed for composure. I will endeavour to tell you all regularly, melancholy and heartrending as the detail must be. My mother and Dr. Ruddell are both writing to my lord, so that my letters to you will go in the same packet.

According as I had agreed, I met Harry in the laurel-walk. I was shocked to see his altered looks; and there was an

anxiety about his countenance that contradicted the assurance he gave me, that he was at peace on seeing me. There was such a distraction in his manner, in consequence, I believe, of something he had heard about Sir Francis Beaumont (for on that subject he never will be at ease), that at times his expressions were wholly contradictory. He would say the kindest things; and then, almost in the same breath, reproach me either for not answering him so decidedly as he wished me to do, or for saying too little on the subject that was nearest to his heart.

I did my best to soothe him; and he was soothed, in a very great degree, by my efforts. Such minds, Rebecca, require indeed the nicest management, especially when they are under the influence of those imaginations which arise from the anxieties of the heart. We may wound by a trifle; we may hurt by silence; we may blight by indifference: for affection gives a language to all these things, and can trace the absence or the existence of a kindred feeling by a word, by a look—in what we do not, as well as in what we do.

Yet Harry, could he have read my heart, had, I am sure, no cause for complaint; but there is about him such a spirit of self-infliction, the consequence of fear and uncertainty, that I often give him pain when to do so is the farthest from my thoughts. It is a fault in him, as by what I have done he ought to know me, and to trust my heart. Yet I forgive him; sincere affection merits patience to bear with its faults. It is the sweetest contentment of life; why therefore should I complain of its imperfections? We do not refuse the rose because it carries about it a few thorns. I am not perfect, why should I look then for perfection in my poor cousin? No, I will learn to bear with those unjust reproaches that arise from the very excess of his love! If his offence to me is light, patience shall make it pass without a wound.

I told you that I did my best to calm him. I assured him

that my father had not written to me any pressing instances to induce my immediate acceptance of Sir Francis; though I could not deny that my mother (till poor Charles's danger engrossed all her thoughts) had importuned me, and lectured me much on the subject of obedience. Harry's observations about our mother hurt me a good deal, though my own mind whispered they were not altogether unfounded, however much his state of feeling might exaggerate and colour them. He said he was sure that Lady Trelawny would rule the bishop in this matter, even if he were himself less inclined to it. He did justice to our mother's excellent understanding, and to her many good qualities; but, he added, he had observed that she was inflexible in her notions of parental authority, and implicit obedience on the part of a child. I said that my father would never drive on this affair to extremities, even if my mother would have it so. To this he replied, that she was a woman of a strong character; that such women did more by their resolutions, however wrong might be their resolves, than other women of more pliant tempers could effect by their greatest virtues.

The view which Harry has taken of my mother's objections made me very melancholy; for I fear it is but too well founded. She told me the other day that daughters, whilst under the care of their parents, had no right to think for themselves; that is done for them by their natural guardians; their part is to fulfil that which the more mature judgment of their parents has decided for them.

When I said something about my own feelings, she cut me very short, and said, "Do not talk to me, Letty, about your feelings; feel you ought to obey—that is your duty as a daughter, and not to argue with your superiors; for when was it ever seen that the hand pretended to dictate to the head?" I did not tell this to Harry, and so we parted. Soon after, he made his appearance at Trelawne. How he was received I know not; for I did not come down to meet him, but remained

with my sick cousin. To-morrow I will tell you all the rest; and believe, dear sister, that to-morrow, as to-day, I can never be other than yours

Most affectionately,

LETITIA TRELAWNY.

LETTER VIII.

From the same to the same—in continuation.

MY DEAR REBECCA,

I have been sitting with poor Charles; never shall I forget the painful scene that I have witnessed. I will describe all that passed as well as I can; though I know it will be impossible for me to convey to you any adequate idea of the various and contending feelings that filled my breast.

You have never seen Charles Hele since he was a child; you do not, therefore, know what a fine youth he has grown; how handsome, how good, how amiable; how he distinguished himself at Westminster School. There is not a doubt he would have gone out head-boy had his health but have been spared a few months longer. He has sense and reflection far beyond his years; and his long illness, with the books he has read during his affliction, have produced in him that frame of mind which, Dr. Ruddell says, deserves the name of true Christian philosophy.

Yesterday he was lying on a couch in the room above the parlour that looks out into the park. The windows were open, and the sun was setting with a mild lustre, that threw an inexpressible charm over the stillness and serenity that, in weather like this, ushers in the close of day—a serenity that renders us thoughtful whilst we are pleased, and produces, even in minds at ease, a gentle degree of melancholy which mingles with hap-

piness itself, where there is feeling and affection in the heart. Poor Charles sat reclining, with his eyes (that looked, I thought, unnaturally bright for one so spent and sick) fixed upward, as if he watched the clouds as they moved slowly on, catching and reflecting those beautiful rays of light that at times made them glow like molten gold. The tops of the park-trees were also gilded, whilst thick shadows had settled about their trunks and boughs, and the deer were herding together. The rooks winged their way, under the guidance of their dusky leader, to the loftiest trees, where they had their nests; and all living creatures without seemed to wait till the sun, which animated existence, should be finally sunk down, in order to settle to their own repose.

By the side of the couch sat Dr. Ruddell, holding Charles's hand in his. There was a settled grief in his venerable features, though he preserved a calm manner, that showed how deeply he felt this affliction—the blighted hopes in one so early cut down; they lay like faded blossoms before him. I saw the quiver of his lips, the quick motion of his eyelids, the hand hastily crossed before his eyes to wipe off the tear that else would have fallen.

Dr. Ruddell spoke many words of comfort to Charles, with that tone of earnestness and piety that makes the simplest sentence of religious hope, from the lips of the good man, find its immediate way to the heart. "My dear boy," he said to Charles, "to die well is as much the consummation of human happiness in the briefest as in the longest life. Among the ancients, the victory that was won in an hour had the crown of honour assigned to the conqueror as much as if he had maintained the field from the rising till the going down of the sun. Blame not God, but rather bless him, that he gives you a swift victory and an early crown."

"His will be done!" said my cousin; "for life or death I am, I hope, equally prepared, and resigned to all the dispensations

of His providence." As he spoke the door opened, and my mother, with Mr. Marshall, the apothecary, and cousin Harry, came into the room. Charles shook Harry affectionately by the hand, and thanked his aunt that she had permitted him to see him. It was a great comfort, he said—one he had desired. He next spoke to Mr. Marshall, who troubled him with few questions; felt his pulse, and said he was better. I thought he was mistaken, though I said nothing. There was a hollowness, a sunken expression in his countenance, a twitching of the muscles, particularly about the mouth, an anxious look, and that glaring brightness about the eyes, with a flutter now and then of the spirits, which made me certain life was fast ebbing, and that, like a taper nearly spent, it was but as the last flame that leaps up ere it sinks for ever and expires. Mr. Marshall retired with Lady Trelawny.

Dr. Ruddell quitted the room soon after conducting us into it; he said he had to write to my lord. We were left alone with Charles. The dear boy bade us come near him. I took my seat on the side of the couch; Harry was opposite to it.

There was something in the looks of the poor sufferer that seemed to intimate that what he was about to communicate weighed deeply on his mind. He said, "I have longed to speak to you both; I am dying. Do not weep, my dear Letitia, but listen to me. It is believed," he continued, after a short pause, "that to the dying is sometimes given a clearer knowledge of those things that are connected with a world beyond our own, than can ever be attained in moments of life and health. Oh, my dear cousin!" he said, turning to me, "there is an impression of this kind so strong upon me that I cannot shake it off. It seems to tell me that, should your unhappy attachment continue for each other, it will be the source of long years of sorrow to you both. That you love each other is now no secret at Trelawne. I thought it my duty to tell you my fears; and if I had not done so I could not die in peace."

I was exceedingly shocked and surprised by Charles's words. Harry said little; I was too confused to hear distinctly what that little might be. Our monitor continued, addressing himself more particularly to me, "Your father is averse to this unhappy attachment, and your mother is rendered most wretched by it. For not only does she deem it wrong in itself, but she has an unconquerable fear of the ancient prophecy that has so long been handed down in this family, and which, it is said, is always present to every one who dies under the roof of Trelawne, and is of kin to its lord. It seems as if death would recall this prophecy to the memory of the living with a deeper and more impressive solemnity when he is about to claim another of their blood. For these two nights past, the recollection of it has haunted my pillow." He then repeated the old rhyming-couplet we have all heard, Rebecca, from our nurses, and almost from our cradles:—

> "Trelawne, her course 'mid cousins run,
> Shall weep for many a first-born son."

"It is strange," he said, "that those rude rhymes should so fasten themselves on my mind. When the bell strikes in the old tower I seem to hear them; if the wind howls amongst the park trees, it seems to me as if a voice was in the blast repeating the warning—as if it bade me call up the memory of that old prophecy in my last hours."

Charles spoke this in a manner so agitated that I saw it would be giving him extreme pain to combat a superstitious feeling that was, no doubt, the result of weakness which rendered him alive to the impressions of a wandering imagination. Harry saw it also in the same light, and, affectionately grasping the poor boy's hand, he bade him not disquiet himself with the recollection of anything painful, and assured him that his affectionate solicitude for his friends would endear his memory to them so long as life should endure.

Charles shook his head, unsatisfied with the answer; but he only said, "I have done what seems to me right; I have warned you; my mind is relieved of an oppressive burden, and I can now only pray that God may direct you for the best." Exhausted by this conversation, he lay down on the couch, and endeavoured to compose himself. That day, so fully impressed was he that he drew near his end, he took a solemn farewell of us all as we stood weeping around him. I dare say he hurt himself by the exertion he made to speak to us so much as he did, for towards evening he became alarmingly worse, and desired to be put to bed. We saw how it was, and whilst we were kneeling in deep silence round the bed, as the good doctor read, in a low voice, as articulately as his feelings would let him, the prayers for the dying, Charles expired, exactly as the clock struck six. He went off so gently at the last that it was merely by the fixed features and all respiration having ceased that we knew that he was gone.

I will not attempt to describe to you the sorrow of our family. My mother, from having had her orphan nephew under her care ever since his infancy, feels his loss as much as if he had been one of her own children; and I am sure from some words that she dropped she knows that before he died Charles talked to us about the old prophecy. Much as she grieves, yet she bears her grief with that sobriety of carriage, that dignity, which distinguishes a strong mind like hers in hours of severe calamity. With her no circumstances of distress can make her show a passionate sorrow, because her reason is never wholly overcome by her feelings. The exercise of reason she considers the perfection of existence; and to be amazed by sorrow would, in her opinion, be to lose her recollection and just sense of mortality. Would that her notions of duty were less stern, more indulgent to the weakness of others! But she can put into practice her strong resolutions; and she measures the capabilities of others, if they choose to exert them, by her own severe standard. How is it,

Rebecca, that we are all so much in awe of my mother? Is it not from this cause?

I was so overcome that I could do nothing but weep.

How many bright and good things did I fancy for poor Charles; but all is over now, and he is gone! Yet I shall often think of him and fancy him near me, for no solitude is, I am certain, free from spirits. God's host is about us, in our path, or in our bed, to aid, to guard, or to weep over our frail mortality! Could it then have been from such a communion of the soul with unseen angels, who are our ministers, that Charles dwelt on that old prophecy? But I will try to dismiss it from my mind, for is it not a superstition? I can write no more.

Dear sister, yours,

LETITIA.

LETTER IX.

From Dr. Ruddell to the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Bristol at his House in Chelsea.

MY LORD, Trelawne, 1685.

IN my last letter* it was my painful duty to communicate to your lordship some account of the death of that most sainted boy, who, for the many perfections of his nature in one so young, may be truly said to have gone beyond the hope of all his friends in their most favourable opinion of his merits. But he was largely endowed with the grace of God, and with Him all things are possible, as truly that which I have now to set forth cannot fail to prove; for what I have now to write upon is a matter above reason, though nothing contrary to it. But I will

* The letter to which Dr. Ruddell alludes does not appear in this collection, the circumstances of the boy's death having been already narrated by Letitia Trelawny.

endeavour to relate to your lordship the strange chance that has befallen me as methodically as I can. Indeed I am, I do confess, so amazed by the wonder of it that most certainly, as Sir Thomas Browne says in his *Religio Medici*, I will rather down on my knees and wrestle with the difficulty in prayer than by any attempts of my own vain reasoning try to account for it.

My lord, that was a sad morning at the ancient house of your lordship's forefathers when the poor remains of this sweet child were taken forth to the burial. Mr. Harry Trelawny, being your lordship's own nephew, and the eldest male of the family then present, was chief mourner, and the ladies of the family, who all attended, chose to be the close mourners.

Your lordship's beloved child and my most rare and dear pupil, Mistress Letitia Trelawny, was chosen garland-maid on this sad occasion. Your lordship knows how full of reflection is her truly sedate mind, rich in matter, and ever ready to bring forth some of its stores on occasions the most happy and fit for their exercise. She could not lift the garland without giving vent to some apposite expressions of her mind; and in her poetic way, for her feelings constantly connect themselves with the poetry of things, she opened a page in the "Holy Dying," a copy of which was her dole-gift, and, looking sadly on the coffin, she read aloud from her book—"But so I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a rude breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age: it bowed the head and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and dust."

The church was filled, even to the aisles. After the prayers, I preached a sermon suited to the occasion, taking these words for my text, "Lord, teach us so to number our days that we

may apply our hearts unto wisdom." The coffin was standing in the aisle, facing the pulpit. Knowing the dear boy to have been of uncommon parts, and of the best dispositions, I spoke with honest feeling his funeral commendation, such as might endear his memory to all who knew and valued him in life, and might render him as an example to the young to emulate his piety, his industry, and his gentle and affectionate conversation. Now and then I seasoned my discourse with a quotation or two from the Greek and Hebrew; and in the seventeenth head or division of my sermon I had occasion to use this line from Virgil—

"Et puer ipse fuit cantari dignus;"

which I more particularly mention for a reason connected with it, that I shall have to state anon. The deepest attention gave a silent witness to the force of my arguments, and to the interest of my subject; so that, ere I reached the nineteenth or final division of the matter, there was such a weeping and sobbing in the church, and so many handkerchiefs were seen wiping the tears from many eyes, that truly mine could not but send forth their own little store to keep company with that watery shower shed on so sweet and fallen a blossom. When the service was concluded, the corpse was lowered into the family vault of your lordship's house; and as I walked down the aisle before it, reading aloud those solemn and impressive words which open our Burial Service, "I am the resurrection and the life, says the Lord," I heard a deep sob that came from behind one of the old pillars, and, looking up for a moment, I saw an ancient gentleman, with white hairs and a venerable countenance, who leaned against the pillar, and seemed to be very much moved by the solemnity of the scene, or by the effects my sermon had produced on his feelings.

After the coffin was lowered, and all the sacred rites accomplished, Mrs. Letitia's garland being hung up in the church, I

retired for a short space to the vestry, saying I would follow the mourning company very speedily to Trelawne, where some matter of a collation was to be served in the hall, for the refreshment of such of your lordship's tenantry and followers as had taken any part in the ceremony, or had come far to see the last rites done. I had quitted the vestry, and was just without the church door, when I observed the same ancient gentleman, who seemed purposely to waylay me in my retreat, come forward and intercept me in my course. At length, with a manner that had in it a good deal of the old courtesy, that has of late been too much neglected in this degenerate age, he saluted me, and, with an earnestness that was altogether extraordinary, entreated me to go home with him.

As he was a total stranger to me, even by name, I thanked him for his civility, and excused myself the best I could, saying, that at such a time I could not absent myself from the Lady Trelawny and the family, who, in the absence of my lord, looked to me for support and countenance in their trouble. He told me in answer, that, however great their trouble might be, it could not be so importunate as his own, nor of a nature which demanded so immediate a remedy. I thought his discourse very odd, and he who addressed it to me nothing less so; for though his language was good, and his words and expressions were those of an educated person, I plainly perceived by his habit, which was exceedingly worn, and of the old cut, that he was one in low fortunes. He had much the appearance of a distressed gentleman.

"Good doctor," said he, for so was he pleased to call me, "though I am not known to you, yet you are perfectly known to me, by the report of the country round; and the discourse I have this day heard from your lips has touched me in so tender a point that I feel assured, if there is a man on earth who can serve me at this pinch, it is yourself." I thought he was about asking charity; and I believe I said something about my means

not being large, but such help as I could afford was ever open to the relief of misfortune.

"No, sir," said he, "you mistake me. I do not want your money; it is something that is beyond price that I want from you. I want you to restore to me my son; that is, one who is as dear to me as if he were really my son."

I looked astonished, and began to think that the poor gentleman was a little beside himself to talk in so strange and so abrupt a manner. "Sir," said I, "I am but a mortal, one of the humblest and the simplest of God's ministers; and I have no power, as you must well know, to restore the vital spark that is extinct. If your son—as your grief in the church at this day's ceremony makes me suspect—be dead, go ask of God, he can alone restore him to you at the resurrection of the just."

"My son, this boy I mean, is not dead, sir," returned the stranger, "but in a far worse condition. How I thought of those words which you this day uttered, when you described a youth, who was just such another by your account"; and then he repeated the line from Virgil, in a very pure and scholastic manner—

"Et puer ipse fuit cantari dignus."

"Sir," said I, "I perceive you have the tongues."

"I wish," he replied quickly, "that I had one that could move you to my house."

"To be plain with you, sir," said I, "I am not a man much given to the company of strangers; unless, as it is my duty, as a minister of the Church, to do any good, or to administer any consolation to the afflicted, who are doubtless, as my brethren and in the common bond of Christian charity, entitled to call on my poor services: but you have not told me in what way I can be useful to you: to go home with you to-day is impossible."

"I can tell you nothing till you do so," replied the speaker; "but this I do assure you is a solemn truth, and I am not used

wantonly or wilfully to call on the witness of God, that it is from you alone that I can hope for a service of so much consequence to me ; and oh, how infinitely more so to a poor suffering fellow-creature! one too, who, in my opinion, merits a better fate. Yet, alas !—but I will say no more. Doctor, doctor!" he continued with vehement importunity, "would you wish to save a soul alive ?"

"God forbid I should wish to do other," said I. "Sir, where do you live ?"

"Look yonder," said he; and he pointed with his hand as he spoke towards the hills. "Do you see that small white cottage that stands on the hill above Polperro ?"

"I mark it well," I replied.

"Well, sir," he resumed, "that home, poor as it is, calls me master. There was a time when I should have been ashamed of such a mean dwelling, but pride was not made for man, and I have, I hope, overcome mine. When may I expect you?"

"To-morrow," said I, "at six o'clock"; and soon after we parted company. I felt an unaccountable interest for this person, of whom I knew so little, and who had accosted me in a manner that was so very singular. But there was about him such a venerable and sad look, and that mingled air of good breeding and deep chagrin, which so plainly spoke of fallen fortunes, that I could not remain indifferent. The misfortunes of a gentleman (and I could not but think him such) affect me more than the sight of poverty where its hardships have become natural from having grown up with the poor man.

Nothing very material passed at Trelawne that day ; sadness and solemnity kept the house in decent order, so that the tenantry and followers departed very early after their refreshment. Lady Trelawny, much indisposed, retired to her own room. Mrs. Charlotte walked a turn or so in the park with me; and as we returned we saw Mr. Henry and Mrs. Letitia walking lovingly together, as first cousins ought to do, under the shade

of the laurel-grove ; he, no doubt, consoling her as well as he was able, with all ghostly comfort on her recent affiiction. I said nothing about my meeting with the poor gentleman in the church, thinking it better not to do so at present. To-morrow I will conclude this matter in another letter: till then, my lord, permit me to subscribe myself

Your Lordship's
very faithfully obliged humble friend
and poor chaplain,
J. RUDDELL.

LETTER X.

From Doctor Ruddell to the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Bristol —in continuation.

MY LORD, Trelawne, 1685.

I WAS exact to my hour, and, allowing sufficient time to go at an easy trot, for I rode your lordship's own mare, as you had given me leave to do on my necessary occasions, I was rather before than after the time of my appointment.

The interest I felt about the poor gentleman, who, I forgot to say, had told me his name was Mr. Thomas Bligh, made me look on his dwelling and the patch of garden in which it stood with much curiosity ; not with such curiosity, my lord, I trust, as would deserve censure; for I did not look to satisfy it from any idle motive.

No, my lord. I looked around in the hope that, by seeing something of the state of the family, I might best know how to apply my remedy of comfort, consolation, or advice.

The cottage, though small, was very neat; and it was only in this particular that it differed from the more ordinary cottages of the Cornish peasantry. The garden was in good order, and the view commanded by the brow of the hill, near which it stood, exceedingly grand.

Whilst I stood for a few minutes gazing about me, Mr. Bligh came out to meet me, and very civilly helped me to dismount, taking himself the mare by the bridle, and leading her into a little shed that was near the cottage. He welcomed me very kindly, and expressed his thanks for my punctual attendance to the meeting; and, leading me indoors, introduced me to an ancient gentlewoman,—his wife. They both showed me an excess of courtesy, and brought forward wine, which proved to be very excellently flavoured, and not such as we get from Portugal or Spain, but rather from France; two very handsome silver drinking-cups stood on the board; which sorted strangely, I thought, with the wooden trenchers (scoured as nice as hands could make them) that stood in a row on the shelves, and served them at meals. All the furniture was very homely, and Mrs. Bligh wore a snuff-coloured taffeta, with nothing better than a clean white night-rail on her head. They pressed on me so many civilities, and made so much of me, that, though I am far from being suspicious, yet knowing the evil times, and the strange characters abroad in them, I began to misdoubt if there might not be some design at the bottom of all this; for I had scarcely a common acquaintance with the gentleman, and that little his own seeking, nor could I in anywise guess whence this so sudden flush of friendship should arise.

After a while, however, Mr. Bligh proposed to show me some plants he was rearing in his garden. He led me out, and we took a turn or two; and then, opening the little gate, he conducted me into the next field, where a cow that he said was his was very quietly grazing. "Sir," said Mr. Bligh, suddenly stopping in his walk, "though I scarcely know how to do it, I must open my mind to you on the business we spoke of yesterday; it is a grievous one, but I beseech you to give me your kind attention, and do not think the matter that I have to speak of is a light one."

"Mr. Bligh," I replied, "you told me yesterday that the

matter on which you required my services concerned the saving of a soul; how can I then think of it lightly, knowing there is joy in heaven itself on such preservation? Sir, one soul is of more moment than a million of bodies; we cannot always save the last, if God wills it otherwise, but he wills the destruction of no human soul that ever yet breathed; and whilst there is life and sense there is hope to turn the sinner from the error of his way."

"Doctor," said Mr. Bligh, "the danger I apprehend wants, I see, explanation. I will therefore no longer speak by halves; yet, not to be unnecessarily particular, I will merely begin with saying that, some few years ago, a lad (whose parentage I rather think was a secret which it would have done his mother's fame no good to make public) was placed under my care, on a very small pittance. I was then, doctor, in better circumstances than at present, yet having suffered, like many others, from the Civil Wars and the evil times; and what I received for taking charge of this youngster, who was then a mere child, was not of sufficient importance to me to make the gain of any consequence. But it had so happened that our only child, on whom we had set our hearts, had not long before been taken off by the small-pox; and this little fellow was so very like him, that, when we were urged to take him under our care, it seemed to my poor wife, who was breaking her heart for the death of our son, as if heaven itself had sent him to be a comfort to us. Doctor, to be plain with you, though circumstances render it prudent that I should not say much about the person who made this proposal (for he could do me an injury if he chose it, though I am sure he will never do me any benefit), yet I do not attempt to conceal from you that there was an eagerness about sending the lad out of the way that I did not like; and so, to set the matter at rest, I said I would trust to God, and endeavour to keep the boy, and to train him up to some honest way of getting his bread, rather than send him to

die, for the lad is but delicate, in such a climate as the West Indies, under the care of one of those hard-hearted negro-drivers."

"Mr. Bligh," said I, "I honour your humanity; and if not in this world, yet I am sure in a better, you will have your reward. What sort of person may the lad himself be?"

"No common boy, I assure you, doctor; but my means have been too small to cultivate his good parts as they deserved. My own situation in life being such that I have by constant labour been obliged, in one way or the other, to strive for a living, I have had no time to take much pains with him myself, yet his education has not been altogether neglected."

"Sir," said I, "begging your pardon for interrupting you, though I have been chaplain here at Trelawne for many years, till I followed my lord the bishop to London and Bristol, yet I never recollect to have heard of you, nor to have seen your face before now: and this little cottage was, I think, inhabited by a poor man of a strange life, one very old; and who, on account of his age, was let alone (though he was known to have been engaged in certain acts in Cromwell's time that deserved punishment), after the blessed restoration of Church and King came, once more, as a crowning mercy to this worn and suffering land."

"That old republican was my wife's uncle," replied Mr. Bligh; "he died about a year ago, in extreme age, and left her all he had to leave, which was not much; it consisted of about fifty pounds in money, with this cottage and the garden and slip of land behind the house. I soon found that my time and attention must be entirely given to make the most of these, and to raise about me a little farm for our own use; and with all my working we are but very poor. I determined, however much we might pinch for it, to send Samuel Elliot, for that is the lad's name, to a schoolmaster in this neighbourhood, as a day scholar, where he might get a small matter of learning, which I consider to be much better than none at all."

"And pray, Mr. Bligh, what may this have to do with the services, of so much import, which you require at my hands?"

"You shall hear," he continued. "Till of late, Samuel was as good a lad and as affectionate as we could desire him to be, and of a most contented disposition, cheerful, though fond of musing, and of a noble and firm spirit, though so full of thought; but I told you he was not a common boy, and when you see him you will find that there is a very marked and peculiar expression in his countenance—a character of sense and decision far beyond his years. Well, sir, till lately he was the most hopeful lad I ever met with, but now he is grown so melancholy, so wasted by the state of his mind, that it makes us miserable to see him such a sufferer. And" (Mr. Bligh looked round and lowered his voice as he spoke, in a manner that made me start with fear and surprise) "I dread lest he should get into such a state of settled melancholy that he may be tempted to do himself a mischief, for the poor boy believes himself to be haunted by a ghost!"

"A ghost, Mr. Bligh! Can any notion so absurd produce such serious consequences?"

"Sir," said he, "the notion is destroying him; weighing on his spirits, and draining life itself, drop by drop, from his veins. Could you but have known him before this thing possessed his imagination you would not believe that the thin, pale, and melancholy boy was the same who, but a few months ago, had a colour like a rose in his cheeks, ate his meals heartily, was cheerful, and slept as sound and as quietly as in his infancy."

"It is most extraordinary," said I; "I have heard of such things, and not altogether would I say that they cannot be. Pray what account does he give of this strange matter? Has he any doubts, or does he fully believe it?"

"Sir," resumed Mr. Bligh, "the fancy has wholly subdued his reason; for he will very confidently insist that he meets with

a spirit in a certain field about half a mile from this place, as often as he goes that way to his school. But see, my wife, impatient of our absence, is coming to us; she knows that it was to beg your counsel and your help in this sad matter that I sought you. She will confirm all that I have said."

The good mistress of the cottage did so, and added to her narrative many minute circumstances which Mr. Bligh had not mentioned, for he went to the subject direct; but she approached it by previous steps and little particulars. Her account ended, they both earnestly requested my advice. My lord, I was not master enough of myself at the moment to collect my thoughts, and to frame such a judgment on the subject as might be solid enough to give forth, so I merely replied that the circumstance was marvellous, yet not incredible, nor without the warranty of example—that I scarcely knew what to say or think about it, but that if the youth could be led to speak to me freely, and trust me with his counsels, I hoped that I might be able to give them a more satisfactory opinion on the next day. Mrs. Bligh, who seems a very honest and simple soul, thanked me with tears in her eyes for my good will, and implored me not to delay the matter, but to see the child immediately; she went to call him forth, saying that I had better draw him to their little orchard, where we should be sure to meet with no interruption. She speedily returned, bringing the lad with her.

I had been prepared by Mr. Bligh's account to meet one who was not of an ordinary nature, but I confess that I was more surprised than I expected when I both saw and talked to him. In health, he must have been one of the finest youths that eyes were ever set upon, for though he was exceedingly pale now, and had a worn and melancholy look over his whole countenance, his features were of a very exact proportion, and formed as well as marked more like those of a man grown than a lad of fourteen years old, whilst his eyes, of a jet black, were large and lustrous in their brilliancy. He spoke with great ingenuity and

modesty, framing his sentences in very good language and very just grammar, and there was a force of expression in all he did say that showed his mind was strong and ready. I was very much struck with him; and I could not help thinking, when I knew how few had been his opportunities, how much Nature blazons her own works, seeing that the most excellent productions of her hand have a beauty in them that shines through the obscurity of circumstances and the obstructions of untoward fortune.

I soon entered into close conference with him, and was at first very cautious in my approaches to his confidence, so as not to alarm him with the apprehension of any severe admonitions on my part. But I found there needed no practices of policy to win myself into his heart, for he most openly assured me that he loved his book, and desired above all things, if his hard fortune could but compass it, to be bred a scholar; that he loved those who were to him as kind and as natural as parents; that it grieved him to make them uneasy; and all he wished was that they would but give credit to his constant assertions concerning the woman he was disturbed with, who so regularly met him in the Higher Broom Field. He burst into a flood of tears, and told me, with that frankness which is the strongest evidence of truth, that he felt his friends were unkind and unjust to him, neither to believe nor to pity him in this particular, and that if any man would but go with him to the place he might be convinced that the thing was real.

He found me, my lord, very ready to pity his sad condition, and to listen with attention to his own relation of the circumstances. Thus encouraged to confidence, he hesitated not to open his heart to me in the fullest manner. I will be as exact as possible in repeating his own words.

"This woman, whose spirit appears to me," he said, "lived as a neighbour to Mrs. Bligh's uncle. I remember to have seen her when I was once at this cottage during his lifetime; shortly

after I had done so she died. Her name was Dorothea Dingley. She was neither young nor old, was tall, and had a countenance so remarkable that once seen it could never be forgotten. Of such a stature as Dorothea, of such an age, such a complexion and feature is this woman. She never speaks to me, but passes hastily by, and commonly meets me twice or thrice. Nearly two months elapsed before I took any notice of it, for, though the shape and the face were in my memory, yet I could not recall the name of the woman who had such frequent occasion to pass that way, nor did I fancy anything particular (for I had at that time forgotten if Dorothea might be living or dead) till she began to meet me so very constantly morning and evening, and always in the same field, and sometimes twice or thrice in the breadth of it. When I first began to suspect it to be a spirit I had courage enough not to be afraid of it, for I had done wrong to no one; and I kept it to myself a good while, and only wondered at it much, knowing it was a thing supernatural. I did more; for, summoning a strong resolution to my aid, I did speak to it, but no answer came. I next determined to change my way, and I went by the under horse-road; but it was vain, my tormentor still beset me."

He paused a moment, and then continued:—"At length I began to feel terror at the sight of the spectre, and prayed God continually that he would either free me from it or give me to know the cause of its thus importuning me with its presence; night or day, sleeping or waking, the form was ever present to my mind; often did I repeat from Scripture (he took a small Bible from his pocket as he spoke, and opened at Job, the seventh chapter, fourteenth verse) 'Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions'; and again, he continued, in Deuteronomy—'In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were evening, and evening, thou shalt say, would God it were morning, for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see.' And

often do I cry with Job in the watches of the night—'Fear came upon me, and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice.'"

I was much pleased with the boy's ingenuity in the application of those Scriptures to his condition, and desired him to proceed. "Thus," said he, "by degrees I grew pensive and sad: insomuch that it was noticed by my dear father and mother, for so am I accustomed to call those friends who have protected me, a friendless orphan; so orphaned, indeed, that I know not even who were the parents of a being so unfortunate as myself. At length, pressed by the importunity of Mr. and Mrs. Bligh, I told what I had seen, and how incessantly the spectre had beset me in the haunted field. They kept it to themselves, and the end of the discovery was that they would sometimes laugh at me, and sometimes chide me, in the endeavour to drive from my mind what they would insist was no more than an idle fancy. They still commanded me to go to school, and to put such things out of my head. I did accordingly go to school, but I always met the spectre in the way; and this is truth, as God shall judge me if I speak other."

My lord, I was convinced of the lad's integrity; there was that in his manner, in his words, in his looks, which falsehood could not put on. I told him not to make any person a party to our intents, and that I would on the next morning walk with him to the haunted field about six o'clock. He was even transported with joy at the mention of my purpose, and replied, "Thank God! now, sir, I hope I shall be believed." I bade him keep his mind at ease, and that I would keep my promise to the minute. Thus we concluded, and returned to the house.

The worthy couple were impatient to know the event of our

colloquy: they came forth to meet us on seeing our approach; and, observing that the boy looked more cheerful, the first words spoken by the ancient gentleman were—"Come, Dr. Ruddell, you have talked to Samuel; I hope now he will have more wit, and not believe ——"

At these words the youth, not liking to be questioned, ran up stairs to his little chamber, without speaking; and I soon put a period to all curiosity by saying I had promised silence for the time being; but when things were riper they should know all. At present I begged them to rest in my promise that I would do my utmost in their service, for the benefit of him who was to them as their own son. With this they were silenced, but I cannot add satisfied.

The next morning I arose, and met the boy before six o'clock, as we had agreed, in my road to the cottage, without going in there. He guided the way.

The field to which he led me was, I think, about twenty acres in size, in an open country, and about three furlongs from any house. We went into this, the Higher Broom Field; and had not gone a third part through before the spectre, in the form of a woman, with all the circumstances as the lad had described it to me (as much as the suddenness of its appearance and the transition would permit me to discover), met us and passed by. I was greatly surprised at it, and, though I had taken a firm resolution to speak to it, yet I had no power to do so, nor indeed durst I look back; yet I took especial care not to show any fear to the lad who was my guide; and therefore telling him I was satisfied with the truth of his complaint, we walked to the end of the field and returned, nor did the spectre meet us at that time above once.

I perceived in this youth a kind of boldness mixed with astonishment: the first caused by my presence, and the proof just given of the truth of his narration; and the last by the sight of his persecutor. In fine, we went to his home; I greatly

puzzled, he much animated. Mrs. Bligh, whose inquisitiveness had detected us in our stolen visit to the field, watched eagerly to speak to me. I gave her the opportunity she desired, and told her that my opinion was, that the lad's complaint was not to be slighted, nor altogether discredited; yet my judgment in this case was very far from settled. I gave her a caution not to let the thing take wind, lest the whole country might ring with what we had yet no assurance of. Shortly after I took my leave, for I had business that day to transact, which might not admit hindrance, and so I went on my own affairs. But I could not dismiss the adventure from my mind; I pondered upon it in secret, and very soon after went again to the spot, resolving, with the help of God, to see the utmost.

The next morning I visited the haunted field alone, and walked the breadth of it without any encounter. I returned and took another turn, and then the spectre appeared to me much about the same place where I had before seen it when the lad was with me. In my opinion it moved swifter now than it did then, and was about ten feet distance on my right hand, insomuch that I had not time to speak, as I had determined to do. The thing was very awful; and on the evening of that day I called at the cottage, and proposed to Mr. and Mrs. Bligh and the boy that we should all go together. I told them that there was no danger in that fearful apparition, but that I thought we had a duty to perform in not shunning to inquire what might be the purport of such a visitation.

We all met as we had appointed, and, proceeding to the Higher Broom Field, passed nearly half over the haunted ground before the spectre made its appearance. It then came in an opposite direction as it were from the stile, and moved with such extreme swiftness that by the time we had gone six or seven steps it passed by. I immediately turned my head and ran after it, with the lad by my side; we saw it pass over the stile at which we entered, but no further. I stepped upon

the hedge at one place, he at another, but could discern nothing; whereas I dare aver that the swiftest horse in England could not have conveyed himself out of sight in that short space of time, in that open, extensive, and level spot of earth. Two things I observed in this day's appearance: first, that a spaniel dog, which followed us from the cottage without our observing it, did bark and run away as the spectre passed by; whence it is certain that the apparition could not be a *deceptio visus*, arising from our fear or our fancies; and secondly, that the motion of the spectre was not gradation, or by steps or moving of the feet, but a kind of gliding, as children glide along the ice, or a boat down a swift stream, which punctually answers the description the ancients give of the motion of their lemures.

This ocular evidence clearly convinced, but withal strangely affrighted, both Mr. and Mrs. Bligh, who knew, it appears, this Dorothea, commonly called Dorothy Dingley, in her lifetime, and never much esteemed her. I encouraged them to be of good cheer; but after this they went no more to the field; for it seems they had attended her burial, to please Mrs. Bligh's uncle, since deceased; no wonder, therefore, that fear came upon them when they saw the features of the woman they had followed to the grave in this apparition. However, my lord, though they declined revisiting the field, I was resolved to proceed; and to use all such lawful means as God has discovered to us, and learned men have very successfully practised on these unusual occasions.

The next morning, being Thursday, I went out very early by myself, and walked for about an hour's space, in meditation and prayer, in the field next adjoining to that which is haunted. Soon after five, I stepped over the stile into the disturbed spot, and had not gone over thirty paces before the spectre appeared at the furthest stile. I spoke to it with a loud voice, in some

such sentences as the way of these dealings directed,* whereupon it approached but slowly; and, when I came near it, moved not. I spoke again, and it answered in a voice neither very audible nor intelligible. I was now not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted, until it spake again, and gave me satisfaction; but my task could not be finished at this time. Wherefore the same evening, an hour after sunset, it met me again near the same place; and, after a few words on each side, it quietly vanished; and neither doth appear since, nor, I trust, ever will any more to any man's disturbance, though the purport and intent of this most strange visitation must wait the day and the hour for their full development to perfect the work.

And here, my lord, I must stop; for of that most solemn and awful communing I am neither at liberty to speak nor to write, till the hour and the occasion be come; should they ever come whilst I have life and sense, and strength and speech, to avouch things that to no earthly ear must now be even whispered; yea, even though deserts and seas, and barren rocks, compassed me about, and walled me on every side.†

In the meantime, I have enjoined strict silence on the family at the cottage, making them sensible that no good could result from this thing being noised abroad, and that possibly much evil might accrue by it. I have hitherto communicated it to none here; but I felt it my duty not to conceal as much as I

* In the time of Dr. Ruddell there was a very learned work, written by a divine of the Church of England, published and much praised, containing such instructions for conversing with spirits as the Doctor alludes to.

† Gilbert, in his *History of Cornwall*, gives, from the MS. in Doctor Ruddell's own handwriting, a brief but very striking account of the ghost of Dorothy Dingley appearing to the boy and himself in the year 1665. Dr. Ruddell was at the time minister of Launceston. For a further account of this matter, see the General Preface, given in the first volume of this series of the novels and romances of the writer. In some parts she has retained Dr. Ruddell's own words in narrating the ghost scene, feeling she could not improve them.

dare at this time to mention from your lordship, desiring your opinion on the nature of spirits, and of their communings with living men; the same being a mysterious part of philosophy and religion that the greatest learning and the most excellent wits often fail in the endeavour to make apparent.

These things, I do confess, are past my reason. There is, we know, a manifest Providence of God, open to all eyes, and obvious to all inquiry, and there is a more secret and inscrutable direction, that can alone be looked into by the eye of faith; a mode of perception that will show us the depth, and the riches, and the knowledge of God, in a more perfect way than any we may possess in the ordinary course of our nature. I do not choose to dwell on the operation of spirits; till now I never saw a creature purely spiritual; yet, after this sight, I dare not question but that there are such visible to us even in this life. We know that of old they have been permitted both in the heathen and in the Christian world. I need not enumerate to your lordship that by angels, messengers, and spiritual creatures, God made known to his people many great designs, and purposes, and mercies. The Old and the New Testament are full of such examples. Among the primitive Christians it was the same. St. Cyprian relates that most wonderful story of the spirit of a departed saint, who appeared to and strengthened a dying convert to the truth. Theodorus felt the refreshing hand of an angel; and Theophilia and Lucia, St. Bridget and Cecilia, saw the good spirits who came as their protecting ministers. We know also that the evil spirits have at times appeared, as did the devil to Valens, the monk; to St. Dunstan, who took him by the nose; to Rathodus, Duke of Freezland; and to the holy hermit of St. Just, who made so free, being of good heart and great strength, to kick him out of his cell in a manner that by a gentleman would have been held as very ignominious. But I need not cite to a scholar of your lordship's learning and reading how oft the devil hath appeared to holy persons, and been worsted.

Moreover, in our own times, or very near them, we have seen no less wonderful things in our own county of Cornwall. We have both seen the girl herself, and heard the story from herself, of Anne Jefferies, and that is a great marvel.* How she grew familiar with certain pretty fairies or spirits, who came to her in gowns of green, and did her great services, enabled her to enact marvellous cures of poor diseased people; and who moreover fed and sustained her, when she, as a witch, was cast into Bodmin gaol, and kept without food for many weeks, to see if she might prove an innocent woman, and die naturally of hunger, as she must have done, and so have satisfied all the bench of judges of her innocence, if such had been the case; and which, to my mind, was the strangest and the straightest piece of justice that ever I did hear of in these parts.

But it is not out of the Christian world alone that I need fetch examples to justify the popular belief in spirits. Socrates, that heathen who was in soul so like a Christian, said he had his *genius*, which was wont to check him if he were about to do ill. Some commentators on the passage in Plato, I know, have been inclined to consider this nothing more than as meaning his conscience; but I rather incline to the literal sense of the word. Cæsar saw the ghost of Pompey. Pausanias, at Heraclea, the spirit of Cleonice, whom he had killed: the spirit told him that on his arrival in Sparta all his troubles would end; and truly so they did, for there he died. Nero continually saw the spirit of his mother. But there were no end to citing heathen examples: the history of our own country is not without them; for we shall find them as early as the days of Elfrida, the Saxon

* It is indeed! Cornwall appears to have been a county at all times famous for its legends and superstitions; great must have been the credulity of the people! since the story of Anne Jefferies (here alluded to by Dr. Ruddell) and her fairies, was universally credited in that county in its day. A very long and full narrative of Anne and her fairies may be found in Gilbert's *History of Cornwall.*

murderess and adulteress, down to those of the Duke of Buckingham, whose father's spirit appeared to a page to give warning of that unhappy duke's approaching fate. These may be cited as most abundant instances of spiritual intercourse with man for the high, unseen, and inscrutable purposes of Divine providence. But, my lord, I will not argue this matter with you, any more than to observe, that as the ranks of the beatified and glorified souls are as numberless in order as they are bright in beauty and in kind (making an hierarchy of spirits, and all under one supreme), so their offices may reach, at his command, to that of holding visible and, as it were, tangible communion with the creatures who are made on earth but a little lower than themselves. We also know that those restless and unhappy souls, held fast in the bottomless pit against the great day of perdition, are equally under his Almighty grasp, to hold or to loose, as he may choose. And, surely, as I am convinced by many and grievous temptations, that evil ones are abroad to let us in our heavenward journey, and if it might be to turn us from the good path, why should we not suppose that on special occasions even those evil spirits may be made like arms that would slay us in an enemy's hand, but, under good direction, become weapons turned to our defence, for God alone can bring good out of evil?

But yet more do I incline to believe, having felt in many of the events of my own life the agency of the blessed angels of my Father, that no spirit could become visible (visibility being so manifest an example of divine power) without it were for a purpose of high import, or of important good. And so with this conviction I rest my mind in peace, blessing and praising Him, who, in what He does for me, if seen or unseen, makes it all as the means to sustain me here in comfort, and finally to bring me into his glorious presence; where, being a spirit myself, I shall know all things that belong to the spirit, and magnify Him,

world without end; and, praying that we may all rejoice as brethren in doing so together,

I remain, my lord, your lordship's
Very faithful friend, and poor chaplain,
J. E. RUDDELL.

LETTER XI.

From the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bristol to Dr. Ruddell at Trelawne.

GOOD DOCTOR, Chelsea, 1685.

YOUR letters containing the particulars of my dear nephew's death and burial, and those most extraordinary passages respecting the supernatural appearance in the Higher Broom Field, reached me in safety. I will at my leisure reply to you as fully as you would have me to do, on all the necessary points, and give you my opinion concerning spectral appearances in general, and of this awful circumstance in particular. But it is impossible I should do so at the present moment, seeing that I am employed in preparing my Charge for the forthcoming visitation of my diocese; and I am also in daily attendance on my Lord of Canterbury at Lambeth: the face of public affairs and the danger which seems to be making a very formidable head against the Church demanding a great exercise of diligence, judgment, and discretion on the part of the bishops and the clergy, how to prepare to meet it, if by any honest means of policy it may be averted.

The King, knowing that I was one who voted against the Bill of Exclusion in his late brother's time, requires very much my attendance; though, I am sorry to say, that I appear to give but very small satisfaction to his Majesty in such projects as his Majesty is pleased to propound to me at Whitehall. These cares entirely engross me; for, though no man loves his family more tenderly

than myself, and no husband or father would more earnestly desire to be with them, and to look into their immediate concerns, yet I know that in times like these private feelings must give place to public necessities. My duty to God, as a watchman whom he has been pleased to place on a tower, demands this of me; and, as I am bid to love neither wife nor children more than himself, and even to forsake them for his sake, I doubt not that what services towards them I am obliged to neglect, to wait on the concerns of my heavenly Master, he will most abundantly make up by his divine favour and protection being extended over them in a more especial manner at this crisis.

I shall certainly be at Trelawne as soon as I have finished my visitation, if it is only for a few days. I have written to my lady by this post, and send by her my counsels and condolements to all who, like myself, suffer by the late affliction of our domestic circle. But God's will be done, even in this particular! He gives and he takes away; and, though he has in this instance cut down a very fair young branch of our old tree, I will neither murmur at this nor at any other dispensation of his Providence. My lady tenderly reared poor Charles from an orphan, for his mother died in the hour of his birth, and his father, the youngest of all her own brothers, did not long survive her; and no parent could be more watchful over a son than Lady Trelawny was over him. Yet, though she entirely loved him, she has always augured that he would be the cause of early disappointment or great grief to his friends, seeing that he was the offspring of a marriage between first cousins; a thing considered so displeasing to God, that, both by tradition and written evidence, it has from the earliest times, in every instance, been fatal to our house. I did sometimes venture to endeavour to remove from my lady's mind the uneasiness she felt on this point concerning the deceased, for the sake of her own peace; but she now very truly writes me word that I have before my eyes, in the premature cutting down of this most hopeful youth, one example more of the fatality.

As I have writ to her all my pleasure about the family at Trelawne, I need not, dear doctor, trouble you; except to say, that, though in decency I cannot so soon after this affliction do exactly as I would wish in some matters connected with those near to me in blood, yet if my nephew, Mr. Harry Trelawny, makes any motion to go home to his father, I would not have you stay him by any pressing instances. And I would wish you also to tell my daughter Letty, that I had rather she took her walks in company with yourself, or her sister Charlotte, than alone. It is more suited to the gravity and proper carriage of so young a gentlewoman.

Respecting that very remarkable boy, Samuel Elliot, of whom you speak, I could wish you, as you have now much leisure on your hands, to encourage him to come as often as he can to Trelawne; and, if you will give him a little of that time which none more than yourself can render so profitable to youth, it will, in my mind, be doing a good and charitable work, for the ground seems worthy the good seed and the hand of the labourer. My daughter Letty, too, can give him some aid in history and the tongues; so he may get between you both a better help in his schooling at Trelawne than from any country pedagogue, and it will save Mr. Bligh the present charges of his learning.

Dear doctor,

Ever your affectionate friend and brother,

JONATHAN BRISTOL.

LETTER XII.

From Colonel Sydney Godolphin to Harry Trelawny, Esq. at Trelawne.

DEAR HARRY, Godolphin, Cornwall, 1685.

I AM just come from Butt's Head, where I went to seek you, but the bird was flown; and, as I learnt in what direction, I

knew he had returned to the lure of a fair lady, and was become utterly reclaimed, instead of enjoying that liberty which he had but so lately boasted his resolution to maintain. Harry, I am out of all patience with you; that a fine young fellow like yourself, who might carry the world before him, who, by the exertion of his own talent and spirit, might rise to eminence in these stirring times, and once more raise up his fortunes from their present low ebb; that such a one, I say, who might do all this and more, should waste his time and his hopes, and become a caged bird, instead of a high towering falcon, is past all endurance. I could be angry enough with you to cast you off, but that I may say of my Hal, as Jack Falstaff did of his, the lad hath given me medicines to make me love him. Ever since our Oxford days I have felt that entire friendship for one who valued me, I believe, till this love-fit got the better of his reason; so that, if I could but dispossess him of his fancy, we might become as famous in story as Orestes and Pylades, or, if it be not profane to say so, as David and Jonathan.

On the strength of this friendship, therefore, I will now speak to you of such matters, that if you do not stir at the hearing of them, as the old war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, you are not the spirited lad I took you for, and you may, if you will, play Romeo all the rest of your days, but you shall not find me your Mercutio, to get a stab in my ribs for you, in any such quarrel; nor for any of your houses. So you may send your Paris, your Sir Francis Beaumont, to the tomb of all your Capulets, without my assistance; for I swear to you, Harry, by all that is valiant in man, in no cause but that of liberty will I draw a sword. Old England is the mistress of my love, and it is for her I would win that inestimable blessing. Emulate me on this ground, and, if you outstrip me in the pursuit, I will forgive you from the bottom of my soul, and rather be your brother in arms than your rival in honour.

We have stirring times coming, Harry; the Whigs are

waking up, man—the glorious Whigs; and the Tory faction, that I know you eschew as the root of all evil (only that Letty's father is High Church and high Tory too), trust me, goes down to the bottomless pit, with the disappointed craft of Jesuit counsellors, the intrigues of selfish ministers, and all the arbitrary power of him who has lent to each the protection of his crown royal. Now do not call me violent; I am, you know, in my nature, the most moderate of men. But these are times when moderation becomes timidity; for what is now going on in the great city of iniquities would stir the blood in the very veins of the old and the paralytic, did but one spark of true English spirit exist, to keep life from total stagnation. Whilst you are dreaming away your hours, and thinking only of a pair of bright eyes, those of your whole country are dimmed with tears of anger, more than of sorrow, at the tyranny of their rulers.

The King has openly proclaimed himself a Papist. He is beset with rogues and priests; and neither acts in council, nor grants a suit, nor cajoles the Queen in his visits to Mrs. Sedley, without the amen of Father Peter; a Jesuit so notorious that the Pope himself is ashamed of him; and only uses him, as St. Dunstan did the tongs, to take the devil by the nose. The bloodhound Jefferies is let loose, hanging, drawing, and quartering at the pleasure of the court, whilst law is made a butcher, who for all offences or necessities tries the knife. Press-gangs and warrants are so openly employed that honest men are afraid to walk the streets; and if they keep the house, and leave but open the door, they are torn away from their wives and their children, to serve, as slaves serve the Turk, more for stripes than profit.

The practices at the late elections have been infamous; by a sleight-of-hand, worthy a master of legerdemain, my brother lost his seat, though it was known he had three-fourths of the votes with him. The business is too long to detail in this letter. He

owes that good turn to the court. The whole thing was a corporation practice; a hundred such have been seen elsewhere. And now the King—feeling his strength by the Parliament thus packed to fit the burden they are to carry forward—the King has openly declared he will be served by none but such as will vote for the repeal of the Test Act! A declaration on his part that has roused every Whig in the kingdom from his slumber!*

It is on these matters I want to see you. I must, I will, state to you what you, as a man of honour, are bound to do at this crisis. There are hearts and hands open to join with you; and the very name of Trelawny would stir the old rocks of Cornwall to move at the call of liberty, at such a time. I know I am writing what would have been liable to be construed into high treason, but for that fine veteran lawyer, Maynard. His opposition, and the sound and eloquent manner in which, for five hours, that old man spoke in the House, was the sole cause of the Bill being turned out that was brought in to gag us all.

Now, Harry, leave your love matters, and come to me, and I will show you a mistress worth winning. Seriously speaking, you will find your love pursuit a vain one. You know it is hopeless; why then give way to folly?

All this you know, yet are you weak enough to linger at Trelawne! If your love is, as I take it to be, for a pretty woman, there are a thousand faces as fair as your pretty cousin's, however fair she may be. I know one that would smile on you, and bring you no obstacles, and many thousand pounds to boot. Mrs. Mary Mildred is deemed to be in love with you. Now, had she honoured me, I should not have been so slow in requiting her affection, and should have cut short the matter by proposing at once to lead her to the altar. If your love be desperate, and is likely to make your mind so, then is there more cause than ever that you should stir; since action, action is your only cure. An unhappy mind falls into madness if it falls into inaction;

* The reader will recollect that Colonel Godolphin is here writing of the Whigs of 1685.

whilst a restless mind and a stirring body make good company, and the last cures the infirmity of the first.

This is the longest letter I ever wrote in my life; measure, therefore, my love by it. I trust it by a sure hand, or I had not written so freely. Send me your reply, and say when you will join your attached friend,

SYDNEY GODOLPHIN.

LETTER XIII.

From Harry Trelawny, Esq. to Colonel Sydney Godolphin, at Godolphin, in Cornwall.

MY DEAR GODOLPHIN, 1685.

Your letter of politics and reproaches reached me at too favourable a crisis, perhaps, for the success of your plans, if they are what I strongly suspect them to be. I will therefore honestly tell you (though the confession may make you doubt my honesty), that my heart is with you; but I fear offending my uncle the bishop; fear cutting off for ever the slight, very slight, hope I entertain that, if we can but get rid of this baronet, possibly there might be a relenting; and though the bishop would, I am certain, lay down his head on the block on Tower Hill, rather than meet the King's views to the injury of the Reformed Church, yet he has, as you say, high Tory notions about the divine right of kings, passive obedience, &c. Nothing, I feel assured, but the very last extremity (if any extremity at all) would, in his mind, justify any resistance, *vi et armis*, to the powers that be.

I have hitherto taken no active part in politics, as my opinions neither agree with those of my father nor of my uncle. I believe I owe to you, Godolphin, my more enlarged notions of our political rights. My father loves the Stuarts exactly in the same proportion as he has suffered by them; the worse used, the greater his affection. His father lost everything except his head for Charles the First; and the son, though but a boy of

sixteen, left Oxford with that brave lad of Sir Beville Grenville, who was about his own age, and they made a bold stand together on Lansdowne and on Stratton Heights.

In his old age, my father delights in nothing so much as in fighting his battles over again by the fireside, and in lamenting Charles the First, as if England should have worn perpetual dole in habit as well as heart for his fall. Knowing my father's prejudices, I have always avoided giving them any shock, by a too great freedom of speech; so that he thinks me, I believe, a very blockhead on all political matters.

With my uncle the matter is worse, for if, in his presence, I chance to let out a little of my whiggery, Letty looks at me with such beseeching eyes (and how can I resist them?) that pray me to hold my tongue. Judge, therefore, how I am shackled. But if the worst comes to the worst, which God forbid, and I see all goes wrong here, why then, Godolphin, I shall have nothing to hope, consequently nothing to fear; and to lose my life in a good cause would be, for aught I know, the best thing fortune has in store for Harry Trelawny.

You are widely mistaken if you think so little of my affection, or of Letitia's worth, to fancy that in loving her I do but "love a pretty woman." I forgive you, Godolphin, for you have never seen her; you cannot, therefore, know her rare merits. She has soul, my friend, in every look, in every word, that shines forth; it is her mind that makes her so irresistible, her gentleness, her sweetness. She is indeed a lovely woman. Her stature is not above the middle height. Her features are delicate, and her eyes, like her father's, are remarkably fine, full, dark, and pensive. Her mouth has a sweetness about it that Kneller's picture has in vain attempted to portray. Her hair is remarkably rich in colour, full and flowing; and she wears it in a natural manner, rather than according to strict fashion. Such is the woman I love, Godolphin. Do not, therefore, I beseech you, if you are really my friend, do not touch with too rude a hand a chord that requires such delicate handling, that jars painfully on my feelings,

if too roughly struck even by yourself. We may jest and smile where there is no serious regard, but true affection recoils from all light approaches, and, if it finds no sympathy, closes the heart against all confidence. Do not then, I beseech you, do not by wanton sallies compel me to lock mine within my own bosom. I know you mean it well, but you mistake your means in pursuing your end.

Farewell, my dear Godolphin, I shall not tarry here longer than my uncle's arrival; but to fly before the bishop comes would look as if I feared to meet him, as if I felt conscious that I merited the distance and the coldness with which I have been treated by his lady.

Ever yours with all sincerity,

HARRY TRELAWNY.

LETTER XIV.

From Rebecca Trelawny to Letitia Trelawny, at Trelawne.

MY DEAR SISTER, Chelsea, 1685.

I CANNOT express to you how much grief your letters have given me, to hear that cousin Harry and you should be so unhappy, and have so many things to cross your true loves; and I cannot help wishing, in spite of all the old prophecies, that you may yet live to see happy days, and you and I be married together, as I have always hoped we should be. Papa is so good (though he is a little grave and cross sometimes, and denies my going out, now and then, with the Bullers) that I am sure he would never break your heart for all the Sir Francis Beaumonts in the kingdom. But then poor cousin Charles's death! (I have new French mourning for him, that Madame Leroi got for me from Paris, and John Buller says I look very well in it.) How sorry I am that he should die so young and be so good—not sorry for that though, but only inasmuch as his worth makes our loss the greater. How glad I am that John Buller is not my first cousin. Oh, Letty! how I wish

that you were only half a happy as he and I are; for, till poor Charles died, we had such delightful days together! we were never alone for five minutes, but always dancing or singing to the lute, or going into company, or to church, or to court, or to see something new and beautiful in this most charming place, where all the people seem to me to do nothing but live for pleasure: though I hear say there is a world of trouble in the nation, and that we are all going to ruin as fast as we can. But I remember hearing the same thing five years ago; yet I see the same people, and the same streets, and the shops open, and the same amusements going forward as I did then; so now when I hear talk of national ruin I am not half so much alarmed as I used to be, for I dare say it will not come in our time; and I am not so thoughtful as you, Letty, so that comforts me.

Yet do not scold me in your next letter for saying so, nor for talking of pleasure when poor Charles is so lately dead. Indeed I felt it: I loved the poor boy dearly : and the little necklace that he strung for me of spice-grains and coral-beads intermixed, I shall keep as long as I live, though it is not handsome enough for this fine place. But believe me, Letty, except John Buller's present, of the turquoise clasp set with diamonds, I value it more than my finest suit of pearls; for all gifts should be cherished not by their own value but by that which we set upon the giver. Pray save for me a lock of Charles's hair: it was so light and pretty: and he had such an innocent look as it waved so sweetly over his pale forehead and cheeks, when I last saw him, that I thought he looked more like one fit for heaven than for earth; and there he is gone; I wish I may be good enough one day to go to the same place. But, oh, Letty! sad thoughts will do us no good, for, as the Bible says, we may go to him, but he shall not return to us; and so suppose I tell you a little of our news, which I should have done long, long ago, but for all these sad changes and chances; and, perhaps, my giving you some account of the coronation, for I saw it, may do us both a service, and cheer up our spirits a bit in these trials and adversities.

I will go back somewhat in my account, and endeavour to tell you all as regularly as I can.

It was surprising to me to see the great folks who used to make so much of the late King forget him almost as soon as the breath was out of his body; for I can assure you, Letty, though I was at Whitehall, in Lady Buller's lodgings (and she was then in waiting on the Queen, and consequently I saw a vast deal of state matters), I scarcely observed any one who looked to have more sorrow about him than might be found in his black cloak. You see, Letty, that I try to think and to reason like you; but I can't do it in your sensible way; and I do not, like you, understand Latin, which makes me write all I have to say in English.

Well! but to go on about King Charles. By all accounts he did not die very decently; for Portsmouth was with him, and not his wife; and he had priests closeted with him, and took little notice of what my godfather, Bishop Kenn, said to him. And do you know the medical doctors whisper that he was poisoned? They do indeed; and our great Cornish friend, Doctor Lower, told papa that he hoped he might not be too much pressed by the council to say what he thought of the business. I heard Lower say this, as I was just coming into the closet, and softly lifting the arras, before I spoke to papa, to let him know I was present. Lower also said that the King's remains were much neglected; he did not lie in state, and no mournings were given away: his funeral for a sovereign was a very mean one. All this I should have told you long before, but I thought papa had written particulars; last night, however, he told me he had not; he being at the time so busied with Doctor Kenn and the other bishops about state matters and the Church. So I thought before I told how one King was crowned I ought to say how the other was buried.

The crowning took place on St. George's day; it was a very grand show indeed. The dresses worn by the Queen and the peeresses were covered with jewels, so that it dazzled one's very

eyes to see them. The peers looked noble in their robes and their orders; and the worst-looking person of all, to my mind, was he who should have looked the best, at least on this day, for that was the King. But his crown did not fit him (many thought it an ill omen), for it came down so low over his forehead as almost to touch his nose, and had a very ungraceful and mean appearance, notwithstanding all the jewels; and his wig underneath I am sure was not French. My brother Charles's new wigs are worth fifty of it, for the King's had not been, so it was said, sufficiently baked, so the curls came out in places, and looked no better than the flax I have seen hanging on many an old Cornish wife's distaff.

I thought the flower-girls looked beautiful, and should like much to have just such a dress as they wore, all white and silver, and crowned with flowers above the brows. The champion of England riding into the hall was very grand; nobody took up the glove to challenge the King's right; though I heard that many wished the deceased Charles had declared the Duke of Monmouth legitimate, that some one might have done it with a show of justice. There were fireworks on the Thames in the evening, and at Whitehall, and a great ball danced by the ladies of the court.

I returned home, tired to death, with my friends who took charge of me; and John Buller and I both agreed that, after all, pleasure is a very fatiguing thing. I have no more news to tell just at present, except it be that nobody now wears Portugal screens,* because the reigning Queen is an Italian, and the Portuguese one, being now only Queen Dowager, people no longer follow her fashions. The Italian Queen is young, you know, and has a very brown complexion, which makes it considered a handsome thing to be dark; so fair complexions are not thought now to be so fashionable as they were a little while ago.

Do tell me all about the strange boy, whom sister Charlotte

* A kind of mantle.

spoke of in her letter. Write me all the news, and believe me I feel all your troubles as sensibly as you do yourself. My dearest Letty, I love you most tenderly, as you well know; trust, therefore, all your secrets to the bosom of your affectionate

REBECCA TRELAWNY.

LETTER XV.

From Letitia Trelawny to her sister Rebecca, at Chelsea.

MY DEAR SISTER, Trelawne, 1685.

THE letter I sent to you on Monday, though a hasty one, will account for my not having written as I had previously intended; and as I had not time then to answer your question respecting the boy, who, by the desire of our father, is now so much at Trelawne, I will, before I conclude this, give you all the information that I possess about him.

But first let me tell you, that, just at this moment, there is a pause in our affairs, that I can neither say is one of direct happiness nor of suffering, yet somewhat shaded by both. The multiplicity of our father's duties still keeps him from us; and Sir Francis Beaumont has not yet appeared: the cause of his keeping away I know not, though I rejoice in it. Mamma has had one or two letters from him, the contents of which she has not communicated to me. My cousin Harry, in consequence of some business he has to transact for his father, has left us for another part of Cornwall; I heard him tell mamma that he should certainly be at Trelawne when papa arrived, as he felt it to be his duty to pay his respects to him as soon as he possibly could, to condole with him on the loss that had so much affected us all.

Well! he is gone, and I am once more alone—alone, yet surrounded by so many, and those so dear to me! How is it,

Rebecca, that where one strong feeling predominates, it draws, like the whirlpool, all others within its vortex. I love my friends dearly, yet I seem to love them more when Harry is near. In moments when I can forget my anxieties; and hope, if but in the least, for the future, I feel so much delight spring up in my own bosom, from the consciousness of being loved, that I look with a sort of pity on others who have not a like cause to throw a charm over their existence. And this makes me often think, Rebecca, that if too much prosperity is dangerous, it must be that sort of prosperity which flatters our pride and indulges our faults; for surely a certain degree of happiness, of repose and self-satisfaction, within our own bosoms, contributes to render us amiable to others. Where there is only the blight of sorrow to be found, the heart is like a desolate and overshadowed land, no sunbeam plays upon it, consequently there are no fruits: it is dreary to the eye and barren to the hand.

Harry parted from me yesterday morning, by mere chance, in the little parlour where I and Charlotte generally work or study together. She was absent at the moment, and I was alone when he came in. How much pain is there in saying farewell to those we love, though it be but for a short space, where doubt and uncertainty creep in to damp the hope of a return! Harry endeavoured to be calm; but I looked up a moment, and I read all he felt, in that single glance at his countenance.

We heard steps near the door, and not being able to support the common civilities of parting, nor the effort required so immediately to bring down our feelings from their excited state to the level of ordinary intercourse, he hastily pressed my hand to his lips, and quitted me by the door opposite to that by which he had entered. Yet he need not have gone, for the footsteps passed by, and no one came into the room.

After he was gone, I sat down in the chair in which he had sat whilst he was with me, and gave vent to my feelings and my

tears. And, as there is no one in this house to whom I dare fully unburden my mind (for I fear to tell all I feel to Charlotte, though she suspects a good deal), my only relief is writing to you. I endeavour to be always busy; yet there are moments when I cannot give that attention to serious pursuits which they demand. Yet idleness, or even leisure, is insupportable where the heart is not at rest. I labour, therefore, to create for myself a thousand minor occupations that call forth just so much attention as may dissipate the incessant activity of uneasy thoughts.

Why are my parents so averse to the attachment which they have suffered to grow up, to gain strength, and to become a part of ourselves? Why did they suffer us to live for so many years under the same roof, to have but one heart, one hope? And what are their objections? Want of fortune, and a puerile superstition—the dread of an old saw, that a woman like our mother, notwithstanding all her good sense, will suffer to weigh upon her mind, unchecked by reason or by religion: and she, too, considered remarkable for her more than ordinary share of resolution! What opposite beings we are, Rebecca! how weak in the midst of our supposed strength! how prejudiced in our opinions, even where we can exercise the clearest judgment, in all matters that touch not on our own particular preconceptions! and how soon do we fancy it a point of honour to maintain an error if we have adopted it in the shape of an opinion!

The boy you have inquired after, who comes here to receive instruction from Dr. Ruddell, is called Samuel Elliot. I also do my best to assist the doctor's good work, when he is engaged in other matters, that allow him but little time to bestow upon his pupil. It was my lord's wish that I should do so; many motives conspire to make me feel a more than ordinary pleasure in the task. It takes me off from dwelling so exclusively on my own sad thoughts; and if the truth must be spoken, Samuel grew so fond of Harry, who treated the boy with great kindness whilst he was here, that in him I am sure to meet with one who de-

lights to talk of my cousin as he deserves to be mentioned, and he is often the theme of the child's artless praise.

In addition to this, young as Samuel is, and he is but now turned fourteen years old, I find in him a pensive reflective character (very unusual with lads of his age), that is congenial to my own. He is not a light-hearted boy. He loves to sit alone, to read, to muse, and he invariably prefers the society of one person to that of any number. His reflections, expressed with perfect simplicity, frequently surprise by their originality; and his utter ignorance of the world, and of the ordinary forms of polished society, is very singularly contrasted by an acuteness of observation, and an almost intuitive sense of good breeding, which arises in him from that delicate feeling that fears to give pain and delights to please, and to do all the little offices the most refined politeness could suggest, from motives of gratitude, kindness, and affection.

His mind is full of religious thoughts : he carries a pocket Bible always about him, and generally refers to the Old and New Testament for illustrations in all matters of serious discourse. He has a pretty turn for poetry, and sees every thing in reference to it, when he looks on the world without. His greatest horror is of falsehood. He is, indeed, altogether the most singular boy that I have ever seen; and is as little like other boys in mind, person, or manners, as he is in his fortunes and condition. In every thing he is peculiar. So handsome a youth (except what I remember my cousin Harry to have been at his age) I have never beheld. He has an eye that looks you through—that seems to read your very thoughts. Yet his energetic looks and words are without the least shade of rudeness or of idle curiosity. He would know your mind in order to gratify your wishes, if any little act of kindness or of attention could do so; and he would watch your feelings either to avoid giving pain or to sympathise with them. I found also, that, where he becomes attached, it is with enthusiasm, and this I have seen so strongly marked in his regard for Harry Tre-

lawny that every thing my cousin said or proposed he looked upon as an authority almost oracular. I have no doubt he would follow Harry over the world.

But I must break off, for here comes Samuel leading my horse (and your pony, which we lend him) up the avenue, as he is this morning to ride with me to Morval, to pay my respects to one of your friends, Ellen Buller, who is just returned home for a short time. I long to see her: she is a dear, good girl. Farewell.

Ever your affectionate sister,
LETITIA TRELAWNY.

LETTER XVI.

From Harry Trelawny to Colonel Sydney Godolphin.

MY DEAR GODOLPHIN, Looe, 1685.

So very singular a circumstance has occurred since I received your last letter, that did not my own feelings of regard prompt me to write, I should certainly do so in order to obtain your judgment respecting it. But I will tell you all in due order, knowing how kind an interest you take in my concerns, and that it was your wish I should make my letters a sort of journal till we meet again.

I quitted Trelawne early on the morning of Tuesday. I had some business to transact with Northmore (my father's old attorney), who now lives near Polperro; I turned, therefore, my horse's head in that direction, immediately on clearing the avenue.

I rode on, till I alighted at Mr. Northmore's pretty house, where he has retired in his old age, to avoid new clients, after so many years of hard labour and drudgery in his profession. As the business upon which I came from my father is connected with certain properties, to which he thinks he has a claim by

his marriage with my lamented mother, you may suppose it was not quickly despatched. Mr. Northmore spent the day with me in his little closet, in a manner I should have considered insufferably irksome had it not been on a concern of so much importance to my father. Old deeds, conveyances, and settlements were routed out, of nearly a century back, so that by the time we had dined, for he insisted on my partaking of his family meal, it was long after noon. At length I took my leave, heartily tired of dusty parchments, and the endless repetitions of the law; rejoicing in my heart that my father had not followed his original intention of sending me to one of the Inns of Court. As I had received directions from Mr. Northmore to call on a person near Looe, who was in possession of certain papers which we ought to obtain for our cause, I determined to take a peep at Polperro, thence ride on to Looe, sleep there that night, and on the next morning pursue my affairs.

The peculiar scene which presents itself on descending the winding, precipitous track, that leads down into Polperro, was on this evening more impressive than I have ever before seen it. The sun was on the decline; and as his beams seemed to send darts of fire against those stupendous fortalices, which Nature has here raised to render impregnable this iron-bound coast, their gigantic forms rose sublime, and showed, in the most distinct manner, the bold outline of every cliff, turreted with crags and broken rocks.

To the right, immediately behind the very loftiest chain of cliffs, hung a mass of black clouds, that seemed for awhile motionless in the heavens, whilst far removed beyond these lay a second and more varied combination of vapours, that looked like a walled city with towers and castles, here and there partially gilded by the lurid rays of that sun.

The ocean, which, seen from the beginning of this descent, presents an horizon of extraordinary height, was now only partially illumined, and that in long gleams, by the setting sun; nearer the shore where these gleams fell they showed breakers,

covered with white foam, that came rolling and boiling over the reef, which terminates in sharp rocks rising abruptly from the sea, near the entrance to the little harbour.

These spikes were at this moment strongly illumined, whilst the miserable huts that form the little hamlet of Polperro lay in gloom, as the immense black curtain that had, but a minute before, appeared to hang still as a pall of death in the sky, unfurled and unfolded, and gradually spread itself over the face of the heavens towards the north-east. The seamews, here so abundant, with clamour and cry were winging their way to the land, and seeking their nests for shelter amid crag and cliff, whilst by another of those changes of the sky, which at such an hour seem like the work of the wizard's wand, the black mass became streaked and edged with hues of the deepest purple, and gleams of fiery red. These were more than signs of an approaching storm; for the sea rolled with tremendous waves towards the shore, and the wind began to howl and to moan in a manner so dismal that it might to the ear of fancy sound as the anthem of some water-spirit, who celebrates the destruction he is that night doomed to accomplish on the mighty element over which he has the power to exert his unpitying rule.

I was so struck with the whole scene, that I neglected to get off my horse, and to lead him down the precipitous track. He stumbled: it was only by a strong and immediate check of the bridle that I kept him from going down on his knees. He had slipped forward over a piece of rock worn smooth as polished marble, and, in extricating his foot from the hole into which it had plunged, he tore off his shoe. I instantly jumped off, well knowing that unless I could find the amphibious smith of Polperro—who works, if report speaks truth, as much among contraband kegs as he does with furnace and hammer—my journey for that evening would be at an end; I knew not where, in so miserable a place, I might find the least accommodation for the night.

As I drew near the bottom of the descent I found, compara-

tively speaking, as much agitation in the little hamlet as I had observed in the ocean. Fishers, smugglers, old and young, were bringing home their nets, and others hurrying down to the shore to make secure their boats, and to do what else the necessities of the time might require, to save what they could of their property before the night, that was likely to be so stormy, should be completely shut in. There was the usual hallooing and shooting which invariably accompanies the movements of sailors on land or at sea. The boys were running to and fro, as busy as the men; and were at hand to receive the quick order, the sharp rebuke, or the volley of oaths, in which their elders appeared to exercise their lungs, as a part of the labour required for the business of the hour.

The women, too, were astir; but, for the most part, in a very different occupation from the men, for they were removing old straw-bottomed chairs, tables as black as ebony from time and dirt, hammocks, old bedsteads, pots, kettles, &c.; and when curiosity induced me to inquire of a lass what all this might be for, she answered me, first, by repeating my question, and then, with a stare, possibly of wonder, at my ignorance, with the true Cornish chant, which is called speaking, she said—"Do'sn't know thickee be in by and by, and flude yal below stair?" Her action, for she pointed to the sea as she spoke, made me fully comprehend her meaning; and I had accordingly the additional comfort of learning that myself and my steed were likely to pass the night amongst a collection of huts, the lower stories of which would be flooded with salt water. Such lodgings and such stabling were not to be thought of; and I confess I felt more vexed for my horse than I did for myself. He was your gift, Godolphin, and, independent of the value I had for him on that account, I knew the animal to be worth at least fifty jacobuses.

To find out the smith, therefore, became absolutely necessary; but such was the bustle of the place, I could get no attention from any of the men. I turned, consequently, once more to the fair sex for information. Observing a shoeless, stockingless

girl of about sixteen, I asked her to direct me to the blacksmith's shop. She had a chair in each hand, and after putting them down in the very centre of a natural gutter, through which poured onward the waters from the heights, she bestowed a cuff on a little ragged boy who was standing by her side with his hands in his breeches pockets, and, accompanying the action with the Cornish proverb of "Dost thou make idle a coat?" desired him to take up the furnitch (meaning the chairs) to another house, to Mother Somebody's garret; and then she thought proper to give me a stare, and a question as an answer to mine.

"I want the blacksmith, my good girl," said I, endeavouring to propitiate her; "I will give you sixpence if you will bring me to him, or him to me." She gave me no answer, but was for running off; I stopped her, and asked her where she was going.

"To sky for he," was the elegant answer.

"And where do you think to find him, my good girl?" said I.

"Yonder," she replied, pointing to the sea; "his boat be out all day."

I stopped her run, for I now saw the fates were all against me; the shoeing of my horse would not be on that night accomplished, since it depended on the return of an old smith, who claimed acquaintance with Neptune as well as with Vulcan; and who, most probably, would have to ride out the storm, before he could return to the town, unless, in the interval, he went to the bottom. All my hope of his aid was, for the present, completely over; and the only thing to be done, in the midst of so much misery, was to hunt out a shed for the Colonel (for so is my horse named), that would be likely to afford him a place, flood free, for the night; and, if no better accommodation could be found, a straw bed for myself by his side. But here fortune was more favourable to me than I had at first anticipated.

Situated on a long esplanade of rock, rather above the town, and by the side of the path which leads over the cliffs towards Taland, I observed a very old tower, that had the appearance of having once belonged to some kind of fortalice. United to this appeared a long row of rooms, with an upper story (all part of one house), that had, I learnt, formerly belonged to the pot-house of the place: these were now inhabited by a man named Hawkins. I asked who he was, and was answered by my dainty damsel, who was still my guide, "She did not know; he was sometimes a land, sometimes a sea." By this reply I immediately concluded that he was a smuggler; Polperro having long been noted as the most convenient place for those sort of persons, on account of the difficulty of surprising them, in their nefarious traffic, either by land or by water.

My rap on the door of this, the head mansion, was answered by a stout, middle-aged woman, whom Betsy (for such I learnt was my damsel's name) addressed with the style of Madam Hawkins, a certain indication that she was looked upon as somebody in this village; though from her manners and appearance she would have been considered nobody in a more civilised place. If Madam Hawkins ever holds high court in Polperro, I am quite certain courtesy does not preside in it; for nothing could be more churlish than the manner in which she answered my question whether she could accommodate myself and my horse till the blacksmith's return should put the animal in a condition to pursue his journey over the cliffs to Looe. For such entertainment, if it could be had, it is needless to say I offered payment. I tried every possible mode of conciliating this female Cerberus, and at length succeeded, by giving her, beforehand, more than would be sufficient recompense for all the trouble or all the provender that might be required either for myself or my horse.

At length, with a sulky civility, she led the way into the domain. After following her through the old tower, where there was a very strong and suspicious smell of spirits, she opened a

door that led into a back yard. There she had previously directed a boy, who seemed to be an imp of her own, to lead round my horse; and there I found the limping Colonel, looking very wisht (as they say in Devonshire), probably for want of his corn, and waiting to meet me. In this yard, or cortelege, there was a tolerably good three-stalled stable. A circumstance here much surprised me; namely, that I observed in one of the stalls (the other two being empty) a very fine horse, quite as high-bred as my own; and not very far from him a riding harness, saddle, &c. that it was evident could only belong to some gentleman of station; for the saddle was covered with red velvet, and ornamented with chased silver.

Mrs. Hawkins, I think, saw me glance with an eye of surprise on all these things; for she said rather sharply, "May be when my good man comes home he may stare at your horse, as you do at thickee. You be not the only man as wants Jack Smith the night."

I made no reply, for I could plainly see from the manner of my hostess, that she wished by a piece of voluntary information, such as she chose to give, to prevent my asking any questions that might be troublesome. The house, the airs of consequence of the dame, the old tower, the smell of spirits, the horse, and horse furniture, altogether, induced me to come to the very obvious conclusion, that the spouse of Mrs. Hawkins was the head of the famous gang of smugglers, so long objects of suspicion for their desperate traffic on the coast of Cornwall, near Polperro; and no less noted for the brutal manner in which they enrich themselves by the frequent wrecks on their iron-bound coast. It also occurred to me, that very possibly some neigbouring squire, who respected his bowl of punch more than the laws of the revenue, might not hesitate to deal with these people: the horse and saddle of such a customer were now, very probably, those which I had observed in the stable.

The boy undertook to attend to my good steed, and to give him some corn, and Mrs. Hawkins growled out her consent to

provide me with supper and with a bed : but, not relishing her company, I determined to walk up, as far as the wind would let me, among the cliffs that lie towards Looe; and, from their elevated heights to enjoy one of the grandest sights that I know of in the world—the view of the coast when the agitation of the storm is first beginning to rise and to break around it—I am interrupted, I will continue my account to-morrow—till then farewell.

Yours in all sincerity,
HARRY TRELAWNY.

LETTER XVII.

From Harry Trelawny to Colonel Godolphin.

MY DEAR GODOLPHIN, Looe, 1685.

IT was amid the fury of the elements that I made my way up the steep and narrow path in the cliffs, till I was at length driven to take shelter under a projection of the rocks, whence I could command a full view of the sublime scene that lay before me.

The wind was so strong that I was obliged to hold fast, on each side, the long curls of my wig to keep it on my head. The sea, near the shore, was one sheet of boiling foam, only interrupted by the black specks of the reef that were here and there seen, as the rocks were left bare by the momentary retreat of the waves. A sombre magnificence enveloped the lofty chain of cliffs on the opposite side of the little town; those cliffs that seemed sternly and steadily to resist the united assaults of wind and ocean: for, as the host of giant billows rushed headlong upon them, the latter broke into a thousand sheets of water, dashing themselves to pieces in vain efforts against the hard face of this impenetrable shore.

The sky was, on all sides, growing darker and darker, and

threatened to usurp the pause of twilight with a sudden night. The wind began to pipe more shrilly, and to howl in louder gusts; as the rushing sea, with a roar that was deafening, appeared like a wild creature, intent on devouring his destined prey. I could not help comparing the Spikes to the veteran and armed guard of the little harbour, for near them alone was there deep water, and consequently a channel sufficient to enable any luckless boat or vessel to gain shelter, ere the coming darkness and the tempest might destroy a last hope.

The Spikes looked black as midnight; their sharp heads still clear in the outline, their detail shrouded in obscurity.

These rocks and the sea waged an unmitigable combat, as the waves rose full one hundred feet above their craggy tops, and descended in showers and foam. At this moment I saw struggling with the waters and buffeting with the winds a small vessel, which, as far as I could judge, for I had no glass, was of foreign build; it seemed to me to beat round the opposite point. She had been standing out at sea, but till this instant, in the nook in which I had ensconced myself, a small projection of the rock close to me had hidden her from my sight.

As soon as I saw the vessel I felt a strong sensation of interest in her fate. And I soon observed by the stir of many figures amongst the lower rocks near the shore that her appearance had excited a commotion in the little village, that seemed even to exceed that of the good wives for the safety of their beds and chairs. I now remarked that the vessel made a tack, and as she came nearer she rolled and pitched fearfully, the sea rising and breaking over her; at one instant lifting her on the crest of the waves, and the next burying her in their deepest hollow. I saw her driving towards the Spikes; I felt a chill of horror as I gave her up for lost. But I soon found it was my own ignorance of nautical matters that made me do so, and that the very driving which I thought so perilous was her safety. Two or three sailor-lads came running past me, down the steep path, making their way towards the scene of general interest. I heard one of them

say to the other, "She'll be in, lad, in ten minutes,"—and so she was; for so deep was the water, so strong the flood tide, the wind favouring her course, so true the hand that guided the helm, and the helm to answer it, that she cleared the reef as nicely as a cannon-shot, without touching the rocks that lay near her track, bounded over the swell and hollows of the waves, every one sending her forward with a force that seemed almost miraculous, rose and bowed to the Spikes like a queen, and with one plunge floated into still water.

I saw the running, I heard the shouting, the stir, the bustle, and all the excitement which such an arrival, at such a critical hour, occasioned in the little town of Polperro. Catching, though at this distance, something of the spirit that rendered so animating the scene below, I left my nook, and began to descend the path, for no other purpose than to do what everybody else was doing at this time—namely, to see the vessel come in, learn whence she might be, and whom she had on board.

Before I had reached the bottom of the path that lay near the habitation of my landlady, the rain, which till then had only saluted me in a few light showers, drifted in all directions by the wind, began to pour down in a torrent. Recollecting that my servant (who had charge of my baggage, and whom I had ordered to meet me at Looe) was not with me, and that, consequently, I had no change of clothes in case I should get soaken to the skin, prudence suggested to me the necessity of giving over my plan; and, therefore, without further deliberation, I turned at once into my quarters, though with no great relish for them. Yet, under all circumstances, there was reason to be thankful; for I afterwards learned that it was not without cause the good women of Polperro had cleared their ground floors, and made all ready, the flood-tide rising and overflowing that night to a height of three feet in several of the huts.

I observed, on my return, that Madame Hawkins had employed the interval of my absence to make certain additions to her dress. Though I am a young man, and possess, probably,

somewhat the advantage of the smuggling lads of her acquaintance, yet I presume not to say that all the finery in which she now appeared had been put on for me. Her night-rail she had exchanged for a cambric cap and pinners, edged with Flanders lace, and decorated with cherry-coloured top-knots; a gown of bright blue (which she took an opportunity of telling me was of Lyons silk) was set off with an orange-tawny stomacher, embroidered with tarnished gold. Her fingers, large, fat and coarse, she repeatedly spread open upon her stomach, in all probability to display the number of gold and silver rings she wore upon them. Her face, masculine and crabbed in its expression, was not unlike the moon, as that luminary is represented in the great clock that shows her quarters and influences on the tides, and stands at the top of the great staircase at Trelawne. From each ear depended a long gold ring, that my acquaintance with female attire made me at once pronounce, from the beauty of the workmanship, to be a spoil from Antwerp; and to complete the finery of this portly dame, which seemed to be composed from the goods of sundry countries and nations, she had round her throat the very largest Dutch amber-bead necklace I have ever seen, the centre bead being full the size of a pullet's egg; and this finishing ornament gave to her whole person exactly the character and expression of the head of a ship.

Such was the exterior of my charming landlady, who used no other perfume than what might have been obtained from a sip at the rum-flask, for there was a very pervading smell of that liquor throughout the whole apartment. There appeared to be so strange a contrast between the rude manners of Mrs. Hawkins, her reluctance to give me shelter for the night, and this subsequent extravagant display in her dress, that had there not been precisely the same scowl on her brows, the same formidable set of the mouth, I should have thought she had some design upon me. But not the vainest man alive could have indulged such a fancy who did but look in her face for one minute, so that I was compelled to rest in the conviction that all this finery

was only intended to raise my admiration of her own wealth and charms.

As I like to try to conciliate a savage nature in the human race, I spoke a few civil words to Mrs. Hawkins on my return, and made some inquiry about the vessel, whether she knew whence it came, &c. She answered very briefly that it came from over the water, she believed, and was like to have her fellow on board; nor did I immediately comprehend that by this courteous expression she meant to designate her own husband, whom she afterwards called Jack Hawkins. Truly I could not accuse her of that fault, said to be common to her sex, the fault of over-talking, for now I calmly recollect all that passed I am much disposed to think that I drew from her by reiterated questions whatever information I really obtained, There was no hopes of the smith being found that night, and so Mrs. Hawkins herself condescended to show me the apartment destined for my occupation.

There was in the old tower before named one room which was tolerably large, divided in the midst by a partition where there was a door locked or bolted (but not on my side the occupation), and another of entrance at the top of the winding stair. The chamber thus partitioned off communicated, I was told, with the more modern parts of the house. There was one long narrow window that looked towards the sea, and another that looked into the court-yard. I am thus particular because, as you will presently find, I had occasion that night not to be unmindful of the position and items of my apartment. The bed was very decent; there was an oak table, a bench and chair of the same material; and on the shelves of a closet stood some very beautiful pieces of china, and some gilt glass bottles, which, though now empty, I knew must once have contained the liqueurs of Holland. The very finest linen was on the bed, and it was covered with that sort of quilt lined with feathers so commonly found in Normandy and Brittany. All these things I thought told tales of foreign traffic, and so did sundry minor matters,

which, either for ornament or use, were found in the parlour. I had there observed a French time-piece, with the maker's name and Bordeaux upon its face. A piece of old Gobelin tapestry was hung up by way of a window curtain, and portraits of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon were, with the four Seasons (the latter, no doubt, obtained from some itinerant Jew), displayed upon the walls. The floor was sanded, and there were two or three sea-chests that helped out the scanty number of seats. When Mrs. Hawkins opened a certain dark closet in order to take out something she needed in her domestic economy, I had the curiosity to peep that way, and, though the glance was but transitory, I am quite confident that I saw the glitter of arms—sword, pike, and gun.

I had full leisure during a good half-hour to see the parlour and my sleeping-room, and to note these matters; nor did I fail to observe that the boy and a young girl, who seemed, by the terror with which she watched every look of Mrs. Hawkins, to be her drudge, were employed in no bad preparations for supper. There was a large fire in the kitchen or common hall; a black pot, capacious in form and savoury in smell, was boiling over it, and sundry cakes were baking on the hearth. In front of the fire swung the roast, for whose spit the youngster performed the office of dog-boy, keeping it in a constant whirl with his hands. Anxious for the comfort of my steed, and that I might feel assured he was likely to fare as well as myself, I was, without ceremony, going to walk into the courtyard, when Mrs. Hawkins suddenly bade me stop a minute, and, notwithstanding finery and damp, for the rain continued slightly to fall, she walked out to the stable, as I fancied, to ascertain if the coast was clear, before she would let me venture towards it.

I at length did so, and found my own horse and his neighbour in very promising quarters for the night. On quitting the stable a strong blaze of light that came from the lower apartment of the tower attracted my attention. Impelled by curiosity, I walked up to the window, and, giving a hasty glance, was

very much surprised to see two male figures, for Mrs. Hawkins had, not five minutes before, assured me that herself, myself, the little dog-boy, and the girl, were all the living souls then under her roof. Need I add that the fine horse and the fine red velvet saddle in a moment rushed into my mind, and I could not resist taking a second and more scrutinising peep into the room, through the window. Longer I had not time for observation, as Mrs. Hawkins, who seemed to be on the fidgets, appeared at the door, and, in a manner wondrous civil for her, begged me to come in for fear I should catch a cold that damp evening without my hat.

Brief as that glance through the window had been, yet it afforded me some objects, one object, at least, that very greatly added to my surprise and curiosity. The fireplace was on the side of the room, and, facing the blazing fire (which had sent its illumination into the courtyard), with his back towards the window, and consequently towards me, there sat a person with a cloak over his shoulders. Who he was, or what he was, I could not by the imperfect light within and the dusk without even conjecture. Opposite to him, standing up, and apparently in earnest discourse (the flame of the wood fire making the strongest shadows, as well as casting the broadest light over his remarkable countenance), I beheld Mr. Bligh! Yes, Mr. Bligh, that elderly man not many days ago pointed out to me by Dr. Ruddell as the friend and guardian of Samuel Elliot, the lad to whom the good doctor is so kind, and who has so much interested us all at Trelawne.

I acknowledge that I was very much struck by seeing him at such a place, at such a time; his being there evidently kept a secret, by the lies Mrs. Hawkins had told, to make me believe no man but myself was in the house. Yet what had I to do with Mr. Bligh, or with his affairs, that all this should excite in me wonder or curiosity, was a question which I failed not to ask myself. But in vain, for, in spite of common sense, my mind dwelt on the circumstance, as if it had the deepest concern

with my own individual welfare; as if it carried with it something of suspicion. I had no right, however, to ask questions of my hostess; nor did I altogether feel so well assured of the respectability of my lodgings as to wish to give any unnecessary offence by doing so, or to receive any more favours than my necessities required, and that I might requite with my purse.

I had not long returned to the parlour—Mrs. Hawkins being at the moment engaged in the double duty of scolding her little maid, and turning out a strange dog that had made too free with some article of the supper—when a clamour far greater than her own announced the arrival of the master of the house, with three or four persons in his company. Some time elapsed before I saw any of them, though I conclude they were apprised of my presence, and had heard the particulars of my story from the mistress of the family. They were in no hurry to seek me, nor I to join them. A full half-hour passed before supper. But I am tired of writing. To-morrow I will resume my narration; till then, adieu.

From the same to the same—in continuation.

It was not till the supper was ready and spread on the table that Mrs. Hawkins thought proper to remember me. She then opened the door of the state parlour, and bidding me come, for all was "piping hot," she introduced me to her husband and her friends as the young gentleman who wanted a shoe, and who could not get on till that vagabond, Jack the smith, for so she called him, "came ashore," if he was not gone down, as very like he was, that blessed evening, to David Jones's locker. An assurance that the smith was safe, had run his boat into some cove near Looe, and would be forthcoming in the morning, was the satisfactory news which I received from Mr. Hawkins by way of welcome; though, as he did not add by what means he had acquired his information respecting this village Vulcan's "whereabouts," and, by all appearance, was himself but just re-

turned from the briny element in the vessel I had seen come in, I was left to conjecture that possibly he might deal with more spirits (though hardly more mischievous ones) than those he imported from abroad in a contraband way.

I must confess, my opinion of the company in which I now found myself was very far from favourable. Mr. Hawkins was a strong square-built man, of a swarthy complexion, had large coarse features, dark eyes, and black mustachioes and hair. He seemed between forty and fifty years old; he had the look of a daring man, and, according with my preconceived notions concerning him, very much the appearance of a smuggler. His dress was a blue jacket and trousers; but, though thus attired like a seaman, I observed his hands did not look as if they had been used to hauling ropes; yet were they large and bony, and were, no doubt, capable of a powerful grasp.

Though there was an air of adventure in my situation, and though that proneness in my own disposition which you have so often remarked, to see all things with the eye of romance, make me look on the present circumstances with somewhat of curiosity and suspicion, yet I must confess there was nothing very remarkable about Hawkins, either in his figure or in his countenance; except it might be now and then, when he narrowly observed me whilst I was speaking. Then I fancied that he gave a scrutinising and even sinister look, and bent his black and shaggy brows upon me, with very much the air of a stab-cast. But, after all, this might only have been the earnest expression of a set of features which, to their natural harsh contour, added the weather-beaten effects of a life spent in toil, watching, and craft. Whatever Mr. Hawkins might be, he was more civil to me, though in a rough way, than his decorated spouse had been; and after he had compounded, of the finest brandy and rum, to which he added some arrack and a West India lime, a magnificent bowl of punch, he pressed both punch and pipes upon me with very hearty hospitality. Knowing that with the lower classes, and more particularly with seamen, nothing gives

such mortal offence as the appearance of slighting their kindness in moments of conviviality, I did not altogether refuse the beverage, which, I must say, was excellent.

The other persons present deserve notice; though one widely, most widely indeed, differed from all the rest. There sat by Mrs. Hawkins a man who neither wore the dress nor pretended to the vocation of the sea. He seemed to be on intimate terms with Hawkins: they called each other Jack and George; and, by their conversation, I soon made out they were both familiar with foreign parts. George, or Captain George Hind (though what sort of a commission might be his I am at a loss to guess), appeared to be no stranger to any part of England. He was neither tall nor short; and, by his slight but sinewy limbs, seemed well calculated to have been a captain of those light troops or footmen, who, in the late wars in Flanders, were used to skirmish or cover a retreat.

His face was a very strange one; there was something in it of a comic cast, yet not the comedy that bespeaks a harmless man. I should rather say he looked like one who could do an ill thing and jest at it; which shows a hardened as well as a cruel heart. But this you will say is a far stretch of my imagination, in describing one whom I only know by sitting with him over a bowl of punch. One expression, however, in his face, and that was the most predominant, could never be mistaken—its consummate impudence! Nor were his manners and discourse wanting in the same quality, of which more anon. He had light eyes and hair; and a very great redness round the former strangely contrasted with the sallow hue of his complexion. He wore no particular dress, but was armed with a brace of pistols, stuck in a buff belt, that he laid aside with his cloak before we sat down to supper.

The last and most striking person in this singular party remains to be described. The person I am now about to introduce to you was at least sixty, perhaps he might be older; but his uncommon strength, which seemed to be unimpaired by time,

and the firm upright carriage of his tall and well-proportioned figure might make him look younger than he really was. The features and the contour of the face were what is called Roman; and there was a character about the brow in particular which, though repelling and even stern, bore the marks of a mind full of thought and intelligence. On merely glancing my eye upon him I felt that he impressed me with those ideas of hardihood, sense, and authority, that we so naturally blend together in our conceptions of a commanding and resolute character. His eyes were black and full; they were shaded with a pair of thick and projecting eyebrows that retained their jet colour; whilst the hair on the head, which curled as strongly as in youth, was much grizzled. He had curling mustachioes, with a short beard, the hairs of which, near the ears, were changed to a dull iron grey.

His throat, quite bare, struck me as a model. It was for one of his age, and probably of his calling (for I could not help fancying he must have been a soldier), remarkable for its fairness. The shoulders were square, the chest ample, and the arms, as well as one could judge, considering their covering, appeared strong and powerful; altogether his form seemed, and at his age it was the more extraordinary, to be one of the finest I have ever seen. There was an expression of dignity blended with melancholy in his physiognomy, when in repose, that made me feel an interest in him, and a wish to know more of the man. But when animated by any subject of discourse that touched his feelings, this air of dignity rose into one of absolute command; the melancholy was no longer to be observed; and an elevating enthusiasm, in look, word, and gesture, became the predominating characteristic. His voice was like that of Lacy the actor, very clear, somewhat monotonous in level or ordinary speaking, but deep, full, or melodious, varying in sound and in effect with every variation of feeling in the speaker. Yet all this was perfectly natural: there was nothing assumed. It was evident that he was a man who thought and felt deeply, and

that his physical powers were very well adapted to express his thoughts and feelings in a manner the most striking and impressive.

He wore a suit of grey cloth, rather coarse in texture; a foreign cloak, trimmed with fur, a good deal used, but that once must have been costly; a short sword was by his side, and a Montero cap upon his head; he removed it before he sat down to supper. These observations, which I have put together in my first mention of him to you, were, as you may well suppose, not all made in a minute; they were, in fact, the result of a very attentive observance of him during the hours I passed in his company. All the man appeared complete: the person seemed to harmonise with the mind, and the mind with the manner; which, though of all things in the world it is the most indescribable, yet is it what, on a slight acquaintance, produces the greatest effect. I say this, because in the conversation that on the night in question passed between myself and this extraordinary person, could I remember it word for word, possibly you would not find sufficient to warrant all the observations I have made; yet, I felt so impressed with the truth of them, that I could not withhold them from you.

After supper I observed that Mrs. Hawkins winked at her husband, and gave him a look that, with the words which accompanied it, seemed to remind him of something he ought to attend to. She was answered by a nod of the head from Hawkins, who rose up and left the room. The door hung on the latch; a gust of wind blew it open. I jumped up, as I was nearest, to shut it; and in so doing, I saw Hawkins (who was at the end of the long and narrow passage) open another door at the extremity, which gave entrance to that very lower apartment of the tower, where I had seen the person in the cloak seated before the fire talking to Mr. Bligh in so suspicious a manner. As I have before said the business was not mine, nor should I have cared one straw about it, had I not felt so strong an interest

for that most remarkable boy, Samuel Elliot, who is under the care of this very Mr. Bligh.

My curiosity concerning my company was sharpened by this circumstance; and I began to talk about the gale and the vessel I had seen come so happily into harbour, when I fancied she was about to drift on the rocks. I asked from whence she came.

"Where this came from," said Captain Hind, taking up the brandy-bottle, and adding some of the liquor to his own cup that already contained the punch. "I like, Mrs. Hawkins, to taste a little more of the *eau de vie* than your good man has mingled in the bowl; which, as it stands, flavours too much of the West Indies. I like to ——"

"The vessel comes from France, I conclude?" said I, speaking to the stranger, and not heeding the impertinence of the captain, who returned my interruption by puffing his tobacco-smoke in my face. "Sir," I exclaimed, "that is uncivil; do you mean ——?"

"Oh, sir!" cried he, cutting me short, "I mean no offence; but when gentlemen meet in a social way they do not stand on formalities. I beg pardon."

I did not at all relish the familiar manner of the captain. But I let it pass, and continued my conversation with the stranger; whilst Mrs. Hawkins and the Captain were so intent about other affairs that seemed to interest both; but in a way so entirely their own, that I should not clearly have understood the subject of their discourse even had I paid attention to it.

The stranger seemed rather pleased than otherwise with the questions I put to him. I felt his manner; I felt its authority, its dignity; had he been clothed in rags, had he asked an alms by the wayside, he would have inspired me with respect for him. I do not attempt to repeat his discourse; indeed I shall principally confine myself to such particulars as I learnt from him on a subject that I am sure will interest you.

"Sir," he continued, addressing himself to me, "that vessel about which you were making inquiries has landed some few

unfortunate beings on this coast, English as well as French who are this night lodged wherever they could find charity enough to shelter them, though amongst those who are nearly as poor as themselves."

"Are they Huguenots?" said I. "England being now at peace with France, Englishmen may surely find safety in that country."

"Not if they in any manner assist their distressed French brethren," he replied. "They have fled to save life, having lost all else; and by God's blessing it is they have saved that. They have fled from tortures, the sword, the prison, the numberless means of persecution employed against them. They fled to the coast, and trusted to a good Providence to give them a safe passage over. Alas! young gentleman, you seem to feel an interest in their fate, whilst you know not to the full their sufferings. The French King has let loose whole bodies of dragoons to live on the miserable Protestants; restraining them from no crime but that of open murder, in order that the sufferers may die the worse deaths of despair or famine. This was commenced in Bearn. Consternation seized on all, save a few of the most resolute; numbers yielded. Ruin, persecution, the sight of suffering friends, famine, or a perpetual prison, are things that will bow down the spirit of most men, unless their faith is firm as that of the rock on which it is founded. The waters of strife were now raging around them; and King Louis, to complete the work, determined on the repeal of the Edict of Nantes, the very edict which had been declared a perpetual and irrevocable law; and he has but now suffered not only the dragoons and the infuriated bigots, but the populace of France, to let loose against the Huguenots all the persecutions they had once before practised without restraint."

"Such treachery," said I, "is enough to bring down the curse of heaven on the sceptre of France."

"It is," exclaimed the stranger: "men and women, robbed, tortured, driven from their homes, and hunted, like wild beasts, from any place of refuge. Wives torn from their husbands,

infants from their mothers, whilst hanging at the breast; fathers saw their daughters scourged with whips from their sides, and their sons thrown into dungeons, chained, manacled like common felons. Merciful heaven! these are recollections that unman me," said the stranger, as the tears rushed into his eyes, and his strong and powerful frame seemed to quiver in every nerve with emotion. He dashed away the drops with his hand, and exclaimed with indignation, "But a time will come when God shall right his own, when the blood of saints and martyrs shall cry out from the ground; and that fearful and sanguinary power in whose names these acts were done shall fall to rise no more, with every prince of the earth who has tasted of the cup of her abominations."

So strongly were my feelings excited by the picture he drew of the sufferings of the Huguenots, that I could not resist saying a few words that evinced my own dread of the measures that our sovereign at home appeared so determined to bring about; but I checked myself ere I had fully spoken out.

He, however, caught at it, seized my hand, and pressed it fervently, as he said, "I am glad of this—glad to see in an English gentleman, who seems to be possessed of all the good old manly feelings, the independence as well as the spirit of youth. Oh, sir! could you but have witnessed what I—what I relate to you, your very soul would be stirred within you, at the dangers which threaten England, if James, if this king—but I will not speak more; you have sense, and feeling, and courage, and they will teach you what you and all men owe to your country. Heaven is not mocked; the arm of an avenging justice will be stretched out; and woe be to the prince who, like Nebuchadnezzar, would set up the idols of idolatry, and make all men to bow down before them! Woe, I say, and a treble woe! for his crown shall be taken from him, and his sceptre shall be broken, as a spear in the battle, and another and a better shall rule in his place."

He suddenly drew up, like a horse that is running a swift

pace, and receives a check in full career; and added, "I speak of heaven's unerring justice; and, when that is abroad, it will find the means in its own good time, for all things come from an over-ruling direction. Those who have escaped from France owe their doing so alone to a merciful intervention. Those who died in that unhappy land were refused the rites of Christian burial; their dead bodies were cast abroad to be devoured by dogs and hungry wolves, or to become a banquet for the vultures and the screaming eagles, that often winged their way even from distant mountains at the scent of carnage and of human slaughter!"

"It is dreadful," said I—"too dreadful; the blood runs cold but to hear of it."

"What then, young man, must be my feelings," continued the stranger, "and the feelings of all those who have been fated to witness these things, when they could give no aid to the dearest and the best they held on earth? But persecution has not stopped in France. James has openly professed his fatal creed; and judge from the measures he is now driving on what we have to fear, unless one man who can save us, be met heart and hand, by this country, for so great a deliverance."

"Those were the very words," said Mrs. Hawkins, who had turned an attentive ear to the latter part of the stranger's discourse—"the very self-same words which I heard spoken by James Helling, the old soldier, that was, in Cromwell's time, a republican, and who lived and died in the cottage where he spent the last of his days, some while agon."

The stranger, on hearing Mrs. Hawkins mention the death of James Helling, the old republican, asked her "if she meant an elderly man who had lived near Pelynt?"

"The same," said Mrs. Hawkins; "he died in a queer kind of a way, talking just before his flitting, like a sort of a prophet; and comparing himself to Jacob, in telling the troubles that were coming upon the nation. Some thought that old James Helling gave himself so up to things about the nation in his

last hours that he would forget those of his own family. But there was too much natural blood in him for that after all; for he did make a will, and left the cottage, the garden, and the bit of land near the Higher Broom Field, and all he could ever scrape together in money, to his niece, a woman pretty well up in years, who had married one Mr. Bligh, and there they have lived ever since it was their own."

"And does Mr. Bligh inhabit the cottage that was old James Helling's?" inquired the stranger.

Here I grew very attentive for obvious reasons, and felt a strong curiosity to see whether Mrs. Hawkins would now let out the secret that Mr. Bligh was, or had been, that very evening in the house. But not a word of this passed her lips; she only answered—"He does live there with his wife, and a bit of a boy, that I heard tell is a bastard; some say a great man's, but I say, no; for, as Mr. Bligh does not grow rich by him, I say't is his own bastard, and nobody else's. And if I was Mrs. Bligh, I'd soon give the boy the door, and something more than that, if he ever dared to darken it again."

The latter part of this speech seemed wholly lost on the stranger; but I saw, for I watched him closely, that the first made a strong impression on him. He suddenly dropped the conversation, asked no more questions, forgot his politics and his religious heats, and sat thoughtful and reserved, with no other occupation than that of watching, in a brown study, the mouldering embers of a sinking fire. Nothing more passed worth mentioning. It grew late, and, requesting Hawkins to get the smith as early as he could to shoe my horse in the morning, I gave the stranger a civil good night, and sought that repose I so much wanted in my own chamber; much pondering, as I prepared for bed, on the curious events of the evening.

I could not sleep: the harassing circumstances of the day,—the business I had to go through on the morrow,—and, above all, my thoughts of Letitia, kept me from that repose of mind

which is so necessary to usher in the body's rest. It might be that my spirits, from too much excitement, now that I was alone, had turned their agitation wholly on myself.

An oppressive feeling lay as a load on my heart, and seemed even to check my respiration. It obliged me to raise myself in bed; and, as I did so, I saw, through the narrow window that looked into the court-yard, a light flash on the opposite wall: I thought I heard footsteps beneath my window. I took little notice of it at the moment, and the light disappeared. Presently, however, I heard a door softly open and shut; and, by the direction of the sounds, I was certain it was a door that gave access to the room from which my sleeping chamber was separated only by a partition.

My curiosity had been so strongly excited by seeing Mr. Bligh in the earlier part of the evening, that at this moment I could not help fancying, on hearing whispers on the other side of the partition, that it was he who either entered himself, or admitted some other person, at this hour of the night—or rather of the morning, for an old clock which stood at the top of the stairs had but just before, in a very audible sound, proclaimed the hour of one. Two or three times the voices in the adjoining room were raised as if the speakers warmed in their discourse.

In the midst of these sounds I thought I heard my own name. I was greatly startled; and, listening with breathless attention, to be convinced if it might be possible to distinguish any word through the barrier of the partition, I certainly did hear the name of Bligh very distinctly spoken; and, not very long after, my own name was as distinctly repeated. I cannot account for it, but I felt a shudder, as if some sudden piece of treachery might be preparing for me. Yet, though there was not a question but the peculiar circumstances of my adventure had thrown me into the company of persons, some of whom were low in life, and all, even the scripture-citing stranger himself, of suspicious character, I had met with nothing that could lead me to suspect that any attempt at midnight robbery would

be made upon such little property of value as I might carry about me; and to fancy that Mr. Bligh, whatever were his motives for concealment, or the stranger, could have a hand in such a transaction, was impossible.

I was not unarmed, as I had with me the short sword that I always wore in riding: it now stood by my bed's head, so that I could in an instant avail myself of it, had there been any real cause for apprehension; but the reflection of a moment convinced me there was none. It was true that my name had never been mentioned that evening, either by myself or by those present; yet Mrs. Hawkins might have known me by sight. Another thing I did not fail to remark was, that, notwithstanding the stranger had apparently been so far negligent in prudence as to mention his political opinions most openly, even rashly, before me, he had been cautious in not letting out any one particular concerning his own movements; whence he came, or where he was going: whilst even Hawkins called him only master, and sir, without giving him any name in addition, either Christian or otherwise.

These are times, to be sure, when mystery, plot, secresy, and fraud, walk abroad in every possible assumed character. If this plausible stranger be such a character, if he assume the language and feelings of a high-minded and unhappy gentleman to cover some base purpose; if he league with scoundrels of the lowest kind, and use them as tools to do his will, and they do but follow him as the hand moves in obedience to the dictates of a master mind, if—— But away with such imaginations! that noble person, that eye, penetrating yet open, that voice so feeling in its expressions where feeling ought to be shown,—these could not deceive: I will not believe it! the stranger must be honest.

Some such conviction crossed my mind in the turmoil of the many vague suspicions that suggested themselves in the midst of night and darkness. A minute after, the same door which I had before heard opened closed, and there was a dead silence

in the partitioned chamber. The door below next creaked on its hinges, the light once more flashed on the opposite wall of the court-yard, and I heard the trampling of a horse. I stole from my bed, and hastened to the window: I saw Hawkins holding a lantern, the flame of which had reflected itself so strongly on the whitewash of the opposite wall.

I saw a dusky figure seated on a horse: some chance had entangled the bridle; for, on a word or two being spoken, Hawkins raised the lantern and held it so as to give light to the horseman, who seemed to be engaged in settling his reins. In doing this the light flashed full in his face, when, judge of my wonder, I distinctly beheld the features of Sir Francis Beaumont! It was not a dream; I was not, could not be, mistaken. I doubt not he was the same person whose back was towards me, as I had seen him seated by the fire in the lower chamber of the tower, talking to Mr. Bligh.

Need I tell you, if I could do so, how my blood boiled at the sight of my rival—the rival encouraged by the father, the mother, the friends of my Letitia! The villain who, I doubt not, was the first who poisoned the mind of my uncle against me—who provoked me to a quarrel that caused me to dip my hands in his blood; who has since dared to renew and to continue those pretensions to my cousin, whilst I—I am bound by a solemn promise to spare, to shun him! I sickened at the very sight of the wretch; and, having observed him turn his horse's head to ride out of the courtyard, I threw myself on the bed in a dreadful state of mind.

At length I became so worn out—so completely exhausted by anxious thoughts—that I fell into a disturbed and painful slumber; nor did I fully awake till long after the sun was up, and shining bright on a yet restless and perturbed ocean, though the wind had sunk into the lightest breath that rendered genial the morning air.

I arose and descended as speedily as I could. I found no one but Mrs. Hawkins, and the little boy and the maid. She gave

me some breakfast; the lad brought me my horse, shoed and ready for the journey. I paid the smith; and, having satisfied my hostess, mounted and left Polperro, taking the road towards Looe.

The business that brought me here not being yet despatched, I am detained another day; hitherto I have filled up the long intervals of time that have been my own, since I arrived in this place, by writing thus at large.

Adieu, dear Godolphin!

Ever yours in all sincerity,

HARRY TRELAWNY.

LETTER XVIII.

From Letitia Trelawny to Rebecca Trelawny.

[Between the last and the following letter there appears to be an interval of some weeks.]

MY DEAR SISTER, Trelawne, 1685.

IN consequence of our dear mother's illness I have not been able to write to you, as I intended, at an earlier date. Thank God she is now better, and I once more resume my pen to tell my dearest Rebecca the strange things that have chanced since I wrote last, hoping that when papa comes he will bring me a large packet full of news.

Though we have not young Mr. John Buller at Morval, yet his aunt and his sister are at home. I was very glad of their return to the country. His sister and I have not met since we were children. I am sure I should not have known Ellen, for she is grown so plump, and so very pretty, and has withal such a good-natured, open expression of countenance, such bright grey eyes, sparkling with the enthusiasm of her character and the warmth of her heart.

Since my cousin Harry bade us farewell, whenever I could

leave mamma, Dr. Ruddell, who said he liked not my pale looks, advised me to ride out for the benefit of the air; and the boy, Samuel Elliot, frequently accompanied me; for the doctor rides so slow, there is very little exercise in riding with him when you want to take a great deal in a short time. Ellen Buller observed, as well as Dr. Ruddell, that I looked ill; and when mamma got better, Mrs. Docton being with her, she asked that I might be spared for a few days to accompany herself and her aunt on a visit to a near relative of theirs, who resides not far from Liskeard. Samuel, who is a mighty favourite everywhere, was invited also, so we all went on our horses, and you may suppose we rode well when I tell you we got through the journey in about eight hours, only stopping to bait once on the road.

The cheerful companionship of Ellen Buller, and the constant life in the open air, have already done wonders for my spirits. We make excursions every day. Upon one of these excursions we fell in with so strange a character that I must tell you the story at length.

We started in the morning to visit a curious pile of stones, called the "Cheese-wring." Ellen rode with us till we came near the place, indulging all the way in her most exuberant flow of spirits, making her pony sometimes race with Samuel's, when we came to a convenient spot for such a chase; leaping more than one ditch; and every now and then stopping to talk with an old woman, and having a word for every child who passed us on the road. As we drew near the place of our destination, she left us for a short time in order to call on some farmer's wife who lived near, whose daughter she had lately taken for her own maid, and, promising soon to join us, bade us ride on to the place. The old groom followed his mistress, so that Samuel and I were left to explore alone.

We ascended a conical hill, the summit of which was in diameter not more, I apprehend, than one hundred yards. Round this was seen an immense quantity of stones, originally forming a circle or enclosure.

In the midst of these immense and scattered fragments arose the Cheese-wring.

This pile, so rude, so venerable, so strong in its antiquity, looks as if the first wind that did but blow roughly upon it would hurl its depending slabs of rock to crush to very atoms the bold man whose curiosity, or whose daring, should but lead him to pause a moment beneath. The pile, nearly forty feet in height, marvellously poised, consists of a combination of eight rocks placed the one above the other; the third and fourth stones from the base being most disproportionally narrow and small, and the four remaining ones stationed upon them of immense extent, bulk, and weight, increasing in size as they rise higher and more remote from their ground support. When I first caught sight of them, they looked to me as if the hand of a child could destroy their equipoise, and shake them down. Yet no tempest, in such an elevated region where tempests are most felt, had yet had the power to stir them one inch from their firm and enduring station.

Looking to the east, the heights of Dartmoor and Exmoor were seen in faint yet distinct outline, stretching into the far distance, where an ethereal tint of the deepest blue seemed to mark the boundary of earth as it arose and mingled its lofty summits with the clouds. Hartland point was to the north; the town and harbour of Plymouth to the south; and beyond these lay the immense expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, that shone like a sheet of the brightest silver. The intervening scenes of cultivation, of wood, pasture, and arable land, displayed an endless variety, and contrasted finely with the barren and desolate grandeur of the spot whereon we stood.

But this was not all the wonder of the place; for, whilst I was gazing with admiration on the stupendous pile of rock, Samuel came up to me and drew my attention to what had at first escaped his notice as well as mine—a habitation. Yes! a human habitation, partly contrived and hewn out of the solid rock; and though I shall here describe it at large, yet I did not

immediately become acquainted with all particulars concerning this remarkable dwelling of a person no less remarkable. I should think that such a cell formed, as I understood it was, by one pair of hands, required nothing less than the strength and labour of Hercules himself in the performance of the task.

We observed an immense block of granite near the Cheese-wring, whose upper surface was an inclined plane. The natural position of this had been employed as a roof to the dwelling beneath. There the earth had been excavated to nearly the extent of the rock above. The sides were lined with stones, cemented together with lime, whilst a chimney had been constructed by a hole dug in the ground on one side the roof of the incumbent rock. The whole was divided into three or four small wretched cells, parted the one from the other by vast blocks of granite. Above was a sort of lodging formed of two rough stones, the one serving as a floor, and the other as a covering. One part of the latter rested on a portion of the natural and imbedded rock ; the other on masses of granite piled by main strength.

The whole was surrounded by a rude circular wall, or courtelage, that might have vied, in form and ingenuity of construction, with a circular temple of the Druids.

The sight of such a dwelling, in a place so wild and solitary, filled me with astonishment.

"A human habitation!" (I exclaimed, as I stood viewing it from the Cheese-wring), "and in this place! impossible! Who on this craggy mountain, far from all the haunts of his fellow beings, and all the conveniences of social life, who could live here?"

"I live here, young lady," said a voice that seemed to issue from the very rock itself. I turned round on hearing it, and saw a man, who must have come from the other side of the pile, standing, leaning, with folded arms, against the rock, and under one of those hanging stones that seemed as if about to fall upon and crush him for his presumption. I could not describe to you my surprise, nor would you wonder at it, could you but have

seen that old rock, with the extraordinary and imposing figure that now rested against it. He wanted but a white robe and flowing beard to have represented to the life the druid priest of antiquity, about to perform some sacred right of his august temple.

He was tall and upright, and though, I should think, at least sixty years had passed over his head, his strength seemed to be unimpaired by time ; he was habited coarsely, yet peculiarly, not like a Cornish yeoman or peasant. His features were regularly cast and handsome ; the profile as perfectly formed as in youth or middle life, with not a feature depressed by age ; the grey hairs, and furrowed brow, with the strongly marked lines about the eyes and mouth, alone telling the story of the progress of time. The countenance was, altogether, noble and commanding, and put me much in mind of the marble head of some ancient philosopher which stands over the great press in my lord's chamber at Trelawne.

The voice of this remarkable person, even in the few words I had heard him speak, was peculiar ; and I soon found it was one of those voices that would every now and then thrill you with its deep and sonorous tones ; whilst his air, manner, and every expression he used, were such as excited curiosity, but without giving a hope of satisfying it : and there was much about him to inspire awe. On hearing him say that he lived in this solitary wilderness, some expression of surprise escaped my lips.

He observed it, and said—" Yes, lady, there is my dwelling ; these hands formed it—these feet wandered thither seeking rest, a home for poverty and misfortune ; and here have I found both. Yet I am not solitary ; miserable as you may think yonder hut, it shelters me and my children, who live exposed, as they must be here, to the inclemency and hardships of all weathers—of all seasons."

" Your children ! " said I.

" And far better," he exclaimed, " that it should be thus, than to expose them to the world. Here they will be in safety, if not in comfort."

"You think hardly of the world," said I, and I spoke, I believe, with some trepidation, for I now began to ponder in my own mind whether or not I had fallen into discourse with one who was in his right senses, or if he only affected a cynical philosophy. Yet there was such an earnestness in every word that fell from his lips, so much seriousness in his commanding countenance, that I could not, on further reflection, fancy him to be a man capable of the paltry deceit necessary to sustain an assumed character. My curiosity was excited, and I gladly kept up the discourse. "You think hardly of the world; yet, though I pretend not to your experience, I have, nevertheless, lived long enough in it to know there are some good people."

"Yes! and what are they?" he exclaimed, with vehemence, "the dupes of villains, or the neglected of their own friends; the mark for deceit, the butt of ingratitude. No, my children are young, very young, though I am old; but whilst I live they shall never mingle with the corruptions of a base world. Here they will feel but the breath of the chilling air, but the fang of treachery will never fasten itself on their young hearts. They will never acquire a knowledge of that world I would have them shun; but they will learn to know God. They will learn to know Him in His power, in His beauty, in His mercy. Here will lie before them the constant sight of His most majestic works—earth, air, ocean! There lie outstretched plains of beauty, and here the wild bird finds his home, as surely protected by a fatherly hand as the sons and daughters of creation; who, having mind above the brutes, and an immortal soul, used the first to lose the last, but for his mercy—the mercy of him who sent the punishment of death, but with it the remedy of redemption!"

Judge, my dear sister, with what astonishment I listened to this preacher of the wilderness, only now and then venturing a remark in order to lead him to talk to me, in the hope, I confess, that at length he would tell me something of his own life, which must be a strange one.

"Surely," said I, "the damps of such a habitation as this must be injurious to your little ones; if there is anything that I or my friends can do to ——"

He interrupted me: "I want nothing; I have abundance of all things, for I gain, by my own labour, bread enough for those who depend on me; for the rest, I have quiet and solitude; and here I follow my pursuits undisturbed. There is my book," he continued, pointing to the heavens; "whilst man sleeps I love to watch those bright constellations, that, from age to age, roll on their undeviating course; and I think on the words of the prophet as I view the wondrous host of stars, of planets; the revolutions of Jupiter, of Orion, the Pleiades, as they come from their chambers of the south. I think on God with silent awe. He goeth by me and I see him not; He passeth on also, but I perceive him not."

"An astronomer," thought I; and I fancied this gave me some clue to the enthusiasm of his character, in which there was a tincture of wildness, that, at times, I thought, bordered on that sort of delirium brought on by an over-excitement of religious feelings. Anxious to lead him yet farther to speak of himself, I made some observations on his hut. But he did not choose to follow my lead, and thus continued the discourse after his own way.

"I do not wonder," he said, "that the British priesthood here fixed their temple. The solitary grandeur of these grey and moss-grown stones; yon rock that looks, as it breaks through the morning mist of the lower clouds, like a thing of life, yet fixed in motionless majesty—the sight of such a monument fills the mind with awe, possessing it with great things, that drive hence the petty anxieties of life, and calm the passions into stillness and solemnity."

"It is so, indeed," said Samuel, who had listened attentively to every word that had been spoken, though the enthusiast had scarcely noticed him, and had not once looked in his face. "Such a place as this among the grand scenes of nature always makes one feel inclined to prayer?"

The observation certainly was a singular one to come from a mere boy, though not singular for such a boy as Samuel. The stranger seemed struck with it. "Yes," he replied, "it is the nature of prayer to associate itself with whatever has reference to the vast and the noble in creation; they are emblems of power, and power it is that we invoke; God's power, when we pray Him to succour, to save us. But who are you?" he added, as he looked fixedly at the lad.

"Surely—but no, that cannot be—who are you? Speak!"

"I am called Samuel—Samuel Elliot."

The stranger took the lad's bonnet from his head, parted the hair that curled over his forehead with his hand, gazed on him, and, as I thought, with uncommon emotion, for there was a look of anxiety as well as of eagerness strongly marked in his expressive countenance, as he asked the boy if he did not live with a person named Bligh, who once resided near Barnstaple in Devon?

"Yes," replied Samuel; "do you know me, then?"

"I have seen you before," said the enthusiast: "you might possibly remember me; yet, your tender age considered, that can hardly be—I am Daniel Gumb."

"I have heard that name," said Samuel; "it is a strange one: yes, I have heard Mr. Bligh mention that name."

"Tell him, then," continued the stranger, "that the same man who, eight years ago, gave him so solemn a charge for your safety, repeats it now—now, ay now! it is more than ever necessary."

The boy looked astonished. "These," he said, "are dark words: I never heard from Mr. Bligh that either you or any one else had given any charge about my safety: I never yet knew that any danger threatened me. I have injured no one: who should wish to harm me?"

"Innocence is no protection," said Daniel Gumb. "Who should injure thee? Oh, do not trust to apparent safety; many would injure thee! Why does the wolf tear the lamb, but because he makes the harmless thing his prey?"

"Sir," said I, "your manner and your words are so extraordinary that I trust I may be pardoned telling you, that if you know of any real cause of danger to this boy, and will but name it to me, he shall find a more powerful guardian than Mr. Bligh can be to him. I am the daughter of Sir Jonathan Trelawny, the Lord Bishop of Bristol, and it is the disposition as well as the duty of my father to protect the oppressed."

"Trelawny!" exclaimed the stranger. "Are you a daughter of that ancient house, who have helped to maintain the arbitrary power that has so long overwhelmed this bleeding country? Your father is the friend of the King!"

"It is my lord's duty to be so," said I, amazed at his vehemence.

"Yes," he cried, "that is the plea of all the Episcopalians. Let tyranny want the crosier to lean upon as a sustaining staff, and duty hands it over; though, like the rod of the magicians, it should turn to a serpent in the kingly presence. I know what bishops are!"

"Sir," said I, "I will not dispute with you on any point of your opinions. I am the daughter of a Christian bishop of the Reformed Church; my father is a good man; one who would gladly serve this boy."

"It is not to Bishop Trelawny that I would apply in this case," answered Daniel Gumb. "There are reasons that would render it ineffectual. What I say is not lightly spoken. Mr. Bligh had once a solemn warning from me to look to the safety of this poor lad; he had afterwards cause to learn that warning was not given without necessity. The parents of this youth, were they alive to know it, would tremble for the danger which now threatens him."

"My parents!" exclaimed Samuel; "know you aught of my parents? Oh, if you do, tell me, I beseech you—tell me something of my father, of my mother."

"Do not inquire of me," replied the stranger. "Tell what I have said to Mr. Bligh, and to him alone; that is all that

necessity now requires. Hereafter, perhaps—but no more. Have you no recollection of your infancy—none before the time you were committed to the hands of Mr. Bligh?"

"I was then so young," replied Samuel, "that my recollections are faint and uncertain. I do remember a tall dark gentleman who used to be dressed in black; one who never played with me—never took me on his knee. I never saw him without fear. But after I was given into Mr. Bligh's care, I saw him no more. This is all I can remember."

"It is enough to convince me that I am not mistaken," continued the stranger. "More now I must not say, yet the time may come when I may be a friend to you, indeed. This lady, for your sake, will be prudent; the less the interview of this day is spoken of the better."

I assured Daniel Gumb that in an affair which concerned the safety of the lad there was nothing to be feared from me. I had, in fact, too many cares of my own to interfere with any that might be foreign to me.

"I know it," replied the stranger; "since, if you are Mistress Letitia Trelawny, you are destined to the worst of all lots —to be tied in an indissoluble bond to one unworthy of you; unworthy of any woman in whose heart there is one principle of honour."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, in extreme surprise; "am I and my affairs also known to you? Who are you; How are these things known to you?"

"No matter," he replied, "but surely the countenance given by your father to the pretensions of Sir Francis Beaumont is not so profound a secret in this country but that it should reach even the humblest ear—there needs no wisdom to understand the whispers of rumour and report."

I knew not what to say, Rebecca, but I determined not to make an affair, in which my father took so prominent a part, a subject of remark to a stranger; though in my heart I could not do other than assent to what he had spoken respecting this hated man.

The enthusiast or philosopher, or both, for he seemed to have a touch of each, mistook my silence and its motive; and, thinking probably that I was displeased with the freedom of his remarks, he said, "Pardon me, madam; yet I did not think that you, in whose looks there is so much of gentleness—of goodness, could have been thus easily——; but rank is now held as honour—power is valued, not for what it does for good, but for what it may effect for interest. But how far more noble should be the spirit that ties the marriage bond!"

"It should, indeed," said I; "I take no offence at your harsh thoughts. Is that little girl I see tottering towards the door of yonder cell one of your children?"

"The youngest of three," he said; "they have no mother. The Lord gave and the Lord took away; and I was obedient to his will. I did but bow my head, and smote my breast, and kept silence."

A sweet little girl, about five years old, came running towards us as he spoke; another child, a boy, and older, made his appearance also at the door of the hut. The presence of the young ones put a stop to all further discourse. At length we took our leave, Samuel promising to communicate what had passed to Mr. Bligh, and I renewing my promise to observe prudence and caution. The stranger parted from us with much kindness; our notice of the children had touched his heart. We mounted our horses, descended the hill, and met Ellen riding hastily towards us.

Her first exclamation was, "Well, have you seen him?"

"Seen whom?" said I.

"Daniel Gumb, to be sure," cried she; "for have you not been to the Cheese-wring? I have been listening to his history, related to me by the farmer's wife I have been to visit, and her two daughters; the one helping the other, and each putting in a word, or all speaking together, like the parts, in and out, or the full trio, in one of Rimani's glees."

"And what have you heard?" said I.

"My tale is soon told," replied Ellen. "Daniel Gumb, who is generally believed to be a native of Cornwall, not very long ago suddenly appeared in this neighbourhood; and, representing himself as having formerly been a stone-cutter, obtained leave to do what he pleased with some stones on a portion of waste ground near the Cheese-wring. You have seen his house; it is a work of his own construction. Soon after it was completed he disappeared, but speedily returned, bringing with him his family. He occasionally labours, but not regularly, for a master mason and stone-cutter near Liskeard; who, like himself, is a strange and enthusiastic character, and is supposed to know much more about Daniel than he chooses to make public. Both master and man are great politicians and furious sectarians; it is said, of the old, violent, republican order."

"I thought so," I replied, "from the manner in which he spoke of the bishops, when he found I was the daughter of one. What an odd name he bears!"

"His name is not so remarkable as himself," said Ellen. "He is said, in the early part of his life, to have had such a love of reading, with a memory so tenacious for all it took in, that few books are unknown to him; that not only many hours of the day, but half those of the night, were given to such studies; that he contrived, solely by his own industry, some old, queer Cornish gentleman lending him books from his antique library, to render himself a great proficient in history, the tongues, mathematics, and the stars. He is also said to have married imprudently, and soon after to have disappeared for many years; it was supposed to improve his fortunes elsewhere, by trying to turn his learning to account. However, nothing more was heard of him for many years, till he again suddenly reappeared, when only a very few, and those for the most part aged people, were still living, who could remember him in his early days. Of the events of his life, or of his present fortunes, he says nothing, and he finds in the works of God alone the theme of his study and his praise. In short, he is a philosopher. I intend to

visit both him and his dwelling before we leave the neighbourhood; and I shall do so with double interest from having previously learnt these particulars of his strange story."

Such was Ellen Buller's account of Daniel Gumb. Nothing more of any importance passed during our ride, and we hastened back to the house, to be in readiness to join the family at the hour of dinner.

Believe me, dearest Rebecca,
Ever your affectionate sister,
LETITIA TRELAWNY.

LETTER XIX.

From Letitia Trelawny to her sister Rebecca.

MY DEAR REBECCA, Trelawne.

I WAS glad when the summons came to recall me to Trelawne; for though, whilst with Ellen Buller, I had leisure and many hours of a morning to myself, yet I felt uneasy and unhappy; and most fully did I experience the truth that leisure and solitude, to become useful to ourselves, require that they should be entered upon with a mind at ease: for where there is no repose in the heart, they do but afford us so many hours the more to brood over our own sad thoughts, and to allow anxieties to fasten themselves upon us; when a more active life, if it cannot entirely dissipate them, will, at least, prevent the injurious consequences that arise from a monotony of suffering. I am fully aware that this is only the case where events which give us pain yet hang in the balance; for, where evils are irremediable, retreat and solitude become beneficial; for then we have leisure to reflect on the disposing hand of God. We are driven to him for support, and to ourselves for employment: the monotony of our situation settles into a calm, where no sudden flush of hope, no returns of expectation, disturb its continuance; and though

we receive our consolations but slowly, yet are they sure in their effects.

I returned home with that sort of momentary pleasure which an uneasy mind always experiences on a change of place; as if the heart could change with it, and derive from outward circumstances the relief it cannot find within itself. On arriving at Trelawne I was both surprised and agitated, as you may well suppose, on learning that my cousin Harry was in the house. He had made his visit, it seems, in the expectation that my lord, the bishop, would be returned from London. My cousin's arrival took place after the summons had been despatched for my return home; so that, notwithstanding the cold reception Harry met with from Lady Trelawny, he had lingered a few days in the hope to see me. Dr. Ruddell and Charlotte were in the room when Harry and I first met; it was fortunate for both that no other or less friendly persons were present.

I felt in this interview all that revival of strong feeling which real regard cannot but experience, on once more beholding a beloved object from which it has been separated for a time. It is said that absence cures a hopeless love, it certainly destroys a weak one; but true and rooted affection can never be injured by it; on the contrary, it is rather increased; since time and distance act on our feelings in the same way that distance does on the eye when contemplating the beautiful in natural scenery.

I had written thus far, Rebecca, two days ago, when an unexpected occurrence sadly distressed me. Sir Francis Beaumont has arrived, and Harry is here. Could you but have seen their meeting—could you but have seen the dark and angry looks with which they encountered each other, you would not wonder at my uneasiness. Harry, in justice to him I must say it, in the wish to fulfil that promise which had been extorted from him by my father, shunned all occasions where any contending interest might awaken a renewal of those unhappy differences which had before led to such dreadful consequences. But I have felt all the misery arising from his jealousy and

doubts; and on your poor sister, who so earnestly endeavoured to keep the peace between such fiery spirits, have the effects of these ill-suppressed resentments fallen, and with double weight.

At length I prevailed with Harry to quit us for a few days, on a visit to the family at Morval, where he was invited to meet Captain Buller, who is just returned from abroad, and with whom he was always a great favourite. How little did I dream, when my cousin went away, of the strange circumstances under which I should next see him! But let me forbear comment, and endeavour to tell you all that has chanced.

After Harry was gone, that hated Sir Francis Beaumont remained here; I, therefore, kept myself as much as I could in my own room, to avoid him, as well as the rest of the company; for the Doctons and Mary Mildred were in the house. I felt also that being alone was a relief; because when alone I could give myself up to that train of thinking which of late so incessantly occupies my attention (how can it be otherwise?); and when I am in the parlour I am constantly under restraint, playing an artificial part that I detest, for I am called upon to combat my own feelings, to force myself to talk cheerfully on indifferent subjects, whilst but one possesses my mind. I felt sick at heart with anxiety, not knowing what frightful aspect affairs may assume on my lord's expected arrival at Trelawne. Had you, Rebecca, been here, I might have found relief in your sympathy, but, watched by jealous eyes, I have had to stifle each rising regret before it showed itself by any external signs; I have had to seem happy with an aching heart, and to smile when the tears were ready to burst forth. And then every thing looked so dull, and seemed so changed, and I liked not to witness the ease and effrontery with which Sir Francis Beaumont insinuates himself into Harry's place; doing all those little offices of attention in our domestic circle which custom and the privilege of near kindred, for so many years, had consigned to my cousin, that the habit remained of receiving them from him, even when mamma no longer felt those kindly feelings towards him that

once rendered them so truly acceptable from his hand. I never see Sir Francis without feeling how ill it is that ardent and cold natures can agree together. The cold fancy all beyond their own indifference to be mere folly, or mere madness. They see nothing but the dull realities of life. In minds of mediocrity, there is no change from conviction, for there is an obstinacy about them which renders even the ordinary arrangements of life a thousand times more difficult to be carried on with them, than with a really superior intellect. If they give up an opinion they fancy they lose by it; and having no fund of what is truly superior in themselves, they cannot afford to part with one iota of self-importance. With such how little of happiness can be found! how many thoughts must be suppressed—how many feelings locked within one's own breast—how many hopes die in the bud—and how many good and generous sentiments must be buried, where either man or woman is chained to a partner by whom they can never be understood! So true is it that there may be a solitude of the heart, unless another heart responds to it.

But my mother treats with contempt, as a thing of no consequence, any observations of mine that tend to prove to her how little congeniality exists between myself and Sir. Francis Beaumont. She said, but yesterday, that he would make a husband who would never give any real cause of uneasiness to a wife. And would this (I ventured to ask her) constitute happiness? or is a wedded state to be only considered enviable if it can but boast the absence of pain? She would not, however, let me argue the question, and silenced me with that barrier to all objections, on my part—"that my friends knew much better than I did what was good for me." I left her in tears, and wandered into the park; and there, sitting down under one of the old trees, I thought of my counsin—of him whose thoughts and mine had for so many years turned on the same objects, the same feelings.

In moments of lively recollection, when our hopes for the

future borrow their colouring from the past, we are apt to turn to the simplicity of things ; we strip life of all its factitious combinations; we consult the dictates of nature, the suggestions of our own hearts. I could not help thinking what folly it was that happiness should be made to rest more in appearance than in reality. Surely happiness must be sought within our own breast. What can such a feeling have to do with the world? does it need witnesses, when its very existence is internal?

But my mother has annexed to her visions of felicity for her child a certain degree of high station and of fortune that shall make a figure in the world, without which she fancies it cannot exist. How far is this from truth! I could be happy with Harry, did we pass our days in obscurity. I want no general admiration, and all that does not refer to the affections, in domestic life, seems to me contrary to the designs of Providence in the condition assigned to woman in her earthly career.

My thoughts were thus busy, and the uneasy feelings which they called forth made me incapable of steady occupation or of repose; so that, hoping by action and a change of objects I might be enabled to find some relief to the anxieties that beset my mind, I determined to join the family circle, who were going to witness the great hurling-match, which was to take place with more than an ordinary observance of ancient customs. I shall speak of them more particularly in my next letter as they led the way to certain extraordinary circumstances I have to communicate.

In the interval I rest the same as ever,

Your most affectionate sister,

LETITIA TRELAWNY.

LETTER XX.

From the same to the same—in continuation.

My dear Rebecca, Trelawne.

On the day of the hurling-match I had followed our little party, rather than accompanied it, with Samuel Elliot. We were both mounted on ponies. The day being fine, it gave an air of cheerfulness to everything around; and the living groups that thronged to the scene of rendezvous seemed in high spirits to enjoy a holiday.

We came to an open space of ground, not very far distant from Talland, the spot appointed for the commencement of the sports; where the hurlers stood all ready and prepared for the game. There were crowds of people; for Looe, Talland, Polperro, and the country for miles round, had poured out the inhabitants in great abundance. Sailors, yeomen, farmers, smugglers, gentry, boors, seemed all on this day to have but one object; and many of the gentlemen present appeared to take a lively interest in the athletic exercises of their native county. The spectators ranged themselves around in every direction; some standing, some on seats. A troop of young girls, in their best attire, and having their caps or bonnets dressed with flowers, walked in procession towards the principal tent, where those who were the leaders and judges of the sports were already assembled. The musicians were stationed near, whilst old Arthur of Tintagel, who, as I told you, is said to be one of the last of that ancient class—the Cornish minstrels—appeared with his lad following him and carrying his harp. At the sight of this last of our native bards there was a stir amongst the peasantry, for Arthur is a universal favourite in the little country towns where he makes his rounds in his wandering vocation. Seldom does the old man appear without having the news of the country, as well as an ancient ballad, to delight his auditors.*

* The ancient Cornish minstrels were similar to the Welsh bards. The last of this venerated race, here mentioned, lived to an extreme old age, and died in the reign of Queen Anne.

The band of hurlers now took their several stations. They separated into two opposite parties; twenty being the complement of each. Many of them were far from young in years, but had that athletic appearance which so many of the Cornish peasantry retain even to an advanced date of life. Some of them were fine young men. Several came from Polperro, and these were, for the greater part, a motley set; for they appeared to be half landsmen, half seamen, and some had by no means a prepossessing appearance. I had no sooner joined our party, than Sir Francis Beaumont was at my side. Harry was not present; but, dreading lest he should come into the field, and should take a new fit of jealousy, on seeing me beset by his rival, I determined, at any risk, to take the first opportunity of making my escape from Sir Francis's attentions; and Samuel Elliot, who sees my dislike of the baronet, seemed very well to understand what I meant when I begged him in a low voice not to leave me, for, may be, by-and-by we would ride beyond the field of the sports together.

I endeavoured as much as possible to avoid listening to any of that smooth, small discourse, which Sir Francis, when he is in a condescending mood, is so fond of pouring into my ears. For this purpose I got off the pony, and, taking him by the bridle, walked towards the seat that had been appropriated to old Arthur. Sir Francis followed, and was again at my side. Determined to give a tone of indifference to the conversation, I began to talk about the scene before us. Sir Francis was not slow to respond, and entered into a discussion with old Arthur on the merits of the two parties engaged. At length the game commenced.

"What motto has the ball!" said Sir Francis; "for the hurling-ball is never without one," he added, to give me this piece of information.

"*Yw guare Tead*," said the old man; "that is a true Cornish motto: in English it means, 'fair play is good play'; and so speed the sports; and for luck's sake I will give them the old

Cornish air of Prince Arthur in Tintagel's Hall:" and the silver-headed minstrel struck the chords of his harp as he spoke.

"Do cease thy twangling," at length said Sir Francis; "that tune is worn out by repetition."

"May be," said the minstrel, "your honour would like better to hear a ballad not so old. I know many of all times, and all families, and some made not ten years agon. Would your honour like to hear the story, set in rhyme, of Sir Copplestone Bamfield; it is a marvellous sad one, and as true as sad?"

Rebecca, I shall never forget the change of countenance this offer produced on the baronet; and he a man who has no taste for tales, no feeling for poetry, no interest in tradition. He frowned sternly on the poor harper, as his countenance changed to an ashy paleness; but he only said, "A truce with thy folly —let us observe the hurlers; the match is about to begin; we want not to hear idle ballads, made out of an old wife's tale."

"An old wife's tale!" said the minstrel; "alack! this is none such. Oh, that it were no other! But these feet are not so old but they have found the way, in past days, to Sir Copplestone Bamfield's door—a door never shut against the poor, the aged, the friendless! These hands were not so old, as now they are, when they struck the harp in his halls; but the bread which they brake of his has not been forgotten, for it was heartily given; and the pieces of silver that were dropped into them came less welcome than the kind word that bore them company, the word that was answered with blessing on him who made glad the heart of the last of the harpers of Tintagel. Sir Copplestone Bamfield is dead, but not forgotten; and men say, the curse on his proud heir has yet to be fulfilled. Let me sing the ballad, and you shall hear it, for the curse closes the tale."

So saying, the old man struck a chord on the harp, as if he would begin; but whether Sir Francis really disliked this ballad in particular, or whether his contempt arose from his dislike of all tales and traditions, new or old, I cannot tell; but he walked

hastily away, and went and joined mamma and her party, who were in one of the nearest tents.

My curiosity was strongly excited, and I was determined to have the ballad, and the tale on which it was founded. The minstrel seemed pleased to find that I felt an interest in what he said, and thus answered my inquiries.

"Sir Copplestone Bamfield, young madam, was a brave man. He was rich, and had lands in Devonshire, as well as in Cornwall. He lived mostly at a fine house he had near the moorlands of Devon, after his marriage to a young lady, and she was as young and as sweet-looking as yourself—but not so greatly born and bred as he was; indeed, I believe, a poor girl. I played at their wedding, and sang the 'Good Night' to all friends, as the bride men and maids strewed the bride-chamber with rosemary and flowers, for all the old customs were kept up in those days, and a blither wedding was never seen. Sir Copplestone Bamfield might have been happy, and have lived to die in a good old age, would he but have let alone politics. But he was one of those who thought ill of kings, and had been hand and glove with men who followed in the steps of Oliver Cromwell; so that on the Restoration, when Charles the Second thought himself sure in the throne, Bamfield joined plots and attempts that were dangerous. The leader of them was taken, tried, and hanged, as all the world knows; and Sir Copplestone Bamfield escaped to France. Yet he might have stayed in England, as I have heard tell, because he had not joined the most desperate in any open attempt, though he was thought to be deep in their plots. The king wanted, 'twas said, to win him over for reasons of his own; but he fled, leaving his young and unhappy wife behind him, for she was——"

At this moment a summons from the ladies in the tent, where the masters of the sports were assembled, took the old minstrel from my side. He left me, promising to finish his story as soon as he could find opportunity, and to sing me the ballad of Sir Copplestone Bamfield. I looked round, and missed Samuel

Elliot. We had been separated by the crowd of horsemen and people just before my curiosity led me to enter into conversation with the old man. I was vexed at losing sight of Samuel, because the boy, being so constantly the companion of my walks and rides, gave me an opportunity very often of avoiding the more particular attentions of Sir Francis. Though he frequently joined me when with Samuel, yet there was always a relief in the presence of a third person; and it was, too, some check on the more marked pretensions of this detested suitor.

I had remarked, soon after we entered the field, that a man who wore a slouched hat and foreign cloak, and was mounted on a strong, rough horse, seemed to be eyeing us very closely, as we rode on the ground. He did not mingle in the crowd, but rather kept aloof from it, and seemed to hover about on the outskirts of the field, keeping his horse in gentle motion, so as to avoid being a mark for observation by standing still; and yet by looking towards us, every now and then, and following in the same direction, I fancied he was determined not to lose sight of us. I was going to speak to Samuel about it, but Sir Francis came up; and then not choosing to make any observations to him (for I fancied the stranger had the air of Daniel Gumb, the extraordinary enthusiast we had met at the Cheese-wring), I remained silent; and, the old minstrel's tale soon after engrossing my attention, I had not an opportunity of asking the boy if he thought as I did respecting the horseman. But on now looking round, I observed him still on the outskirts of the field, and talking apparently in the most earnest manner to the lad.

I cannot tell you wherefore it should be so, but the circumstance gave me some uneasiness: and, instead of going to the tent to join Mrs. Docton, I led my pony towards the spot where Samuel and Daniel Gumb were talking together. The latter immediately rode off; and, on asking Samuel what the enthusiast had been saying to him, he told me that Daniel had talked to him in a very strange manner, and had endeavoured (such were the words the boy used) to "entice" him to

ride away with him from the field, telling him he was not safe if he remained there; but that if he would ride home with him he would take care of him. Samuel, of course, would not listen to him, and, on my coming up, the half-crazy enthusiast (for so I began to think he must be) rode away.

The circumstance, but for such a supposition, was unaccountable; as was the character and mode of life, and indeed all that we had seen or heard of Daniel Gumb. He appeared to be a man of mystery—I hope he may not be one of mischief; but I did not feel easy, after his strange interview with the boy. Whilst I was saying something to this effect, the scene before us suddenly burst into tumult and animation. The shouts of the multitude, the galloping of the horses, and all the stir and bustle of the crowd, proclaimed that the hurling-match was begun. Flags and handkerchiefs waved, the music struck up, and a deafening cry of—"For Cornwall!" "For Polperro!" rent the air. I shall not attempt to describe the several feats of the hurlers; for, in truth, I did not much attend to them.

At length, wishing to retire before the party in the tent began to move (for I knew I should have Sir Francis, if I returned with them, at my bridle-rein all the way home), I proposed to Samuel that we should return to Trelawne as speedily as we could; and I rather hastened my purpose because I fancied I saw the same horseman, Daniel Gumb, again hovering on the outskirts of the field, and looking out for us; and my suspicions and fears of the man, though I knew not what harm he could do, were now much increased by this his second appearance. We accordingly rode off the ground; and as the afternoon was fine, and we were near Talland, proposed riding round by the cliffs, and returning through Polperro to Trelawne.

The afternoon had been lovely. Our path was, at first, over the hills which, in part, surrounded the level space of ground where the sports were held and the multitude assembled. Our

road lay over the rocky and precipitous cliffs that extend from Talland to Polperro, on the ridge of whose summits we should have to pass. To the right of us appeared pretty cottages and grassy knolls, diversified by field or meadow, that formed altogether a pleasing inland view. Beyond the shore, on the left, extending, as it were, in a semicircular line, was seen that expanse of ocean, majestic even in its unbroken monotony—for not a single sail was, at this moment, within sight—which, combined with the lofty rocks, gives so much grandeur to this part of our native coast. In our way to the winding track over the cliffs we had to pass a small but thick wood, so thick that at this hour of the day there was about it a character of gloom not unallied to solemnity. Here and there an opening between the trees afforded a view of the sea, and relieved the deep shadows which the thickness of the branches, as they met and formed an arch of verdure over our heads, threw all around us.

For some time Samuel had ridden by my side in silence; till, at length, I mentioned Daniel Gumb, and said that I could not help fearing there was something in that stranger's conduct towards him so mysterious it ought to be mistrusted. I soon saw the lad's spirits were affected by the brief discourse he had just held with him; and he insensibly fell into that reflective train of thought which often makes his remarks so striking, so little in accordance with his years.

"Samuel," said I, after he had made some observations of this kind, "you appear to me to be melancholy this evening, more so even than my fears—foolish fears, perhaps—about this Daniel Gumb can at all warrant."

"Dear Mrs. Letitia," he replied, "it is so, indeed. I cannot help thinking that my lot is marked out to be one of adversity. From my very cradle it seems to me that I was born for sorrow. I shall die, and die young, I think; yet the yearnings of my heart to the unknown authors of my being will go down with me unsatisfied to the tomb." The tears stood in the boy's eyes as he spoke these last words. He added that he feared he

should never be satisfied with a settled mode of life, because in a wandering one he should constantly fancy himself in search of his parents.

I was about making some remark, when Samuel changed the subject of discourse. Before he did so, he had been for a few minutes seemingly lost in thought: and when he commenced speaking it was in an abrupt, earnest manner, without pause, as if resolved to speak at the moment, lest his resolution should fail him ere the thing he was determined to communicate could be told. We had hitherto been walking the horses all the way, mine going on rather ahead; he now drew his pony close to my side, and said, "Mistress Letitia, I will tell you,—it cannot be wrong to do so; I will speak it, though I may be mistaken; yet it must not remain untold. Would you believe it, that when to-day Sir Francis Beaumont looked so sternly on poor old Arthur, for offering to sing to him the ballad of Sir Copplestone Bamfield, I shuddered, and felt as I did in infancy, for he recalled to me, at that moment, a vision of my childhood. I thought it passed before me again; for I thought I saw in Sir Francis the same tall dark personage who first made my infant heart know what it was to fear. There was something which told me he was the man! yet what that something was I can scarcely say; so faint is my recollection of his features, yet nevertheless so strong that of their general impression, their character, their effect."

"Why!" I exclaimed, "what new mystery is this? Was he the tyrant of your childhood? and has Mr. Bligh never mentioned to you his name?"

"Never," replied Samuel; "I have been forbidden by that good man to make any inquiry respecting the person who had charge of me before I came under his roof. I may be wrong about Sir Francis—it may ——"

"It may, after all, be but a casual resemblance," I said. "It may not be the same person; I will hope it is not."

"And so, will I too, if you have any good reason for my

doing so," replied Samuel. He was about to continue speaking. We had yet to pass the outskirts of the wood, through which we had made our way, when we suddenly heard the rustling of leaves, and the tramp of a horse. I looked round, and judge, Rebecca, how my heart beat when I beheld Daniel Gumb, mounted on the same horse we had seen him upon in the field, and looking more formidable from the gloom and shadow of the trees, under which he had surprised us. He did not notice me, but rode up to the boy.

"What," he cried, "you will persist, then? you will not follow me—and after the warning I have given? You will rue this mistrust—dearly rue it! I alone can protect you; your safety lies with me. Here I dare not tarry. Get off that pony—mount behind me; there is no time for explanations: mount, and be safe; or stay and perish—you are marked for destruction."

Rebecca, I could no longer keep silence, and I said, I believe with some spirit, "Sir, I have before now asked you if any real danger threatens this boy to make it known to me; and he will need no other protectors than those which can be found in the family of my father. But such vague warnings, you must be aware, are more calculated to excite suspicions about yourself than in any manner to serve this poor youth. Speak openly, or let us pass on."

There was, I thought, a look of anger, almost of resentment, in the countenance of Daniel Gumb, as he replied to me in a tone of scorn: "You talk like a woman, without judgment, and full of presumption. It is not under the care of your father that this boy can be safe. There may be matters of vital moment to the safety of another, in which a man may not act openly; nor even name them in express terms without peril to himself?"

"Is this such a matter?" said I; "and would it be dangerous to you to trust the truth to our knowledge?"

"This is such a matter," he replied; "and it would be dangerous to me; and not to me alone, but to those whose lives are worth fifty such as mine. I dare not speak out; yet I solemnly

aver to you, by the God of heaven and of earth, that this boy is neither safe in liberty, nor in life, may be, unless he follows me: I can protect him, and I alone. Till the danger is overpassed, flight must be his safety. Mount, boy, behind me—do not delay."

"I will not go," said Samuel; "at the bare suggestion of fear!—the fear of I know not what. Tell me my enemy; name him; show me in what way I am threatened with danger, and I am not so obstinate as to resist good counsel. But to fly on a word, to shrink before an alarm that is undefined, would be the act of a coward. Tell me more, or I will not go with you."

"Stay, then, foolish boy, and perish!" exclaimed Daniel Gumb; and so saying he cast on Samuel a look that had in it something wild in its expression, turned his horse's head, set spurs to his sides, and was off like an arrow, as if he dreaded pursuit.

Though Samuel was not a youth who wanted spirit, yet was it impossible but that the reiterated warnings and the energetic demeanour of Daniel Gumb should make an impression on him as well as on myself; for I could not do other than feel that we had no more the means of ascertaining the falsehood of Daniel's assertions, if they were false, than we had of learning their truth, if he spoke truth. To a certain degree, therefore, his communication, vague as it was, was not to be slighted. We had no positive cause to suspect him, and habitual distrust, whatever warranty these dangerous times may give to it, I have ever held to be neither honourable nor wise.

But though we could not find any real cause on which to ground our fears, Samuel and I were so far cautious that we now put our ponies to their best speed towards the road which led directly over the summit of the cliffs.

At length we came to a spot where the road is very narrow, the ground much broken; the rocks on the one hand beetling over the sea below, and starting upright like the walls of a fortress on the other, till on a sudden bend (where a deep fissure

in their sides is concealed from observation by several large fragments of the cliffs) they begin to recede, leaving before them a more ample space for the horseman, or the foot traveller. Before we gained this spot we had to pass under the long wall of rock. Samuel rode before me.

The sun was setting; but the beauty of the hour was obscured by two dense masses of vapour, gradually spreading and drawing towards each other, and looking like curtains of darkness, ready to close and shut out the lingering day. These were edged and fringed with red, purple, or gold, as they caught and reflected the last rays of the gorgeously declining sun; and whilst that luminary cast one long line of light over the whole visible breadth of the ocean, extending from the shore to the horizon, the rest of its surface remained in dusk and gloom. The tide was rolling in below with that regular burst and undulation which, as its deep sounds broke upon the silence of the hour, seemed to shake to their very foundations the shores against which it sent, in long continuity, wave, and swell, and foam. The wild rocks about us wore that uniformity of dusky brown that forbids their detail, their diversity of colour, or the formation of their strata, being distinguished by the eye; even close objects partook of the same sombre hue.

Our route obliged us to pass the fissure I have already mentioned. I know not how it was, but I felt trepidation as we drew near the spot. For though it is impossible to account for it on any ground of reason, there is not a doubt that, often before danger overtakes us, we have an intuitive apprehension of its lurking near us—of its approach towards us.

We were now compelled, by the windings of the road and its narrow limits, to ride one before the other close under the rocks. We had almost reached the extremity of this dangerous path, and I was internally censuring myself for the imprudence of having taken such a road, which we found really hazardous in the evening, when I heard a low whistle, that seemed to come from somewhere about the fissure in the rocks, near which, in a *minute*, we should have to pass.

I started at the sound, and was about to speak to Samuel, who was riding on before me; but, ere I could do so, a cry burst from him: he was knocked off his horse by two men, who, with dreadful oaths and violent gestures, were laying hands on him, threatening the boy with instant death if he called out again, or made the least resistance. All this violence passed, as it were, in a moment; and so confounded were my faculties with fear (for I did not doubt we had fallen into the hands of some villains, whose purpose, perhaps, was murder) that I even now can scarcely recollect the circumstances with sufficient clearness to enable me to tell them even to you. I remember nothing distinctly but the sight of the poor boy, feebly begging for mercy, and the villains binding his mouth with a handkerchief as he spoke, and then beginning to tie his arms with a rope.

Though I could scarcely utter articulately, yet, as well as I was able, I ejaculated a few words, imploring them to have pity I was bid to hold my tongue, with a horrid oath subjoined to the injunction, and assured that I had nothing whatever to fear; that I should be suffered to pass on in a minute if I kept still; but, if not, they would toss me over the cliffs into the sea. The ruffians were as expeditious in securing the poor lad as they had been sudden in seizing him, and I was left, Rebecca, with a charge to remain a short time where I was, to which was added another curse and the most dreadful threatenings if I attempted to call out, or to give any alarm; whilst they hurried off the poor boy between them, along the path that lay before us, leaving the pony, from which he had been knocked off, standing still on the same spot.

I endeavoured to collect myself; I made a strong effort to master my terrors, and to think what was best to be done. For me, a feeble woman, to follow two strong and armed villains (who probably had others of their gang to support them at hand) would have been madness; to the poor lad, weak, bound, and muffled as he was, it could be of no service; whilst on myself it might bring certain destruction. I determined, therefore,

to obey—to rest where I was for a short space, then to make my way with all speed to Trelawne and give the alarm: there cooler and better judgments than mine would know what to do for the detection of the villains, and the recovery of the boy: no doubt he was to be kidnapped, if not murdered, by these people. I sickened with the very agony of my fears, as it crossed my mind; yet I bless God I did not lose my senses throughout this dreadful scene.

I rode timidly forward—I heard shouts—a loud cry—there were sounds as of a tumult, of persons engaged in a brawl or scuffle. The sounds grew louder; even oaths and threats met my ear; a pistol shot—then a cry—a great rush—and all was silent. I stopped, keeping as much as I could behind a projection of rock, which seemed to me at this moment my only chance of safety. I felt so ill, so overcome, I was obliged to get off the pony, for I thought I should have fallen off. I now heard voices near me. I heard, "Where is she?"—"Seek her"—"Follow the path—look behind every rock." These and other such words met my ear. I felt very sick, very faint; I heard footsteps. I looked up: a man was rushing towards me in the place of my retreat. My head became giddy; I lost my sight, and knew nothing more till, on being restored to my senses, I found myself at Trelawne, and the first object I beheld, on looking up, was—my cousin Harry! Farewell, I will conclude to-morrow.

Your affectionate sister,

LETITIA TRELAWNY.

LETTER XXI.

From the same to the same—in continuation.

MY DEAR REBECCA, Trelawne.

I will endeavour to-day to continue my narrative of the late extraordinary events; for yesterday I found myself so much

indisposed, not having recovered from the effects of my fright, that I was obliged to lay down the pen.

As I before said, the first object I distinctly beheld on coming to my senses was Harry Trelawny, looking intently upon me with a countenance in which all his anxiety on my account was but too evidently expressed. My mother was kneeling by me, chafing my hands, and Charlotte my temples with some strong waters. Samuel Elliot was near, and the sight of him rejoiced my heart, as I knew he was safe. On looking round I caught sight of Sir Francis Beaumont, who, with Mrs. Docton and her daughters, and Mary Mildred, were standing not far from the couch, in the great parlour, where I had been laid down before I came to my senses. My first words were to thank God for our safety; my next to ask how Samuel had been restored to us.

But my mother checked these inquiries, and would not suffer me to enter into any prolonged conversation. "Be satisfied," she said, "Samuel is safe, Letty; we all thank God for it, as you do. But you must not talk."

By my mother's order I was then carried to bed. She stayed with me till the sedative potion she had prepared threw me into a deep sleep. When I awoke in the morning, which I did sooner than it was expected, I found Nancy, my own maid, sitting by the bedside. Anxious to learn all particulars of the preceding night, I put many questions to her, but all she knew about the matter was that Mr. Henry Trelawny and John Jago had brought me to Trelawne on Mr. Harry's horse, not on my own pony, holding me up, as she believed, all the way they came along, and fearing I was more dead than alive; that the lad, Samuel Elliot, was with them, and looked as white as a ghost, with his clothes all torn and dirty. That was all she knew, but John could tell us the rest of the matter, if I liked to see John when I was up.

You know, Rebecca, that I have often suspected there is a little something between John Jago and my maid, but the fear of offending mamma (who does not like our maidens to have

sweethearts) causes the simple-minded girl to make a secret of it even to me.

"Nancy," said I, "I will get up, and you shall dress me immediately; and then you shall go down and bring John Jago to me; he must by this time be at work in the garden."

"That he is, I will warrant," replied Nancy; "though, could he have his own way, he would never be other than serving young Mr. Harry, for the love he bears young master is beyond all the world."

I got up, dressed, and was soon ready, and Nancy was not long before she found her bachelor. He came straight to my closet, and there I put many questions to him. I have often remarked in John Jago a strange mixture of opposite feelings. He is one of the most honest, good-natured creatures in the world; trusty, attached to the family, and fondly so to my cousin Harry; for when children they were frequently companions together at Trelawne, flying their kites and birds'-nesting in the grounds. Yet, with all his honesty, there is a great deal of caution and management about John. He holds mamma in great awe, and next to her, Oben, the house-steward, so that he wishes to combine, if he can, two several services in his own one person. He would still desire to keep a certain home at Trelawne whenever choice or necessity makes it convenient to him there to abide, and yet he would so far be at liberty as to be, like a squire to a knight-errant of old, a follower of Mr. Harry, whenever a fair opportunity of attaching himself to his person may arise. He has hitherto been now and then indulged in this double service, so that sometimes he is our gardener at others Mr. Harry's groom. When I now questioned him he at first hesitated in his answers.

"John," said I, seeing his reluctance to tell me all that had passed, "I am sure somebody has desired you not to be too communicative to me about last night's affair. Has my lady done so?"

John did not know how to answer. He did not like to say

yes, and he would not tell an untruth and say no; and so, shifting about, and standing first on one leg and then on another, and fidgeting with the ends of his blue apron, he at length said that he wished I would be so good as not to ask him out-of-the-way questions, because he did not like to give answers that might displease his betters.

"Well, John," said I, "I will not name my lady; but you must know that it can be no secret to me that you and my cousin, Mr. Harry Trelawny, last night saved the poor boy, Samuel Elliot. Am I to conclude, then, that I do not owe the same service to you and Mr. Henry?"

"No, Mistress Letty; no, not justly that neither."

"John," said I, "do not fear; to speak the truth can be doing no wrong. And I promise you I will take all the blame on myself if any harm comes of it."

This seemed to satisfy John, and he then proceeded to inform me that he had attended Mr. Harry Trelawny on the previous day, whilst he was on his way from Mr. Buller's to the house of a Mr. Northmore, an attorney, where my cousin had some business to transact for his father; that Mr. Harry had dined with Mr. Northmore, and was riding back to Morval (still attended by John Jago) along the road over the cliffs, when they suddenly heard a cry for help. On pushing forward to learn what was the matter they saw two ruffian-like sailor fellows, who led between them a lad bound and muffled. Mr. Harry instantly stopped his horse, so that they could not pass, and desired John to do the same, for he suspected that this was some unfortunate boy who was to be kidnapped.

My cousin, it appears, first spoke to the ruffians with moderation, demanding, in a firm but quiet tone, that they should make him acquainted with the cause of their dragging forward a poor lad in so suspicious a manner. The men replied that the lad was a runaway apprentice of their master, that he had stolen some property, and that they had caught him, and were going to take him back, in order that he might on the morrow be

carried before a magistrate. On hearing this shameful falsehood the poor boy struggled, and made an effort to speak, and, notwithstanding the frightful manner in which his mouth was tied and muffled, he contrived to utter the words, "Save me, Mr. Harry, save me!"

Harry drew nearer, and in a moment recognised Samuel Elliot. This was enough. He now insisted that the boy should be unbound and set at liberty. A scuffle ensued, and so violent were the men in their deportment that they compelled Harry, in self-defence, to draw a pistol (for, in consequence of the evil times, he has of late always been armed towards nightfall). He threatened that he would fire. But the men either believed he would not, or else they feared death no more than they did their own deeds of wickedness—and many such hardened wretches are to be found among the deer-stalkers and smugglers on this coast—for the more he threatened the more they swore; and one of them making a desperate effort to force on the lad, and to pass by my cousin, whilst the other ruffian, who was a strong man, armed with a cutlass, attempted to deal with John Jago in a most determined and vigorous manner, Harry did fire. He was compelled to do so by the necessity of the moment; he fired, and the wretch who held the boy was wounded, he thinks sharply. The villains seeing my cousin snatch a second pistol from the holsters, and finding they were likely to be overpowered, let go the lad, and made off as fast as they could down a path in the cliffs which took the direction of the beach below.

The first thing Harry did was to unbind the boy. Samuel mentioned me the moment he could speak. Harry soon learnt enough, and, leaving the lad in charge of John Jago, made his way towards the spot where I had been stopped by the villains. My previous alarm and the agony of my mind caused me to lose my senses, and I fainted as my cousin came up to me. Harry, Samuel, and John Jago, lost no time in bringing me home, where I was restored to myself as I have already told you. I slipped a gold jacobus into John's hand, thanking him warmly

for the part he had taken in the deliverance of the boy from these wretches, who, no doubt, had some bad design upon him.

"Mistress Letty," said John, "there's no good design in nobody, now-a-days, hereabouts. The garden has been robbed three times within the last two months. And did you hear the firing, last night, in the park, and do you know what has happened?"

"I had a sleeping potion given to me last night," I replied, "by my mother; I therefore heard nothing."

"Only to think of that!" said John. "Why I slept, that is to say, I could scarce wink an eye all night, in the little room over the gate-house; and I heard such a firing in the park! and old Barton, the head-gardener, says he caught a glimpse of the men, as they were going round by his cottage at day-break. And though, by reason of the mist and the darkness like, he could see none clearly, yet he is sure, and would take his Bible oath upon it, that, if there was one man, there was a matter of twenty deer-stalkers. He heard them call out for one Hawkins; and they stayed in the park the greater part of the night. One of the finest head of deer is missing, and so also a couple of fawns, and some turkeys from the farm hard by. But there's more news than that astir, Mistress Letty: a man has been taken up, supposed to be one of them; he was taken as early as five o'clock this morning, by the cleverness of old Barton and Tom the constable, who is his neighbour, and who he called up as soon as he saw the gang, at dawn, making their way out of the park. And this man who was caught, Tom suspects to be much worse than a deer-stalker, and thinks that he is one of the fellows connected with the ruffians who attempted to kidnap the poor boy. He is to be examined this morning in the hall before Sir Francis Beaumont, who happens to be here, and is a magistrate for Cornwall as well as Devonshire."

You may suppose, Rebecca, how much this piece of intelligence interested me. I dismissed John Jago, thanking him for his information.

Soon after mamma came. I related to her all the particulars of the previous day, respecting the boy, myself, and Daniel Gumb. She said it was my duty to relate these things to Sir Francis Beaumont; and I did as she desired. But I must here conclude my letter, for I am called to attend my mother in her closet. What can she have to say to me in private at such a moment? Surely it cannot be anything about myself and that detested baronet? Well, I must go to her; I will write again to-morrow. In the interval believe me,

My dear Rebecca,
Ever your most affectionate sister,
LETITIA TRELAWNY.

LETTER XXII.

From Harry Trelawny to Colonel Sydney Godolphin.

DEAR GODOLPHIN, Trelawne, Thursday noon.

I hope you have received my last letter, in which (as the true, and, therefore, the only necessary apology) I gave you a full account of the extraordinary circumstances that occurred on Monday evening, and occasioned my return to Trelawne, instead of meeting you, as I had promised, on the Tuesday. I must now await here the arrival of the bishop, and I am not sorry to have the opportunity of staying, as that black baronet remains. During the last two days he has looked, more than ever, like the devil: so ill at ease does he seem to be in his own mind. I should not feel at all satisfied, at this moment, to leave him near Letitia. But a truce with him for the present; and let me rather tell you some observations I have made, on matters which do not so immediately concern myself, though I cannot but feel a deep interest in them.

I need not repeat the circumstances of the service which I and honest John Jago had the good fortune to afford Samuel

Eiliot, that very remarkable boy, about whom I have already told you so much in my former letters. Indeed, Godolphin, I never saw such a lad. I have heard much of John Evelyn's son, but he could not have exceeded this boy; no, not with all his early and superior opportunities, for Samuel learns as fast as he can be taught; devours books, whilst his mind grasps at once their spirit. He has an amazing aptness in acquiring languages; his memory being tenacious, and his ear remarkably quick and fine. This faculty has been most conspicuous in the rapid progress he has made, under Dr. Ruddell, in acquiring the Greek and Latin tongues. I am convinced that Samuel needs but to go on with his studies, pass hence to Oxford, and there enter the schools, and he cannot fail, in a few years, to take his degree amongst the first scholars of his time. So much for an account of his mind; now for facts concerning his person.

I told you about Daniel Gumb, the Cornish philosopher (as Letty calls him), how he warned the boy of impending danger —a certain note he had some sort of acquaintance with the designs of the ruffians who waylaid him—how he wanted Samuel to ride off with him for safety. Now all this made us think when we caught the man in the grounds that we should, by his means, perhaps, find out the villains who had attempted such violence on the lad's person. Sir Francis Beaumont being in the house, he was requested to act on the spur of the moment, as he is a magistrate for the county. His own clerk was not at hand, but he said he knew attorney Short, who was then doing some business for him in the neighbourhood, and Short was at once summoned. Sir Francis, likewise, considering the affair was likely to be serious, requested that he might have the presence of a few gentlemen of the vicinity to witness the proceedings. He named rather an extraordinary set, as you shall hear anon.

I did not much like his having fixed on attorney Short to act as his clerk *pro tempore*, as I knew something of that pettifogger's character from Northmore, my father's honest man of

the law. Short's bills and harangues, suits and pleas, are nothing akin to his name, for each are of the longest and most enduring order, grievously trying both to purse and patience; and, though he is famed for gaining the causes he takes in hand, he is no less so for having ruined more than one client in their progress. He is known as a cheat, suspected as a spy, and believed to be capable of becoming an informer. Such is the man whom Sir Francis chose to honour with his patronage on the present occasion. The examination of the prisoner was to take place in the hall at Trelawne: to that apartment, therefore, I bent my steps, to witness Sir Francis Beaumont's performance as a justice of the peace.

As I entered the hall, Sir Francis was standing near the head of the table; he had not yet taken the chair of justice. Lawyer Short, however, was seated. He sat cutting a pen, and was speaking to his new patron with a soft, insinuating tone and manner, which quite confirmed me in my previous suspicion, that he would be exactly the sort of underling Sir Francis would select on this or any other occasion, where he had to play the first part. There were two or three neighbouring gentlemen assembled, in compliance with the baronet's request. One was the family doctor, Mr. Marshal; the other a sportsman, who thinks a violation of the laws enacted for the safety of deer the most crying sin that can be committed within his Majesty's dominions. The other was a weak, timid, country gentleman, who never thinks for himself; or, if he does, never can muster courage enough to bring out an opinion in opposition to any person who may be conferring with him. Sir Francis, thought I, has selected a convenient set of personages to witness and report his proceedings in this matter of justice. Neither the boy nor Dr. Ruddell were yet in the hall; and as for the ladies of the family, Sir Francis had advised them not to make their appearance, unless he should find it necessary to call on Mrs. Letitia Trelawny to give any evidence on the circumstances of the case.

As I drew near, the baronet bowed stiffly; for, in consequence of the charge of the bishop, and the promise extorted by him from us both, after our former rencountre, we are mutually tied down to terms of civility. The boy's danger and escape, the deer-stalkers, and the suspected person in custody, became naturally the matter of discourse in the hall, till a stir without proclaimed that the constable and his men were bringing in the prisoner.

He entered; and judge, Godolphin, of my extreme surprise when I recognised the stranger whom I had met, in so singular a way, in the house of Hawkins, at Polperro, on the night I was there detained, by my horse having cast his shoe. I was indeed surprised; for the intelligent conversation, the manner, the dignity, the religious enthusiasm of that stranger, had altogether made an impression on me not to be effaced; and now to see him in the hands of a common constable, and brought before Sir Francis Beaumont, on suspicion of being concerned with the scoundrels who had attacked the boy, was a circumstance passing wonder. What was I to think? Satan, we know, can sometimes assume the form of an angel of light: so he might, I thought, after all, be a villain by trade and connected with villains. Yet when I looked at him—that noble demeanour—that brow, so expressive of high-minded thoughts, that eye which could penetrate, awe, or encourage, at the pleasure of the master-spirit that gives speech to its glance! How could these deceive? How could these belong to a villain? I did not know what to think! So much were circumstances, feelings, and prepossessions, at variance with each other.

But if I felt surprised at the entrance of this person as a prisoner, what was my astonishment on observing the effect his presence produced on Sir Francis Beaumont, and Sir Francis Beaumont's on him! An unarmed man! thus situated and standing within the power, the danger of his cruel adversary (for Sir Francis can be a cruel adversary in his judicial character, as I well know), and to be thus capable of making him

shrink before his glance! No lion, wolf, nor bear, stalking into the hall, unmuzzled and unchained, could have produced a greater effect; a more utter look of dismay, mingled with astonishment, in Sir Francis Beaumont, than did the approach of this man, as he walked bold and upright between the two men who held him in custody. The prisoner also started; and fixed his eye, I had almost said his withering eye (for there was a glance of fierceness in it), on the baronet when he first beheld him.

Their eyes met. What an exchange of thoughts must have passed in that encounter! What a world of matter must have been conveyed in that glance! It was evident that each felt alarm at the sight of the other. Yet, what this interchange of looks might imply, I cannot tell; for I am not in possession of the key that might enable a stander-by to comprehend the cypher between them; though I can guess that it contains hidden things, deep and perhaps dangerous in their consequences, if openly set forth in the sight of honest men. The prisoner's fierce glance was but momentary; it was soon subdued; his eye sank; it rested a moment on the ground, and he drew back some paces. Sir Francis, I saw, made a determined effort to recover his self-command, to seem calm, as he bade the prisoner advance. He then took his seat as a magistrate; the clerk his pen; the Bible was produced to swear the witnesses.

The constable opened the case by his depositions as follows. There had been deer-stalkers in the park (no uncommon thing at Trelawne) the night before. Barton, the head-gardener, had caught sight of them retreating, at dawn, from the domain. The firing in the park had been heard during the night by many of the family. Barton hastened to call up the constable, who lived near his cottage. Two other men joined them, who were labourers on the estate. A deer had been shot in the park during the night; Barton, a bold fellow, traced it, by the help of a bloodhound, from the place where it had been shot. The hound followed the scent; they after the dog, till they

came to the door of a miserable cottage near the cliffs, where the road over them to Polperro begins. The cottage, it was believed in the neighbourhood, was almost uninhabited on account of its ruinous condition. But now there was found in it, concealed under straw, a fat buck, evidently lately killed by a gun-shot wound. There was no person discovered in the house, save the prisoner. There were signs and marks of people having lately been there; such as an old hat, a blue jacket, a pair of shoes, and some other trifling matters, with pipes, tobacco, drinking-cups, and an empty stoup, which had lately contained liquor. There were the embers of a fire on the hearth, and a few old seats and a table; for the rest, the cottage had scarcely anything in it—it was poor in the extremity of poverty, scarcely fit to house a human being. The prisoner was found sleeping, on some straw on the ground, in the room where the fire was going out. The men softly entered, they took his arms from him before he woke; they secured him as a prisoner. Barton and the two other men, on oath, repeated and confirmed the evidence of the constable.

Sir Francis Beaumont now commenced his interrogatories, by inquiring of the prisoner his name. I fancied, Godolphin, there was a particular look given with this inquiry.

"Daniel Gumb is my name," he replied, with perfect calmness. (So this man and my mysterious stranger are one and the same person!)

"Whence come you?" was the next question.

"From over seas."

"What is your business in these parts?' inquired Sir Francis in a bolder tone, and with a touch of his accustomed haughtiness.

"Does Sir Francis Beaumont inquire of me my business? would he wish to know it?" replied Daniel Gumb, in a manner that carried with it something of irony.

Sir Francis coloured, paused, and looked confounded, not knowing what to say in reply. At length he made an effort

to seem indifferent. "I ask no unnecessary questions, Mr. Gumb, and I expect you to answer none; but deer-stalking in this park has, of late, been very common; it has risen to a serious offence, and must be looked after. You were in the house where a deer was discovered, that, beyond all doubt, was last night killed on these grounds. Deer-stalking is a serious matter."

"Deer-stalking!" thought I, "is that to be considered the most weighty matter in the investigation now set on foot; when this Daniel Gumb must, by the warnings that he gave the boy Samuel Elliot, know something of the designs of those scoundrels who waylaid him."

I was about to speak, but Attorney Short here thought proper to follow the lead of his patron, and "deer-stalking," said he, "is a very serious misdemeanour; comes under the Act, *Anno Tertio Jacobi primi*, made for the better understanding, keeping, and maintaining that of the statute *Quinto Reginæ Elizabethæ*, cap. 21. It is generally found necessary that a second Act of Parliament should be made to explain the first. The aforesaid Act saith, 'That if any evil-disposed person or persons shall chase, hunt, kill, or otherwise injure any deer, fawn, or conies, within any park or inclosed grounds, either in the day or in the night, or shall wrongfully and unlawfully drive, harry, worry, or vex any deer, or fawn, or conies, over pale, wall, hedge, or other barrier of park or inclosed grounds, for any purpose or purposes of lawful or unlawful sport or sports, the owner or owners, occupiers and possessors of the same, shall be entitled to prosecute, commit to prison under lawful conviction, any such offenders, and shall rest in the judgment and discretion of the justices of oyer and terminer, justices of assize in their circuits, and justices of the peace and gaol delivery in their sessions, or elsewhere in any other the King's courts."

Attorney Short ran on, till Sir Francis Beaumont, whose duties as a magistrate were evidently this day anything but

welcome to him, asked Daniel Gumb what he had to say concerning the charge of being connected with deer-stalkers.

"I am no deer-stalker," replied Daniel Gumb; "my mode of life is well known: with these hands do I labour to earn the bread that is eaten by me and by my children: and those who would unjustly detain me, so as to take me from my labour, would take away the children's bread."

"My habitation is well known," continued Daniel Gumb, after a short pause; "I dwell in the wilderness, as do those who fear the Lord; and the rocks are a cradle to my little ones. There is nothing in my way of life hidden; it is open, hard, laborious, under an earthly master, for whom I labour with these hands; and he will bear me witness, if you seek him, that I speak truth; he will bear witness to my honesty."

"You deny, then, being connected with the gang of deer-stalkers who last night did so much mischief in these grounds?"

"I deny it altogether," replied Daniel Gumb; "nor can you prove that I belong to them."

"Certainly not," said Sir Francis, very readily.

"But you were taken napping," said lawyer Short, "in a suspected place—in a place where there was found the body of a deer, recently and unlawfully killed with ball or leaden bullet, shot from a fusilee, birding-gun, matchlock, or what not instrument, for the purposes of discharging powder and lead. This was found in a concealed place: to wit, in an old cottage, outhouse, or indwelling, the said deer being covered with straw, for the matter of concealment. How answer you this? The worthy magistrate expects your full and entire explanation of the circumstance."

"The worthy magistrate does not say so himself," replied Mr. Gumb; "you are not my examiner. But my reply is very simple, and easily given: there is in it no mystery. I was yesterday present to witness the hurling-match; and having lingered there, and in the neighbourhood, longer than I intended doing, the evening drew on apace; it was too late to return

through bad roads and darkness to my own dwelling. I am a poor man ; I have no means to make me a frequenter of places of public entertainment for travellers; and, seeing among the crowd who were returning from the sports a person I knew of this vicinity, I craved of him the favour of a night's lodging for myself and for the horse—the horse being none of mine, for I am too poor to keep one. The animal had been lent to me by the good master for whom I labour at Liskeard. The person of whom I craved a lodging had, he said, no place for me in his own crowded dwelling, but he bade me follow him, and straight conducted me to the cottage in question. There I saw none but a couple of poor men, who seemed harmless, and were apparently fishermen. They gave me food, and offered me such shelter as the place could afford for the night. I thankfully received both. The men went out after their meal. I laid myself down on the straw, and speedily fell asleep, for I was wearied : age and fatigue made my hard bed welcome. This is all I know : my tale is told : I have no more to add. Are you satisfied ? " continued Daniel Gumb, after a moment's pause, and fixing his eye, as he spoke, on Sir Francis Beaumont, with that steady deliberate look, as if he would not let him escape giving the reply which he expected—I might almost add commanded—should be the baronet's answer.

" Yes," was the answer; but ere Sir Francis could go on, Attorney Short, who probably did not quite understand the justice's mistaken zeal, said—" Mr. Gumb, we must insist on knowing the name of the friend who conducted you to the cottage. Sir Francis must issue a warrant for his apprehension."

" Mr. Short," said Sir Francis, somewhat haughtily, " I am not accustomed to be dictated to by my clerk, whose absence I regret. Your magistrates here may need to find brains and law in the heads of their clerks; but I beg you to understand I need no such assistance. Sir, if you expect my support in your favour, to obtain the post vacant of clerk to the sessions, you may rest assured I shall give it to no attorney who has not

manners enough to govern his tongue with discretion. The bench shall never be dictated to by any attorney whilst I am on it."

This tolerably broad hint about the clerkship was not spoken to deaf ears; it had its full effect in checking the forwardness of the pertinacious man of the law; he bowed, stammered forth an apology, and said not a word more about Daniel Gumb giving up the name of his friend, by whose examination some clue might have been gained respecting the deer-stalkers. From all I saw, I was convinced that Sir Francis had some motive, a powerful one, making him desirous to connive at any account the prisoner chose to give of himself, so that it might be a sufficient warrant for his dismissal. I could see the baronet dreaded any evidence coming forth that should render necessary his committal; and this from Sir Francis Beaumont, a man ever known, in general matters, to be so rigid in his magisterial capacity, was most extraordinary, and only to be accounted for on some motive of self-interest.

The train of questions which he next put to the prisoner sounded well; it seemed to the heedless and the dull as if he were engaged in carrying on a very close scrutiny; yet of all these interrogatories, vaguely put, and cunningly answered, not one was of any importance, not one likely to draw forth a single fact worth knowing, except when he now and then put what lawyers call a leading question; and this was only done when he wanted to give a help to Daniel Gumb, to get rid of the case as fast as possible. Yet, notwithstanding all this friendly dealing between the justice and the prisoner, every now and then a word passed that indicated ill-suppressed feelings of anger and aversion; and a look was also ever and anon exchanged, full of meaning, though not of amity; for the baronet's scowl displayed more self-confidence than he had heretofore exhibited; and in Daniel Gumb's occasional glances there was something that spoke a bold and determined resolution to set his judge at defiance, if it came to the worst. These adversaries reminded

me, Godolphin, of two dogs ready for battle, longing to fly at each other's throats, but kept back by the presence of the standers-by, who might be induced to prevent a combat by dividing between them some heavy tokens of disapprobation.

Though I saw it was evident Sir Francis wished to hasten the proceedings to a close, yet no one else, I believe, perceived it; such a set of dolts were purposely collected to witness them. Not a word did Sir Francis say of the boy Samuel Elliot; his affairs seemed to have altogether glided from his memory; and he harped on the deer-stalkers, and the improbability of a respectable man, like Mr. Gumb, being connected with them; Mr. Gumb's education, so far beyond his present humble fortunes, the very eccentricities of his life, being of themselves things sufficient to warrant the improbability of such an association. Attorney Short was by this time, no doubt, as well aware of the baronet's drift as I was; and he had no mind, for the sake of mere justice, to lose Sir Francis's vote in the clerkship of the sessions, so he once more sat intently cutting and nibbing his pens, and as happily oblivious that there was anything more to be done in the way of business as his worthy patron could desire him to be.

But I was determined things should not go thus; and I well knew that if any one present dared boldly take up the subject, and insist on bringing it forward, that, with all his shifts, common decency must compel Sir Francis to attend to it. I ventured to say, therefore, in a quiet but firm manner, "That my uncle, the bishop, would feel more concern for the outrage attempted on Samuel Elliot than for the loss of his deer. That was a serious affair, which I now saw Sir Francis was at leisure to attend to; and certainly it was to be inferred that some information might be obtained from Mr. Gumb connected with it, that might lead to the detection of the villains. John Jago," I continued, without awaiting the baronet's answer, "go and request the attendance of Doctor Ruddell and Samuel Elliot, in the hall; otherwise they will be detaining Sir Francis, who is waiting to receive the youth's deposition."

John Jago obeyed, and Sir Francis bridled up at my interference, looked stern, but said nothing. In fact, there was nothing he could say to delay the investigation; as, however dull might be the people collected around him, the attempt on the boy's liberty had been so violent and atrocious that he could not directly refuse to attend to the complaint, without a display of the most glaring injustice in the sight of all present.

Whilst I was thinking thus, I was startled by the peculiar tone with which Daniel Gumb spoke but a few words, accompanied by another of those expressive glances at the baronet. These words, when written down, would seem to imply nothing extraordinary: but their tone, their emphasis, the manner of the speaker—these implied more, much more, than met the ear, as he said, "Sir Francis, the boy is come; he stands in this presence."

"Well, what if he does?" said Sir Francis, forcing himself to seem indifferent,—for I observed he changed colour slightly on Daniel Gumb's surveying the lad with a scrutinising eye as he entered; "he might have stood in a worse place but for his good luck last night in meeting with this gentleman." Sir Francis bowed slightly to me, as he spoke; and then, assuming an air of much sternness, that I could not help fancying was intended to try if Daniel Gumb could be intimidated, he added, "There is a worse presence, in which you may yourself stand, Mr. Gumb, if you cannot find the means to satisfy those who might be disposed to befriend you. To satisfy them, I mean, by giving satisfactory answers."

"You said but now, Sir Francis," replied Daniel Gumb, dryly, "that I had done so." And then turning towards Samuel Elliot, who was listening to Doctor Ruddell, Daniel stood silent, intently gazing on the boy's countenance with an expression of deep and peculiar interest.

"Let the lad come forward," said Sir Francis; "we will hear his deposition."

Samuel Elliot now seemed disturbed in his turn, for as he

approached the table, at the head of which sat the magistrate, he looked up at him with a timid air, and the colour of his cheeks faded; there was a little tremour, too, in his voice; a flutter in his manner, that evinced agitation, as he commenced his tale. He was asked, had he ever before seen the prisoner? He replied, "Yes, some little while ago, when he visited the Cheese-wring in company with Mistress Letitia Trelawny. He had also seen him again but yesterday."

Sir Francis here stopped him, and asked if he felt certain the prisoner was the same person; bidding him be careful that he spoke the truth.

"Sir Francis Beaumont," said Dr. Ruddell, "this youth has of late been under my tuition, and I know him well; I can safely avouch that a child having a more direct love of truth never existed. You may depend on all he asserts in any matter."

Samuel Elliot then told his tale with great clearness and precision; beginning with an account of the warning given to him by Daniel Gumb, who told him that he was not safe unless he would consent to go with him. His refusal to do so; his meeting Daniel again in the wood; his subsequent seizure by two ruffians; and, lastly, his timely rescue by myself and John Jago. The boy spoke with considerable feeling when he alluded to his own fatherless state; the tears stood in his eyes as he answered Sir Francis's question—"If he knew any cause or any motive that would be likely to induce any one to entertain a grudge towards him?" "Indeed I do not; I have always been poor; I cannot think who would wish to hurt me from malice, and so I can accuse none."

Nothing could be more negligent than the manner in which Sir Francis put all the inquiries respecting this case; whilst Daniel Gumb remained in an attitude of fixed attention, still looking with an eye of interest on the boy, and listening eagerly to every word he spoke. "Have you," said he, addressing Samuel Elliot, "any recollection of your childhood?"

But Sir Francis would not suffer this to go on; and, declaring the question to be irrelevant, and that it was clear there was no proof of any one entertaining a feeling of malice towards the boy, he was disposed to think that the attempt made to seize him might have been no more than a foolish or drunken frolic of some idlers returning from the sports, to frighten the child, and that no serious injury was premeditated.

"Christian charity would make me hope so, too," said Dr. Ruddell, "if I could but think so; for it is hard to fancy that such wickedness could exist in the world as that of meditating an injury to such a boy as this is. Yet I would say, if I might speak, that it were somewhat pertinent to the case to ask Mr. Daniel Gumb how he came to know that any evil was purposed against the youth, and from whom he learnt it. For though, as Bishop Hall says, in his truly apostolic work of meditations and vows, it is the most thankless office in the world to be a man's pander unto sin, for in other wrongs one man is a wolf to another, but in this a devil; yet, nevertheless, there are those to be found who are ready enough to take the devil's character, and imitate his works; and some such agent of mischief may have been known to Mr. Gumb, whilst he stands acquitted of the fact of the boy's danger."

To this speech of Dr. Ruddell's Sir Francis gave very little attention; and here, for the first time, even Daniel Gumb seemed at a loss what to answer, and at length gave a reply which, to my mind, was anything but satisfactory. His tale was, indeed, most improbable; for he stated, being on the ground the day of the sports, that he overheard two men talking together of perilous matters (very likely, Godolphin, that two men capable of so atrociously attempting to break the laws would choose such a public spot for a discourse on perilous matters!); that they spoke of some boy who was at Trelawne, talked of getting him off on shipboard, in order to send him over seas. That when he heard this he did not doubt it was Samuel Elliot who was thus to be spirited away and kidnapped. That, from

the fear of exciting ill-blood and revenge against himself had he appeared openly at such a crisis in the boy's behalf, he chose the safer way of warning the lad of the threatened danger, and offered to take him home to his own rocky dwelling, where such a superstitious dread existed about himself and his habitation, that he knew the boy would be perfectly safe till this present peril was overpast.

This tale was told with effort. It seemed to be with great reluctance that Daniel Gumb had recourse to a subterfuge; yet it was evidently a made-up story; no man of common sense, save our worthy and simple Dr. Ruddell, could have been deceived by it; but it suited Sir Francis Beaumont, I conclude, to believe it all, and so he declared himself perfectly satisfied. Dr. Ruddell's acquaintance with the world (till he came to Trelawne to see what sort of world a gentleman's house might be in an obscure corner of England) never in former years, I believe, extended beyond the six feet by eight in length and breadth of his own little closet at Oxford. He, therefore, swallowed all the improbabilities of Daniel Gumb's story as fast and as freely as he chose to pour them forth. Samuel Elliot had that profound espect for his tutor, that what satisfied his dear master he deemed ought to be sufficient to satisfy himself.

The others present said little; nor were they persons at all likely to be scrupulous: for so cunningly had Sir Francis selected the parties he had chosen to be present at this meeting, that there was some sort of tie, or some feeling of awe and dependence existing towards him, in every one of them except myself and honest John Jago.

Sir Francis now arose and gravely made a puerile speech, in which he gave his auditory many words and very little matter; pronounced the assault on the boy to have been attempted by some person or persons unknown, and for a purpose equally mysterious; and finally dismissed the case and the prisoner as a man against whom nothing whatever had appeared to warrant his detention.

He cautioned the boy to be careful of himself for a few days, and to keep within the grounds of Trelawne; and then bowed as he retired from the hall; and this, Godolphin, was the end of the day's business altogether.

One thing, however, I learnt from John Jago, who seemed afraid for his very life, as he told it to me, namely, that before Daniel Gumb left the house he and Sir Francis had a conference of some length in private. It was held in the old decaying apartment, formerly used as a library, over the gate-house, where the family scarcely ever go—not once, perhaps, in a year; and Sir Francis himself accompanied Daniel Gumb from the tower to the outskirts of the grounds. What can all this mean? There is more in this than we know of; I am sure of it. There are more iniquities between heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, and this Sir Francis——but I am interrupted, and must conclude.

Dear Godolphin, ever yours,
HARRY TRELAWNY.

LETTER XXIII.

Sir Francis Beaumont, Bart. to Mr. Attorney Jarvis, at his house on the Bank-side, London.

DEAR JARVIS,

I write this at Trelawne, where I purpose to tarry, for certain reasons, till the arrival of my Lord Bishop of Bristol, the master of this house. I should have written to you, in continuation of the subject of my last, but till now I had not a sure hand by which to send my papers. What I have now to say is for no eye nor ear save your own; and I must put into this packet the matter of a dozen letters, having so many particulars of import to bring to your knowledge, and so many instructions that I would commend to your instant care, for there must be no delay.

I have ever found you trusty, active, secret; and let me tell you, Jarvis, if in so doing faithful service to me you have hitherto found your own interest well served (and you truly say, in your last, that I alone have made you the man you are in the world), 'tis now of tenfold import to you to keep fast faith and duty with me, for my rising rests on the success of those schemes you wot of; they are twofold, being of a public as well as of a private nature. But first to private matters.

I writ you at large about the boy, and my surprise at the sudden reappearance of Daniel Gumb—I would both of them were at the bottom of the sea! for I tell you, Jarvis, that I would as soon see the devil unchained as to see at my heels that old republican; and for the lad, I promise you, notwithstanding all our caution, he is likely to become troublesome, and likely, moreover, to ruin all my schemes, if certain things that you wot of come out before I am married to this proud and fantastical girl; or before another event, of no less import to me, comes to the birth. That these things may prosper is now the upshot of all my plans. I would Ferguson were here; but he is over seas, and there must he tarry, or I lose my play for want of a hand over the water; of this more hereafter. But, in order that you may see the absolute necessity of what I am about to command you to execute, I must, before entering on the business, give you the substance of a very singular discourse which I held, in private, with this Daniel Gumb: and for your more perfect comprehension of the affair I will speak of some things not yet fully known to you.

You ought to know how this Daniel Gumb and I stand in some sort of relation to each other; for, though we hate each other with no common hatred, there is a tie between us that makes it not safe to come to open war yet. But the time may arrive, Jarvis, when that holy Daniel shall find that he may have the lion let loose upon him in a deep den, and find no deliverer. He loves to quote Scripture, and he shall have the illustration according to my reading one of these days, in re-

quital for all the trouble he has given, still gives, and is like to give me.

The matter stands thus: Daniel Gumb was well born, though the ruined fortunes of his father cast him, when very young, penniless, almost friendless, on the world. Notwithstanding this, he contrived to gain for himself such scholarship, with the knowledge of many sciences, as few, having more opportunities but less natural gifts, acquire even at the universities. He set himself up for a practical philosopher before he was twenty-five years old; and, whilst he disdained not to labour at a common craft for his bread, he gave as much of his days and of his nights as he could spare from his labour to those studies which fostered his pride, and rendered his eccentric mode of life a wonder in men's eyes, and prevented his rising in the common way of the world. He married, late in life, the daughter of a poor peasant, by whom he had many children; his wife is, I find, now dead. But this Daniel Gumb was, though an only son, not the only child of his father; for he had a sister, who grew up a woman of rare beauty, exceedingly gentle, and altogether very superior to her fortunes. She obtained a service as a sort of attendant to the wife of a gentleman in Devonshire, by whom she was much esteemed.

Well, Jarvis, I had then an elder brother, who lived also in Devon; he unhappily visited often at the house where Daniel's sister resided. She had the art to gain his affections, and he committed the exceeding folly of making her his wife; so that by this degrading marriage Daniel Gumb became brother-in-law to my elder brother, who, admiring his learning and his strange and cynical mode of life, overlooked the humiliating condition of his fortunes, endeavoured to improve them, and took the philosopher to his bosom—to his most secret counsels. He had soon cause to rue it; for Daniel Gumb filled his head with wild notions.

You know what was my brother's most disastrous fate, in the first instance brought upon him by his connection with this

man. Of this, therefore, I say no more; and indeed, as the thing was neither creditable, nor safe, may be, to his family, the less said about it the better.

Daniel Gumb himself got into trouble; and greatly did I rejoice when I found that by certain acts, which were too clearly proved to be denied, he was shown to be connected with Verner, the Fifth Monarchy man, who, in the reign of Charles the Second, made that unripe and mad attempt at rebellion which brought himself and his chief confederates to the gallows. Verner could not deny, though he did, at first, endeavour to conceal the fact, that Daniel Gumb had joined him in the plot; but Daniel's letters were found with the rest of Verner's treasonable papers, by which so many were discovered, arrested, and suffered death. Daniel was taken after the execution of the leaders, but managed to make his escape; his trial never took place, and he passed beyond seas.

For some time I heard no more of him, and, hearing nothing, believed him to be dead. However, an act of grace, not of indemnity, but of free and royal pardon, was at length issued by King Charles, for all persons suspected of being concerned in Verner's rebellion; but it did not include any who had been guilty of an overt act in that treason. Probably Daniel Gumb thought his offence came within the clause of pardon, as he, soon after its publication, returned to this country, and had the effrontery to come direct to me, and to charge me with certain matters touching the rights and safety of this imp of a boy, of which I was as innocent as a child unborn. These base accusations are known to you, Jarvis; I will not, therefore, spend my time or your patience with repeating them, nor will I waste words in my own vindication. You clearly saw the black malice of the device set up by this Daniel Gumb for my injury, solely from motives of the most foul revenge—because, forsooth, I had honestly endeavoured to dissuade my late brother from marrying his sister; and had, also, done my utmost to prevent him from giving himself up to so close a conversation with

this philosopher, as he used to term the poor, proud man, who would not condescend to take a farthing from his hand, and yet led on the husband of his sister to that rebellious affair which turned out to be his ruin, and finally broke his heart and caused his death.

Jarvis, it was thy active agency which alone enabled me to get rid of the false accusations and scandalous inquiry which this Daniel Gumb was so determined to drive on about the boy, then under the charge of Mr. Bligh, and maintained by my own charity, for I paid his pittance. I say, Jarvis, thou didst enable me to rid myself at once of this base accuser: would thou couldst do it again! but the thing is now beyond thy skill, as thou shalt hear anon, though that it is so will vex thy honest heart as it does mine. Thou it was who didst stir the question whether Daniel Gumb could come in for the benefit of the royal pardon, inasmuch as he was more than a suspected person in that matter, and had, in some sort, been guilty of an overt act in the fact of the treasonable letters. Well, I took care that Daniel should have timely notice of this; for to hang him would not have suited my purpose, as, at the very foot of the gallows, he would have stoutly maintained his infamous story about myself and the rights of the boy, as he called them; so black was his malice—so deadly his hatred towards me. To get rid of him then, for his own safety, so that he should flit freely and of his own will, was the wisest thing that could be done; and fly Daniel did to save himself, and went back again to France.

I hoped never to hear of him more; and to prevent all trouble (lest the boy should get hold of the false story, for it was not yet made known to him) I proposed that he should be sent out to the West Indies, where, on a planter's lands, he might have been made useful in a useful craft, as keeper of a ledger-book, or some such employ, in an office of account, for he had a good capacity, and was ready enough with his pen. But judge of my astonishment when I found Mr. Bligh in a very obstinate mind

about the lad; and that Daniel Gumb (without having told him the cock-and-bull story he had hatched up) had nevertheless thrown out such devilish hints and dark suspicions about the cause and motives that made me feel an interest in the concerns of the boy, that Mr. Bligh positively rejected my plan for the Western Indies altogether, and offered to maintain and adopt the lad himself as his own son, setting me free from all charges, rather than let him go to die, as he said so tender a youth would do, in a foreign land.

Jarvis, my first feeling was to reject this proposal, take up the matter with a high hand, and insist on shipping off the boy where I pleased. But on second and cooler thoughts I determined to do no such thing. It is ever the safest way to meet danger, not to seem to fear it. I clearly saw, had I done as I at first intended, it was the very way, by seeming anxious to get rid of the lad, to confirm all those dark and infamous hints Daniel Gumb had conveyed to Mr. Bligh about my motives in dealing with him. I saw also, that, though I might get rid of him for a time, if Daniel were really not dead, and if the boy lived to return, these rascally lies about me might be remembered, and, some time or other, an inquiry might be entered into that would give me trouble and annoyance.

I saw another advantage likewise in permitting the boy to stay in England with Mr. Bligh: he was too poor to bring the lad forward, and Samuel must, therefore, be brought up to maintain himself by some mechanical craft. Indeed, I proposed apprenticing him to a cordwainer; but Mr. Bligh rejected the suggestion, and said he should have some schooling under the nearest pedagogue, and be trained to teaching hereafter in some little country-school of his own. I did not object to this; I thought the thing would do, and that the boy would pass his days in all the obscurity I might desire for him. So I left the lad in Bligh's custody, keeping an eye on him, and determining, if there ever should be any likelihood of his becoming troublesome, that I would find a way to be rid of him altogether. But you

know, Jarvis, I am not a man by any means given to have recourse to violent measures, unless the justice of the case sanctions so great a necessity; and now both justice and necessity, I fear, are at hand.

You know my passion for Letitia Trelawny, who has piqued my pride by her conduct towards me; a conduct commenced in London, where I first saw her at Kneller's, when she was sitting for her picture. I am not the man, Jarvis, to play the part of a dangling sentimental lover after any woman; but I did feel a good deal of passion for this girl, more than I ever before entertained for any other. I was determined, if I could, to win her; and I was the more tempted to do so on finding that she was likely, on the death of a very old godmother, to become possessed of a considerable fortune, besides what her father will give her, if she weds to please him. These motives were enough to tempt me to commit the act of marriage on myself. As the representative of an ancient family, also, I felt it would be respectable, and indeed necessary, to have one son legitimate. But, if I had wanted an additional motive to induce me to win this woman, it would have been found in the determination I felt to mortify that insolent young man (the son of a half-beggared father, who piques himself on his blood as proudly as any ragged Highland chief) Harry Trelawny, who has done me more mischief, thrown more obstacles in the way of my success with Letitia, and given me more trouble, than any other scoundrel, save Daniel Gumb, in all my whole life. The spark, too, was very nearly the death of me, for he gave me a devil of a hit between the short ribs in our rencountre, the point of the sword running upwards and very nearly piercing the heart. If he had done it, my only consolation would have been that, as we had no seconds, he might have been hanged for murder. Ever since, though the pacific spirit of the bishop has placed us under such restraint that we can no more tilt with cold steel, we hate each other deadly, and, but for the bishop's injunction, I would have had his blood before now, in requital for the injury he has done me in Letitia's affections.

But this shall not prevent my marriage. Let me have the girl, and I will teach her to love me as a husband, or she shall rue it the longest day she has to live. But I fear nothing: after our marriage a girlish fancy will give place to a wiser affection. The old bishop would preach her out of that folly, and if it came to the worst, and she loved me not, why a gentleman can always remunerate himself elsewhere for these home coldnesses and neglects. And, indeed, I fear not Letty, for she has been, as I would have the woman that I marry, seriously brought up and well educated in right notions of female honour and religion. I believe, moreover, however much she may love her fine spark of a cousin, she would be true to the devil, if she wedded him, although he made her, like Proserpine, the queen of hell itself. My only fears about her are for what she may do before marriage, in the way of getting rid of me: there lies the rub, Jarvis. But to conclude these matters—and then for the main point.

I have had a very difficult, very nice game to play with the old bishop; fortunately he knows nothing of certain things, trifles to be sure, that passed in my early life, and I have now entirely left Devon, where he would alone be likely to hear of them. I first saw Letitia in London; wooed her there; proposed to her father there; and there had his and his wife's consent to go on and prosper in my wooing. It was, however, agreed that my suit in the King's Bench, and my suit in the Chancery Court, and my affair of my coal-mines in the north, should all be first decided; for you know fathers never forget clear settlements about property, be they churchmen or laymen; and the old bishop laid as much stress on my suit at law being ended before I wedded his daughter, as if I could be beggared by a couple of paltry causes, should they chance to go amiss. I pressed for an earlier day; but no, and so I was obliged to submit; and then came the discovery about Harry Trelawny's love, and our *duello* followed.

But whilst I, "good, easy man," as Shakspere says, thought all was going well, and that my honours were not only budding,

but ripening too, there comes a frost, and something worse than a frost, a very blight to my prospects, unless I could for a while lie *perdu*. For, would you believe it, after I had been wooing in London, and winning myself into the entire confidence of the bishop, he tells me about a wonderful boy, one named Samuel Elliot, whose interesting story (the particulars of which he did not repeat to me) had so excited his compassion, that he had directed his family chaplain (that old fool Dr. Ruddell) and his daughter Letty, then gone back to Trelawne, to encourage the lad's coming to them, that his very excellent parts might have the advantage of good schooling?—Confound his very excellent parts, I wished both them and him at the devil. Here, Jarvis, was a pretty prospect for me! Intercourse with the boy, I saw in a moment, might be the means to bring on intercourse with Mr. Bligh; and then, if the bishop once heard those scandalous hints about me that had been poured into Bligh's ears by Daniel Gumb, where would be my hopes of marrying his daughter? I sat on thorns as I heard this communication, for I did not actually know, till that moment, that either Bligh or his adopted son had quitted the north of Devon. I asked, as carelessly as I could, where this clever boy might reside?

"Near Trelawne," answered the bishop. And then he told me about Mr. Bligh's having come into the possession of the cottage near Polperro and a little property on the death of his wife's uncle, and thither had all his family removed. I found they were still in humble, though rather better, circumstances, than when I knew them in Devonshire. I said no more, having learnt enough. All my hopes now rested on the solemn charge I had formerly given Bligh, at the time he adopted the child, never to mention me to him, or in connection with him; promising that, if this caution should be strictly observed, I might be induced to leave the boy something handsome in case of my death, or even to do something for him, by-and-by, to set him up in a school: but nothing would I do if my name was mixed up with the lad's affairs, after the false and scandalous surmises thrown out by Daniel Gumb. I had seen that Bligh feared me; and for the lad's sake, as well as his own, I now

hoped he would, on again seeing me, obey to the very letter the injunctions I had already given.

I determined immediately to go down to the West of England, and to make a visit to Lady Trelawny and to Letitia my excuse for so doing. I resolved to see Bligh without delay, and once more to enforce upon him my former cautions; to give him something in hand for the lad, to convince him that I was indeed his true friend. I did go down into Cornwall; I did see Mr. Bligh, but not at his own house; for, as if fortune were willing to befriend me in this matter, I most strangely met with Mr. Bligh on the road to Polperro, where he was to seek one Hawkins, who was employed as an agent on a certain great political matter, of which you will hear more before the close of this packet. I soon discovered that Bligh was, like myself, deeply concerned in that affair; and that he was entrusted with letters that must speedily be shipped over the water. That there might be no delay, we passed on together to the house of this Hawkins, who was that very day expected home from abroad, and whose coming we determined to abide. In the meanwhile there was full leisure and secresy enough for the discussion of my matters.

Bligh listened to all I had to say: his confidence in me improved by his finding that I was employed in the same great political affair with himself; and that, too, by one he held in the highest estimation. This impending event was a bond of union between us; he could no longer doubt me. He did, therefore, promise to observe all my instructions, having now, he said, no fears whatever for the boy; asking pardon for his former misplaced suspicions, and charging Daniel Gumb with a wild, enthusiastic, passionate spirit, which had, he firmly believed, led him to form hasty and injurious opinions.

A wet and stormy evening coming on, I resolved to pass the night where I was. Thus situated, judge of my vexation, not to say terror, when I found that the jackanapes Harry Trelawny was in the house, and had there made good his quarters for the night, by the accident of his horse having cast a shoe—I wished *the animal* had, instead of that, cast his rider over the cliffs, and

broke his neck for his pains. I found out his being under the same roof with us by mere chance, for Mr. Bligh and I kept close in the old tower chamber, where our conference had been held.

When Hawkins returned, not choosing to tell him that I knew who the youngster was, I contented myself with giving the old scoundrel a general hint to beware what he said before any strangers he might chance to harbour in his house for the night; as they might act as spies, and be dangerous to his own concerns and to those of the parties on the other side of the water. Mr. Bligh joined me in giving this caution; and we both agreed to depart before dawn, yet so as not to go forth together.

Little did I suspect, Jarvis, that a far worse enemy than Harry Trelawny was at that very hour under the same roof with me! But the whole house of Hawkins, headed by his beldame of a wife, was, it seemed, destined on this night to be made as confounding to me as was ever the cave of the witches to Macbeth. Yet you know, Jarvis, I am not a man easily susceptible of the passion of fear.

I arose to depart long ere the sun had made its appearance; and after holding a brief conference with Mr. Bligh, whilst he was yet in bed, in which I cautioned him to beware of Harry Trelawny, I bade him farewell; descended the stairs of the tower chamber, as Hawkins stood below, holding the lantern to guide me through the dark passages of his dwelling, and to see me on my horse that he had already saddled in the stable. When I joined him, the fellow said in a low voice, that a man who had brought some secret letters from the friends of our party over the water was now sleeping in the kitchen. He also told me that he believed the letters were from a great quarter, to one Mr. James Ailoffe, of Liskeard. I knew Ailoffe well; for, indeed, since this business was on foot, we had often held meetings at his house.

"This is no regular carrier-bird!" continued Hawkins; "he is a rifler—an old republican; one of Verner's Fifth-Monarchy men; but mum for that matter: I know him for an honest

fellow now, and in a right cause for his own interest in time to come. It is Daniel Gumb. He sleeps there as fast as a church, and as hard as years and travel over seas can make him. Look in upon him, you'll not wake him."

Jarvis, I was confounded. I did look in upon this man; I was dumb with confusion. That he should start up again! that he whom I hated, cursed; whom I had once removed from my path—that now he should return, like an Egyptian plague, the last time worse than the first, to torture me—torture me with daily, hourly apprehensions! whilst the boy, too, was living; whilst the boy was prospering, cherished under the very roof that is Letitia's home! and where he might be harboured till, like the snake warmed into life, he springs up to strike into me a deadly sting! That Mr. Bligh should be at hand also—that Mr. Bligh, now so fully satisfied by my late conduct that his former suspicions of me were unjust—that he should be near to receive again the poison of those most deadly suspicions, that once made even him so dangerous to me! That this very Daniel Gumb, who was this evil, this blighting thing, to me; this man whom I could once have crushed by a word—that he should now be come back again, and with letters in his charge in furtherance of the same cause to which I am myself bound—the cause by which I must sink into ruin, or rise into prosperity; that he, I say, should be thus protected, thus trusted, so that I dare not touch him—dare not give him up—dare not betray him. Jarvis, I cannot tell you the effects these thoughts had on me as I looked on Daniel Gumb.

Yet I saw there was no time now for deliberation—no moment for delay; a bold push must be made, or all would be over with me. True, Daniel Gumb I must not, dare not, touch; but the boy! My head is dizzy at this instant as I look back: as I attempt to describe the thoughts, the feelings, the hurricane of passion, the desperation of that hour! I took courage—I determined to be a man; and not to stand and parley with my fate, when, by a decided blow, I might overrule it. Yes, I was decided, I was prompt; and that very morning, before the

sun was up to show me my own deed, or to betray to Hawkins the dreadful agitation this sudden discovery of Daniel Gumb had caused in my whole frame, I gave the order; and more—I gave that fellow, Hawkins, fifty gold jacobuses, with a promise of a hundred more so soon as the boy, the viper, should be removed from my path. I gave Hawkins an order to take his opportunity, as early as he could, to seize the boy, Samuel Elliot, and away with him on board his own vessel, to weigh anchor on the hour, and never to let the lad see light till he had transferred him over to his friend, who knows so well how to keep up the supply of white men for Turkish slavery. Jarvis, I can write no more; I am sick at heart when I think how so good a plan as this was, failed—failed by the means, too, of that accursed Harry Trelawny; that he should have rescued the boy, and from my power! I will conclude to-morrow: till then, farewell.

Tuesday morning.

Dear Jarvis, it is impossible I should now continue at large the subject of the above. You must take my orders, act on them promptly, and without explanation. You need none from me; yet all shall be explained on the first opportunity; but now —— the bishop is arrived; yes, arrived at Trelawne, and now must the blow be struck—now or never. I must steer direct into port, or so crazy is the vessel of my hopes that all goes by the board.

I can only find time to tell you that in my private interview with Daniel Gumb I did condescend to give him some explanation about the boy from the time of his birth till that of his being adopted by Mr. Bligh. He did not, however, appear to be so fully satisfied of the facts I stated to him as he ought to have been. Yet he did submit; what could he do but submit? for I found the means, and happily found them, once more to raise his terrors concerning the share he had in Verner's business. I pointed out to him, that if we now made a brawl of a private question, so that it should become a public one, the cause of Monmouth, for which he expressed himself willing to

make any sacrifice, would go to ruin; and that, as we were both pledged to the furtherance of that cause, our own feuds ought to give place, rather than be its hindrance. He assented to the truth of this, and was silent.

How he gained any information about the intended seizure of the boy I know not; but nothing would draw from him the least confession on that point. That he knew something about it was evident from the warnings he gave the lad; these were stated before his face in the examination in the hall. I suppose he must have gained some intelligence from Hawkins, or his confederates, over a bowl of punch at Polperro; but all is conjecture. Daniel Gumb and I parted, not friends, nor yet avowed enemies. I gave him to understand that, knowing as I did he had been the bearer of letters to Monmouth's partisans in the West, I had favoured him when he appeared before me as a prisoner at Trelawne; that I had not done so from the least motive of fear for myself, or from any apprehension of his dark suspicions concerning my conduct towards the boy. He said nothing to this; but there was the devil lurking in his eye as he glanced it upon me while I spoke. I did not choose to notice his insolence, being glad to be rid of him any way; and so for the present stands my connection with this extraordinary man. I repeated, however, the threat that I would find a means to deal with him which he would not like should he dare to become troublesome to me by meddling with my affairs. But all presses on me, heavily presses; I must hasten the marriage, or Letty will never be mine, I see that. For the affair of Monmouth may not quite please the bishop, notwithstanding his High Church Protestantism. I must marry before the duke lands in England; that is, before the bishop finds out that I have any part in his adventure; though the peerage promised me by the gallant Monmouth, if he succeeds, might atone for my offence.

But the boy—ay, the boy. Well, I have it, Jarvis. See Captain Oliver; he knows me. Let him order his press-gang down on this coast, say at Looe or Polperro. Let this be done before ten days are past. You understand me. Do you con-

trive the rest: you know how a man like Oliver must be paid; and let me hear no more of this Samuel Elliot. If this scheme fails—but it shall not—I do not wish to have recourse to harsh measures, to extremities, till all else is tried in vain. Remember, no delay; for, if the boy remains here, mark my words, Jarvis—I lose my destined bride. And lose her I will not—no, not if blood must be shed to win her!

Yours ever,

F. B.

P.S.—If the Captain cannot send down his gang within ten days, fail not to let me know it. You may draw on me for any sum required; do not haggle with Oliver—let him have his price.

LETTER XXIV.

Letitia Trelawny to her sister Rebecca.

My dear Rebecca, Trelawne, Wednesday night.

All the house is now at rest. I will endeavour to continue the subject of my last; for there is relief in thus pouring out my thoughts to you, in the certainty that in my dear sister I have a friend who will enter into them with true affection. Our father is arrived at Trelawne; we were all rejoiced to see him, and assembled in the hall to bid him welcome home. Harry was there, too.

My father spoke to us both kindly; and to me with an endearment of expression very unusual with him. Rebecca, how I felt it! I felt my very heart subdued; I felt that in this kind of treatment lay his power over me, for I can seldom resist affection. I felt like a culprit; like one who harbours treason, and yet loves too well the person of the master he offends to make entertaining a treasonable thought against his authority other than painful. I would have given worlds could I have preserved such a happy, such a calm state, as I enjoyed in former years. But it was past; and, like all who do wrong, I tried to excuse myself to myself.

Sir Francis Beaumont (who, Heaven be praised! says he must leave us on some business of moment, for a few days) behaved with civility and caution, and less haughtily than I ever saw him do before; deferring to my lord on all points of opinion. So you see, Rebecca, the man is a good actor; for all this was not natural to him; and I could perceive he was under restraint in the presence of my lord. No wonder, therefore, that our father is deceived in taking this piece of fustian for better stuff than he is composed of.

Sir Francis had a private audience with my lord; and I do verily believe the object of that closeting was to avail himself of the opportunity of giving his own account of the affair of the deer-stalking, the boy, and the apprehension and dismissal of Daniel Gumb. My lord seemed entirely to agree with him in the business, and said Sir Francis did perfectly right to discharge the man. Cousin Harry, who was present at the examination, told me, however, that he was sure Sir Francis did perfectly wrong; but it would have looked like prejudice if he had said so to the bishop; and Attorney Short, who soon after called in, seemed eager, in the presence of the baronet, to give my lord his account of the affair, and to express his entire approval of the dismissal of the prisoner.

The most extraordinary circumstance of the day (at least to my thinking) was my father's conduct to cousin Harry; for it had in it so much of old times, so different to what it had been of late, that my cousin was exceedingly affected by it; and especially when the bishop more than once called him nephew, instead of Mr. Henry Trelawny, as he has hitherto done since he was displeased with his pretensions to me. Yet I observed that when he had occasion to speak to me about Harry he used the words, "your cousin, Letitia," as if he would remind me perpetually of our nearness of kin; and probably the "nephew" so often repeated was to let Harry see that he was still desirous to acknowledge him only as a blood relative.

Rebecca, I have been amusing myself of late in a way that you will wonder at. You remember the tale that old Arthur of *Tintagel* related to us last Christmas?—the prophecy, I mean,

about Sir Reginald Trelawny. The story, Doctor Ruddell says, is one of the most ancient and curious of our Cornish traditions, So I have written it down as well as I can recollect it, just as the old minstrel told it.

Oh, Rebecca! what business had I to record it? Well, take it—I send it to you, for I never wish to see it more.

Ever your affectionate

LETITIA.

THE PROPHECY.

IN the year of our Lord 1361 the kingdom of Castile became the scene where the chivalry of England, under its gallant leader, Edward the Black Prince, attained a victory, more brilliant than just, in favour of Peter, surnamed the Cruel from the many crimes which had stirred up his oppressed subjects, and even his own brother, against him.

Amongst the knights of England who had most adorned the court of Edward at Bordeaux, and had followed him to the Spanish wars, was a young Cornish gentleman, Sir Reginald Trelawny. Though praised for his prowess in the tourney, his courtesy in the hall, and his courage, which had approached to reckless daring, in the field of battle, Sir Reginald was more esteemed for his great qualities than for his agreeable ones; as of the last he had but few. For one so young and so accomplished he looked with unwonted indifference on all the high-born beauties and dames who graced the court of Bordeaux; and no sooner had the victory been achieved that restored Peter the Cruel to his throne than he took leave of the Black Prince, who would fain have kept him near his own person, and returned towards England.

His uncle, Sir Hamelin Trelawny, was at this time the head of the elder branch of the family; and, with all the state and bravery belonging to so ancient a race, resided in the castle of his ancestors, in the county of Cornwall. There was high festival kept in those old halls on the day of St. George, in the year of redemption 1363. The banquet was spread; Sir Hame-

lin sate on the daïs; knights, esquires, pages, followers, and yeomanry, all in due order and degree, were enjoying revelry and mirth. The wine-cup passed round, the minstrelsy was sounding; when stout old Sir Hamelin arose, and, raising the cup he held in his hand, gave the health of his nephew, whose feats in arms had been transmitted to England by the tongue of fame; and may he (added the master of the feast as he gave the health) be ever protected from danger by that good St. George, in honour of whose memory we now keep this solemn feast!

The health of the knight rang through the hall. Scarcely had it subsided when a trumpet sounded without, and the doors were thrown open to admit the new comer, who thus sent before him the martial note of war, to proclaim that he who advanced was of the number of those who sought honour in the battle with lance and shield. There entered two persons: the first a knight, armed cap-à-pié, attended by his esquire; both were visored, which in an esquire was somewhat against the rule, as he was not entitled to wear bacinet or helmet, his steel cap alone being the head-piece of his degree. The stranger knight stepped slowly, with much majesty, into the very centre of the hall; and there, leaning on his lance, he presented in his own person no bad image of that warlike saint after whom the day was called; for St. George himself could not have had more dignity, nor a more lofty bearing, than that which appeared in the iron-cased figure who now broke in upon the revellers at his feast.

Sir Hamelin arose. "For what purpose, gallant knight," said he to the stranger, "come you hither at this time? Is it to share our solemn mirth, to taste of our cup, and to pledge a health to all? If so, raise thy visor, and welcome!"

"Sir Hamelin," replied the stranger, "I come not hither for any other purpose than to claim mine own—the fulfilment of thy word; this is the feast of St. George. Three times twelve months have sped since thou didst, on this day, banish me, thy kinsman, these halls; and bade me not return till I had approved myself a Trelawny. This I have done; and now, on the feast of St. George, I come to claim the promised reward

of all my toils, in the hand of thy fair daughter. Give me my cousin Adelaide to wife; I am Reginald Trelawny—give me my bride!" He raised his vizor as he spoke.

"I cannot," said Sir Hamelin; "thy bride is the bride of Heaven."

An angry scowl, like that of a dark cloud which casts its shadow over a bright field, obscured the goodly front of Sir Reginald on the hearing of these words. "False kinsman!" he exclaimed; "thou hast dealt foully with me. Thou didst promise me thy daughter to wife when I should have approved myself valiant in arms."

"I have not dealt foully with thee," replied Sir Hamelin. "The Prior, here, of St. Ives, told me that I had rashly given my word to thee; that my daughter being too near thee in blood such marriage could not take place without the dispensation of his holiness of Rome. I did apply to Rome, and was denied the dispensation. It may be there was some let or obstacle cast in the way by some one who wished not to see Adelaide thy bride; for she had many suitors—many a fair barony was laid at her feet. But Adelaide loved thee; and, being denied the sanction of the Pope to wed with thee, she was persuaded by a godly monk to become the bride of Heaven. She passed over into Spain, where the sister of her deceased mother is abbess of the convent of St. Magdalen at Barcelona. This is all—this is true; I have not been false to my word, but I stand not in the place of the Pope, either to give in marriage or to sunder, as Heaven and his holiness may direct"

"Is my fair cousin yet vowed?" inquired Sir Reginald.

"Not yet as a nun," said Sir Hamelin; "for one month more, to complete the twelve, must she wear the gown of her novitiate. That little month run out, she makes her vow."

"And here," exclaimed Sir Reginald, "I make mine to St. George;" he struck his lance on the ground as he spoke; "that I will never more strike a blow in battle for my prince, nor come within the lists, nor shrive me afore a priest, till, by the strong hand, I win Adelaide. The Pope shall not cheat me out of my bride. St. George, accept my vow and aid me to make it good!"

"A fearful vow!" said the Prior of St. Ives. "God assoil thee, young man," he continued, crossing himself; "dost thou beard the holy father of Christendom, when he would prevent a marriage that comes too near thy own blood? A fearful vow! Could St. George speak, he would tell thee that such a vow as thou hast made he rejects with horror; and may be he would prophecy to thee the evil thou wouldst draw down on thine own fated head, didst thou keep it."

"St. George would do none of this," said Sir Reginald, "for he is the patron saint—the friend of all true men-at-arms; and I, who am his servant, his knight—for I took my spurs on his day—I have done him good service in the way of arms. He will not desert me."

"Wouldst thou dare inquire of him?" said the Baron of Tintagel, who sat on the right hand of Sir Hamelin. "Wouldst thou venture to inquire of him, at his miraculous image, which stands within the walls of that very city where thy once destined bride is held in the convent of St. Magdalen? Wouldst thou dare?"

"Baron of Tintagel," said the Prior of St. Ives, "pray thee, hold thy peace! By the mercy of Mary, thou wouldst put this hot-headed knight on an adventure that might cost him life. For if, on any high festival of the Church, a knight or an esquire (for to none but such as are destined for the honours of chivalrous exploits will the image of St. George become prophetic) dares to seek that august figure between the hours of midnight and crock-crowing, and will hang up his shield on the pedestal at the feet of the image, making solemn inquiry of anything he would know that may be yet hidden in futurity, presently a supernatural light will irradiate the shield; and" (here the Prior crossed himself three times) "even like the characters of light which were interpreted by St. Daniel to the infidel king of Babylon, that irradiation will become as written words, and will make true and faithful prophecy of the thing that he would know. Yet to seek the image for such a purpose is a dreadful thing. Bold must be the heart that would adventure it. Fearful temptations—more fearful than those which presented them-

selves to St. Anthony, terrible sights surround the image, that come and go and flit before the eyes of him who would inquire. And if he dares do this ——"

"What follows?" asked Sir Reginald, eagerly.

"Sometimes death," replied the Prior of St. Ives, "but always great trouble; afflictions either in body or in mind, and an anxious dread of the fulfilment of the prophecy, if the characters seen on the shield prophesy evil. Thou wouldst not venture it! A Trelawny though thou art, thy heart would fail thee; thou wouldst not be bold enough for this deed."

"Not bold enough for this deed!" said the old knight, Sir Hamelin. "Prior of St. Ives, thou speakest not sooth. A Trelawny never yet quailed before foe, saint, or devil. Start not, priest; for I speak but a verity. Thou, prior, wert the man who didst first throw the obstacle in the way of my keeping faith about my daughter with this gallant kinsman. A plague on thy timid counsel; thou didst first persuade me that I ought to appeal to the pope in the matter of the marriage; and now see how it is like to end! This youth obeys me. For three long years he seeks his fortune in arms; comes home approved valiant, claims his promised reward; and, by the train of circumstances first set on by thy advising, he is disappointed, and I am charged with broken faith and compact; and my daughter, who loves him well, better than veil and cloister, in one short month will be as dead to him as if she were in her grave. And now, thou who didst begin all this turmoil and this woe, thou darest to think that his heart would fail him in the adventure of St. George and the Shield; thou darest to doubt the hardihood of a Trelawny! Hark thee, fair kinsman, there is one month yet good. Hie thee hence—spread the white sail—let the sea-bird be less swift in her flight than thou art in thy passage over the wild waters. Hence to Barcelona: undertake this bold adventure: seek the image: hang up thy shield, nor fear the things its light may reveal to thee. Do this before one month be past, and I, despite pope or priest, will take my novice-daughter from her cell; snatch her, were it from the very horns of the altar, and will give her to thee."

"It is done then," said Sir Reginald. "Uncle, I thank thee."

"And I pledge this cup to thy success," said Sir Hamelin. "Speed the PROPHECY OF ST. GEORGE!"

"Speed the Prophecy of St. George!" thundered through the hall.

"There is one thing yet behind," said the Prior of St. Ives, as soon as the burst of enthusiastic applause would allow him to be heard. "I was once, whilst in Spain, in the house of the Carmelites of Barcelona—I know the custom. The knight who seeks the miraculous image must not seek it alone; for the image having been offended by a knight for the benefit of an esquire, it will send forth no answer unless an esquire bears the bold knight company. And he must be as bold as his master, for of every trouble that shall fall on him of the same cup of sorrow must that esquire drink, even to the death."

"Then will I not shrink it," said the stout Iago, the esquire of Sir Reginald. "It shall never be said that I, who was born on the lands of a Trelawny, am a follower of their house and eat their bread, deserted one who bears their name; and that one, too, my own master, at the hour of his need. Away then for Barcelona; Sir Reginald Trelawny, I follow thee."

It was not long after when on a dark and stormy night, on the eve of a great festival of the Church, there appeared at the door of the house of the Carmelite Friars at Barcelona, in Catalonia, two men, the one wearing the armour of a knight, the other the dress of an esquire, and bearing his master's shield. They gave many loud raps at the convent doors, for the hour was late to admit strangers.

"Who comes here at this unwonted season?" said a monk of the house.

"Open to me, a knight of England," replied the stranger without; "fear not to open. I am one who would seek an answer from St. George."

The monk opened, and led the strangers into the locutory, or hall of parlance; and then stopping, he ventured to raise the

lamp he held in his hand, and to look on the visitants. "Know ye the peril of what ye purpose?" he said in a solemn manner. "You are young, fair, strong in limb, and seemingly firm in mind; yet, better pause ere you adventure. Know ye the peril?"

"Full well," said Sir Reginald; "and may St. George so deal with me as I fear not to encounter his image! I have borne arms both in tourney and battle—I speak it not as a braggart, but simply because it is sooth; I have waged war by the side of Edward of England, in this land of Spain, when it was sore vexed with rebellion. I have encountered, ay, and had the better even of Du Guesclin himself in single combat. Now, think you, having met him hand to hand, that I can fear?"

"Holy Mary! here are deeds worthy the noting of a chronicler," said the monk; "there is no doubt of thy heart. But, of thy soul—better confess thee ere thou dost adventure, for many a good knight has died before that miraculous image."

"I may not, I may not," said Sir Reginald (remembering his vow, that he would not shrive him to priest till he had won his fair cousin). "I will shrive me after the thing is done; not till then."

"But shouldst thou fall, shouldst thou die; think of that! Where mayest thou find thyself on opening thine eyes in the other world, if thou closest them unshriven in this?"

"I must even run the hazard," said Sir Reginald; "for he would make no good confession who begins it by being perjured."

"I understand thee not," replied the monk. "But here is thy esquire; I will shrive him ere ye pass into the church."

"Not so," said the bold Iago; "I make no confession without my master does so before me."

"But where wilt thou go, shouldst thou die too?" continued the monk.

"To hell along with him, if thou wilt have it so," said the esquire, whose notions of fidelity were more honourable to him than those of his religion.

"Awful words!" cried the monk; "very foul and wicked. With what a heart goest thou to the shrine!"

"With one fearing God, for all that thou thinkest of me," said Iago; "and one that will make me stand fast by my master, though all the devils with their legions should start up to scare me back."

"Now, holy man," said Sir Reginald, "show us the way to the church; we will take you but to the door. There give us your benison, and leave us to find out the shrine and the image of St. George."

"You cannot miss it; the shrine stands in the little chapel to the right of the high altar. There burn lights both by day and by night. Come with me, and may St. George speed you."

"Amen," said Sir Reginald, and followed to the church.

The Carmelite closed the door of the porch, and with stout hearts and firm steps did both knight and squire advance to the spot. No lights were burning, save at the shrine; darkness hung around them. The long aisles and vaulted arches were shrouded in gloom, and there was no moon nor star to be seen in the heavens, to cast a ray of light through the many lofty windows of the building. The wind piped or howled; the sea was heard to roar, the rain beat upon the glass, and the tapers that burnt around the shrine were flickering and flaring, as they also felt the effects of that stormy night which blew in such loud gusts without. Yet every now and then the lightning-flash illumined the stained windows, chased the darkness of the interior, and momentarily exhibited the vast proportions, the many columns, and all the fretted work, and the richness and the beauty of the interior of the Gothic pile.

Knight and squire now stood before the gigantic mailed and mounted image possessed of such miraculous powers. It was of ancient workmanship; the face and hands alone were visible, the rest being covered with armour; these were literally blackened with time and the dust of many generations; for the Carmelites, perhaps, too much feared St. George to venture to clean his hands and his face even with a napkin. In one hand he bore a lance, at the end of which was a small banner with the device of England; for in days of old some English knight, who at Barcelona had been successful in a tourney, presented this image

with a yearly stipend to keep up at his shrine perpetual lights and appropriate furniture. A princess of England had afterwards added to the sable figure those jewels which had caused his spoliation. At his feet was a fearful Gothic dragon of most formidable dimensions. On the left arm of the saint appeared an immense shield.

It was not lawful to state (said the chronicler of St. Ives, who, by order of Sir Hamelin, afterwards recorded this very true and extraordinary history), it was not lawful to state all the fearful sights and signs and tokens on that awful night witnessed by Sir Reginald and his esquire in their visit to the shrine of St. George. The chronicler, therefore, would not venture to write them down; but left a blank in his page, filled up with little crosses, for fear the devil should otherwise come to write in his book what he had omitted; but that holy emblem made all safe, seeing that the sign of the cross and holy water are two things his dark majesty cannot abide. Yet, notwithstanding this pious caution, something got abroad; and tradition was busy in handing it down from father to son, in the families of the knight and of his honest esquire.

Iago having suspended the shield on the hook of iron provided for the purpose on the top of the pedestal, Trelawny advanced, and with a clear and distinct voice spoke these words:—"Great patron of England's chivalry, deign, I beseech thee, to answer me, thy vowed knight. For it is by the power of thy miraculous and most prophetic image that I am now, O St. George! before thy shrine, and would desire to learn of thee the result of my adventure. Shall I wed my fair cousin Adelaide, the daughter of my uncle Sir Hamelin Trelawny? Shall that union be prosperous? Speak my weal or my woe. Let thy answer appear in thy characters of light on this my knightly shield."

Sir Reginald crossed his arms on his breast, the squire stood as upright as his master's lance by his side. A clap of thunder that seemed to burst immediately over the roof of the church shook the old walls to their very foundation, the shield suddenly became illumined, and with so vivid, so gorgeous a blaze of light,

that the tapers of the shrine were lost in its effulgence, and all the church appeared clear, distinct, brighter even than at noonday. Gradually the light dispersed itself into separate lines or portions, and at length shot into letters, which, in the language of the day, formed two rude rhymes that may be thus rendered into modern English—

> "Trelawne, her course 'mid cousins run,
> Shall weep for many a first-born son."

"And is this the answer to my inquiry?" exclaimed Sir Reginald—"a curse on our posterity if I wed! Yet I will wed Adelaide—ay, my cousin Adelaide, though every son she may bear me died as did the Innocents under Herod the king."

The squire shuddered as he heard this determination so passionately expressed by his master at the very foot of the altar. "And I," said he, "who have borne thee company in this adventure, Sir Reginald, I must share whatever be thy fate; fortunate is it for me that I have no cousin to wed, except an old one. Yet think a while, Sir Knight, do not tempt Heaven and disobey the Pope. There are many fair damsels in the world beside thy cousin Adelaide."

"But none whom I can love so well," said Trelawny. "I have won her by hard service, and at the risk of future as well as present evils; for her sake have I done this."

"Then win her and wear her," said the esquire, seeing how strong was the love of Sir Reginald, that not even the fear of entailing a curse on his posterity could deter him from his purpose. "Win her and wear her," repeated the esquire; "I will keep close the prophecy, and leave you to make good your own report to Sir Hamelin, who will now doubtless give you his daughter, for you have achieved the adventure of St. George."

Sir Hamelin did keep his word, and the cousins Adelaide and Reginald Trelawny became man and wife. They had a hopeful issue, for brave sons and fair daughters grew around them in all honour and beauty, like branches around a stately tree. Yet of all his children Sir Reginald loved best his eldest son. First in merit as in birth, he was the pride, the praise, the delight of his

father's house, the well-beloved of his heart. He gave promise, too, of becoming an ornament to the chivalry of England; and Richard the Second, to whom he was carried whilst yet a child, to be presented to him at his court at Eltham, was so much struck with his youthful beauty, his spirit, and early promise, that it was recorded he said to him, "Serve us, boy, as faithfully, as valiantly, as thy father served our father Edward, and we will be to thee both a prince and a friend. We will abridge the time of thy coming of age, and make thee knight ere thou shalt complete thy regular term of probation. Thou shalt meet us on St. George's day in the chapel of that patron saint of England in our castle at Windsor; there we will ourself be thy godfather; we will buckle on thy spurs."

Sir Reginald Trelawny was elated at the prospect of an honourable career thus early opening on his darling boy in the royal countenance of Richard of Bordeaux, son of Edward the Black Prince, and now King of England. Sir Reginald and his lady, and the trusty squire Iago, who had never quitted his master's service, at the proper and appointed time repaired to the chapel of St. George at Windsor on St. George's day. All was prepared for the performance of the high and chivalrous ceremony with the utmost state and splendour. The knights, nobles, ladies, churchmen, all in gallant array, were awaiting with deep interest so goodly a sight.

Richard of Bordeaux, arrayed in a robe of scarlet, with a circle of jewels sparkling amid his beautiful yellow hair, advanced towards the altar, holding, as godfather to the youthful Trelawny, the golden ring and the golden spurs of the knighthood he was about to confer. A mailed image of St. George stood above the altar. The King stopped directly before it. Sir Reginald Trelawny and his lady drew a little nearer in order that they might not lose the hearing or the seeing of the least circumstance. The youth knelt down, the King took his hand to place on it the ring. The youth looked up, but in a moment the flush which hope and modesty had spread over his fair cheek as delicately as that tint which colours with the most beautiful tinge of red the pale white rose, suddenly faded, his eyes became

clouded, he reeled, fell back, and, even at the instant his father rushed forward and caught him in his arms, became a corpse!

The trusty Iago had also flown to his assistance; it was too late. He spoke but one articulate sentence, so as to be heard above the cry of consternation which now burst around—"On St. George's day, in St. George's hall, the fatal prophecy of St. George at Barcelona is fulfilled!"

There was a deep mourning in the castle of Windsor on the day of St. George that had commenced with such bright hopes. Richard in vain endeavoured to console the hapless father; he soon after quitted the world, and became a monk of the abbey of Tavistock in Devon, to which he had been a liberal benefactor. His lady also retired from the world, and became a nun of St. Clare in Cornwall. But before Sir Reginald quitted his family and all earthly things to devote the rest of his days in expiation of the crime he believed he had committed by his ill-fated marriage with his cousin, he gave a sum of money to the honest Iago, and built him a house on his own ground, and this house the esquire named Barcelona, in memory of the perilous adventure he had assisted his master in accomplishing in Spain. From that time till the present it has been averred that all marriages made between cousins in the family of Trelawny are sure to be visited by the death of a first-born son, and that whenever such union is likely to take place the old PROPHECY presses hard on the memory and feelings of any one of the race who is grievously sick in health or near the hour of death and doom.

LETTER XXV.

Letitia to Rebecca Trelawny.

Trelawne.

PITY me, Rebecca, pity me; your heart will ache for mine when I tell you all that has chanced. Our mother has been ill, dangerously ill: that indeed you know, but you know not what

passed during her illness, at least in reference to me. I will begin with the change in her sickness, and endeavour to write in due order.

I had sedulously attended her all along, till, rest being necessary, on the Saturday night I slept in my own room, and they did not disturb me, for she would not let them, to acquaint me with the change that had taken place in her for the worse. On the Sunday I was with her all day, and, seeing how ill she looked, and observing the lowness of her spirits, I felt a restless anxiety for the hour when Mr. Marshall was expected. After he had seen her he hinted to me that he feared the uneasy state of my mother's mind, which she had not denied to him when he questioned her closely, had done and still did her considerable injury, and also hinted that he feared something about myself had given her pain.

Rebecca, I did not know, I did not suspect till then, that any very serious uneasiness weighed on her mind. I thought she disapproved Harry's attachment; I knew she advocated Sir Francis Beaumont; but could I fancy her anxiety on the subject was of a nature to affect her health? How did I now reproach myself? My mother called me to her bedside; she looked dreadfully ill. I assisted her to rise up; and Charlotte and I placed the pillows about her back and head, so as to afford her most ease. She thanked us tenderly—thanked me, her Letty, for my care. I had rather she had not, I had rather she had been dissatisfied, for I felt her kindness wound me more than would her reproaches at such a moment. As soon as she felt easier she spoke: "Sit down, my children. Letty, come you and sit on the bed. I will endeavour to speak to you now, for God knows how long I may be sufficiently collected in mind, or have strength enough left in body, to perform what I feel to be a duty. I could not die in peace if I omitted it."

And then, Rebecca, though with many pauses, and now and then stopping to allow me to recover from the agitation into which this scene threw me, she said to me many things, the substance of which I will endeavour to give you, as nearly as I can, in her own words.

"This illness," she began, "may be my last. I may soon cease to live. You will not be friendless when I am gone, and perhaps I shall be less missed; because I, like my lord, have not been one of those parents who think love to their offspring is shown by too much fondness or indulgence. Yet, though my manner may not have always evinced it, my love for you has been the strongest, the deepest feeling of my mind. My heart is not hard, not so hard as you may think it; and, now that it seems to me as if these were the last days I have for earthly affections, I feel a softening influence that must show itself—yet my resolution is the same. Resolutions formed in moments of health and reason ought not to give way to the feebleness of sickness, nor to the subduing spirit of a mistaken tenderness. I can yet, I hope, be firm." She said this with something of her old manner.

As she spoke, she relaxed the grasp she had of my hand; raised her head from the pillow, and there was that calm air, that steady look of the eye, which, with a character so resolute as hers, has become almost habitual; or which is easily resumed, if for a moment it be shaken by circumstances so unusual as the present.

"Yes," she said, "you may think, Letitia, because I have not talked of the anxiety my mind has suffered on your account, that it has, therefore, been of small consequence. But you are mistaken. No, my child, a resolute mind feels, but it is its nature to seek no sympathy by any outward display of feeling. My mind has helped, if it has not alone brought me to this sick bed."

"Oh, do not, do not say it!" I exclaimed. "Oh, live, my dearest mother, live and spare me these dreadful reproaches!"

"My life is not in my own power," she replied. "I would live for the sake of my children, if it might be God's will to spare me yet a little. Long I cannot look for life; for I am advancing fast to age: few years remain to me, and those few may be years of labour and sorrow. Letitia, you have yielded your heart to an attachment to one who, in the eyes of many of our most godly and learned divines, is too near to you in blood. You know your father's opinion."

I wept, Rebecca, but could only answer "it did not appear sinful in my own eyes."

"A dangerous argument, Letitia," she said, sternly, "and one which, if admitted, would soon sanction any breach of the laws either of God or man. There is a false conscience, my child, as well as a true one; and the false is best known by its fruits. See what are your own—disobedience to parents, and holding in contempt the wisdom as well as the experience of others."

"What experience?" I exclaimed, but my poor mother would not hear me out.

"What experience!" she reiterated. "Has not a union between such near kindred as yourself and Harry been ever fatal to our house? Wild tales may have been raised about it; but, wild as they are, they are founded on truth. A curse has followed every unlawful union of this nature in our family."

I remained silent, for I saw that on this point it would only be to irritate my poor mother did I attempt by any argument to contradict her. She then continued, with an energy which, in her weak condition, made us tremble for the consequences, to urge upon me every reason she could suggest to induce me to renounce my cousin, and to give my consent to wed Sir Francis. This last point I combated as well as I could, as well as I dared do, in pity to her state, in mercy to my own feelings—for I could not say that I would wed him.

She told me that she was convinced there were no feelings of the human heart but might be led to follow where reason pointed the way; that our passions were as enemies, only formidable whilst unbound; but, once held under the bonds of duty, they would become harmless; they might murmur, but they would submit.

At length I threw myself at her feet, and, when argument failed, appealed to her feelings as a mother—appealed to my own distress. "Be satisfied," said I, "by telling me I must lose my cousin, I must tear him from my heart; but, oh, spare me the misery of an ill-sorted, a detested marriage! I will endeavour to bear all other evils; but my very heart sickens, my very ool recoils, from the bare possibility of that—the wife of Sir Francis Beaumont! I could not survive it."

"So say all young people," replied my mother, "when they would follow their own fancies."

"It is no fancy," I said; "it is truth, fatal truth. Think, my mother, how fearful is that condition of mind where there is no room for hope! Think how I must suffer, when every hour of my life shall be so changed, that each minute must hang as a burden on my soul, to make me wish it might be the last." I could speak no more; I fell on my knees beside the bed; I laid my head on my mother's hands; I bathed them with my tears, whilst my whole frame shook convulsively from the violent agitation of my feelings. My mother said little, for she seemed much exhausted and overcome by the sight of my distress. The rest of that day passed heavily on.

The next, my mother was worse, much worse, and she said very little. Yet, every now and then, Rebecca, she would fix on me such looks, my very heart was pierced with sorrow. That night, when all the house was at rest (the nurse having laid down in the small adjoining room), I took my station by her bedside and watched. For some time she was restless and uneasy. My thoughts naturally dwelt on the painful subject which had so lately been insisted on by my poor mother. I thought of Harry, too. I asked my own heart, if to renounce one so beloved was an effort beyond what it had courage and virtue sufficient to effect. I dared not examine too closely. I looked on my mother—she was sleeping. There was an expression of anxiety (or, at least, I fancied so) about the countenance which had not deserted her even in sleep. The mouth, too, every now and then, moved, and she would fetch a deep breath, as if she sighed.

As I looked at her I heard the ticking of a watch very loud near the bed. I looked and saw nothing. A superstitious dread stole over my mind; and, though conscious of the folly of my own fears, I could not rest till I found out the cause of the sounds, and searched to see whether there was really a watch or not in the room. At last I saw my mother's gold repeater hanging by the side of the mantelpiece. I took it down, and laid it on a handkerchief on the table, that I might not so audibly hear *that* regular tick, tick, which now, to my fancy, seemed but to

portion out the minutes of time, only to let me know my poor mother was fast completing the allotted number to make up the sum of her hours here on earth.

I sat down again by the bedside and watched. But I soon found, when once the imagination gives way to delusion, that it has no immediate power to shake it off. You will scarcely credit what I have now to relate, nor the strong and deep impression it made on me. Yet it could be no more than the vague, the fantastic image of my own excited mind.

I had placed the watch on the handkerchief. I heard no more of its ticking; it was past midnight. The evening had closed in gloomily, the night was wet and stormy. The wind moaned without, or swept in strong gusts among the old trees in the park; and, from time to time, I heard those night-sounds in the house which are so apt to startle one who watches by the bed of the sick. My mother slept on; all in the room was still: and, as I looked on her pale countenance, now in this tranquil state, my mind naturally reverted to the scene of sickness and death which only a few short months before had made our house the house of mourning for poor Charles. I thought of his sufferings, his piety, the manner in which he had so solemnly warned my cousin Harry and myself of the old prophecy. And then I dwelt with tenderness on the recollection of his last hours. In my "mind's eye" I saw him again, as I last beheld him in his coffin, with a countenance whiter than his shroud, yet placid, unchanged, in its angelic expression, even by the pale and marble hues of death.

I wept at the lively image presented by my own thoughts, As I did so the great clock in the tower-house struck one, with a deep and prolonged sound. And then I thought that I heard a sigh from another part of the chamber. I started—looked, but all was still. The sleeper slept on, and made no sign nor sound denoting the least movement, save that of a low, regular, and gentle respiration. A handkerchief she wore above her night-rail had got partially over her face. I removed it, and saw there a fixedness which made me shudder; yet it was but sleep. I glanced my eye once again towards that part of the

room whence came the sigh, and in so doing caught a sight of the gleam of light which shone on an old-fashioned looking-glass that hangs on the wall, opposite the foot of my mother's bed. Rebecca, my very blood curdled in my veins; for, though not distinct in form or feature, but shadowy and imperfect, yet with a countenance whiter than his shroud, wearing the marble hues of death, and with a sternness of expression unusual with him in life, I thought I saw the image of my cousin Charles, as I had seen it in his coffin, as I had that night recalled it to my own mind. And the moaning of the wind without seemed at that instant to change into groans like those of the dying. I shook in every joint; terror seized on my whole frame; there was a dead cold feeling at my heart; something seemed to grasp at my throat; I tried to cry out, but no voice came. I turned wildly to the bed, with the intent to awake my mother, but she now appeared to my distracted fancy a corpse! I thought her dead, for she was white, still, immovable. I struggled to catch hold of the nearest thing; the light of the fire swam before my eyes, the room went round with me: I felt I was falling, and I know no more till I found the nurse (who, it appears, had heard me fall, and had jumped out of bed to see what was the matter) giving me assistance as I lay stretched on the little couch near my mother's bed.

She had been awakened, and was dreadfully alarmed at what passed. She attributed it to my anxiety, want of rest, and watching, for I would not tell her what I fancied I had seen in the glass. She insisted on my going to bed. The nurse helped me to my own chamber, and Nancy was called up to attend upon me. At length I obtained an uneasy and disturbed sleep.

The next day I was so much indisposed that I did not get up till very late. I would have gone immediately to my mother, but I was told she was much worse, and was then hearing the prayers for the sick read by Dr. Ruddell, the bishop being also in the room, with Mrs. Docton and her eldest daughter. How I got on my clothes I do not know; I seemed almost stupified, and the thought that want of duty had produced my mother's *sickness* preyed on my mind with an intensity of feeling which

amounted to agony. Rebecca, I can scarcely, even now, collect my thoughts sufficiently to remember distinctly all that passed.

I was engaged in trying to pin on a shawl, but my hands shook so that I tried two or three times before I could do so simple a thing, when the door opened and in came Dr. Ruddell. He made no pause, no prefacing to that which he had to say; and I made none, in those moments of desperation, in that which I resolved to do. Well, as it was to be so, perhaps it was for the best; with a vehement mind, when driven to despair, it is better to rush on extremes at once. Why stand and contemplate the depth of the precipice when we are fated to take the leap? Yes! fated: I will never think what I have done was the act of my own free will. Yes, there is a destiny in circumstances over which we have no control; to struggle against them is vain; we do but writhe in their toils, for bind us they will, and we may not escape; and that this is fate can alone be my consolation. Well, I will try to go on, for what now avails reflection? better not to think at all, than think till thought becomes fixed on one object, and that object!—it might lead to madness—no more of it.

I told you that Dr. Ruddell came into my room. Tears were in his eyes, and there was a look of the deepest sorrow in every feature of his face. "Oh, my child!" he said, "you have, I fear, killed your mother!"

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "do not say so! She may yet live."

"She may," he replied, "she may; but all depends on you; go to her, and you may yet save her, Go, it will cost but a word."

"Cost but a word!" I exclaimed; "oh, that it would cost but a life! But this sacrifice will cost more than life—more than ——"

"It cannot," said Doctor Ruddell. "God will bless and comfort the dutiful child. Say you will marry Sir Francis Beaumont, and save your mother's life!"

"I cannot, I will not, wed Sir Francis Beaumont," I said.

"Then see your mother die!" replied Doctor Ruddell. "What a cruelty is this, and all for a fancy!"

"Will she die? will she really die?" I said.

"Her mind is disturbed about you," he answered, "even to a degree to weaken the faculty of reason; a frightful superstition has possessed her imagination; and this is adding fire to fever. Save her—save her, Mistress Letitia, before it is too late."

Rebecca, I stayed to hear no more. I rushed wildly from my own chamber to that of my mother. I threw myself on my knees by the side of the bed. I snatched up my mother's hand, as she looked with a supplicating eye in my face, and seemed to pause for life or death, as my words might give the sentence. My father stood weeping by, holding in his hand the book that teaches duty and consoles for all pains. "Let me save my mother!" I cried; and then vehemently pressing her hand in mine, and, speaking, whilst the sight of her danger, and the sense of my duty to God and my parents weighed upon me with a force that seemed more than natural, Rebecca, I solemnly promised to wed Sir Francis Beaumont! It is done. Yes, yes, it is done. The living and the dead have combined to drive me to this pass. The thing is done. I have given more than life to redeem hers; I can no more. Rebecca, adieu.

LETITIA TRELAWNY.*

LETTER XXVI.

Mrs. Docton to her daughter Mary.

MY DEAR MARY, Trelawne, Thursday night.

I WRITE, as I promised you should hear from me, and as I cannot return home at present, for our friends in this quarter are in a very unhappy state, as I shall presently show you. Lady

* This letter contains a very painful picture of Letitia's feelings, and it is no less painful to recollect that in her day, in the affair of marriage, children were rarely or never consulted by guardians or parents. They were on this point held in the most slavish subjection, and sometimes committed to prison if refractory. Many instances of the latter act of tyranny are preserved in the biography of the times—a tyranny considered no disgrace to either parent or guardian.

Trelawny, though out of danger, is yet confined to her room, and very ill. Letitia is not much better either in health or spirits. Sir Francis Beaumont is absent for a few days, having quitted us on some business connected with his Chancery suit, that he is anxious to bring to a close. My lord bishop is very grave, and, I think, more arbitrary and austere than ever; for even Charlotte, I can see, is afraid of him, though she is his favourite child. Dr. Ruddell, though a good kind of a man, is by no means the best comforter; and, with all his well-meaning disposition, he knows so little of the world, and understands so ill what is going on around him, that he generally does and says something out of place.

I am sorry for poor Letitia; for indeed she has great trouble to struggle with; and, deep as her distress of mind is now, it will be deeper should she learn all that I know at this moment; for I have witnessed one of the most painful scenes it was ever my lot to behold.

Yesterday, my lord bishop begged to speak with me in the library. After telling me the consent his daughter had given to marry Sir Francis Beaumont, he said he now felt it to be his duty to have some conversation with Mr. Harry Trelawny; and that as I was a very old friend of the family (his wife being too ill to be present) he wished me to be in the room, that some female friend might satisfy Letitia that what was both said and done by him arose from motives of kindness and a sense of propriety to all parties concerned. My lord then begged me to sit down, as he every moment expected his nephew and the chaplain.

I took out my knotting, and seated myself at a little table near the window, as I did not wish to interfere in whatever might pass, nor to seem to be unnecessarily intruding, though I was not sorry my lord had asked me to stay; as, for the sake of Mistress Mary Mildred, I wanted to see how Harry would take the matter the bishop was about propounding to him. The parties arrived.

I stole a glance at them as they came in; it was evident that Mr. Harry expected a more than ordinary subject of discourse

with his uncle. He was flushed, and looked very anxious, and seemed restless and unsteady, neither knowing what to do or what to say before my lord. He put down his hat on coming in, and then took it up again, and twitched about his gloves, and shifted his position without seeming to know wherefore he could not be quiet. Dr. Ruddell looked very solemn; but he, too, seemed awkward and embarrassed, and as if he wanted some guidance to learn how to comport himself; and at length he took up a book that was on the table, and holding it in both hands looked, I thought, very much as he does when about to begin the funeral service.

My lord bowed to his nephew, and gave him a civil good morrow, with his usual courtesy; but there he stopped, and all the three appeared like men who were met to confer on a matter that each knows must have a painful issue, and which each, therefore, is reluctant to begin.

The bishop was the first to speak. "I hope," he said, "Harry, that my conduct to you since my return home has convinced you that I still regard you as my nephew. I hope you are assured of it."

My lord made a short pause, and Dr. Ruddell filled it up with saying—"Mr. Harry Trelawny, my lord, is fully sensible that your lordship is to him the same affectionate kinsman and kind patron that you have ever been. Mr. Harry takes it exceedingly kind that you have bestowed upon him a copy of that learned and reverend divine Master Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity: and I have recommended to him as a pleasant diversion of his mind at this time that he should go somewhat deeper than he has hitherto done into the study of divinity. Pity Mr. Harry was not brought up for the Church."

Not one word of this did Harry seem to hear; and my lord appeared only to avail himself of his chaplain's speech to collect his thoughts and his resolution to enter on the subject that was foremost in his mind. "Harry," he resumed, "your kind friend Dr. Ruddell has in part spoken to you my mind touching a subject I could have wished had never been entertained by you; and I now ask you, as a young man who has been trained up

from infancy in the way he should go, if you are prepared to act as duty, reason, and necessity require? Have you courage to do right for the sake of God and of your own conscience, when to do so is painful to your own feelings?"

Harry started, turned pale, and said in a vehement manner, "My lord, I understand you; you would have me renounce all hopes of my cousin."

"I would," said the bishop. "Are you prepared to give me your word that unsanctioned by me you will see her no more?"

"My lord, this is sudden—this is hard. You do not know what you require of me. Why, this is all—all to me, more than life. Oh, my lord! let me beseech you—yet a moment hear me. You are not aware, perhaps, it is not alone the sacrifice of my happiness that you require of me. Your daughter ——"

"My daughter will not oppose the will of her parents," said the bishop; "but I can have no reliance on her good resolutions so long as you may tempt her to break them. It is from you, therefore, that I require a promise of forbearing to do so; a promise to see her no more." The bishop showed some signs of impatience.

"My lord," exclaimed Mr. Harry, "you must hear me. This may be the last opportunity I may have to address myself to you. You cannot deny me this favour; nay, it is but justice. You will not so far harden your heart against your own brother's son as to condemn him unheard."

"God forbid," replied the bishop, "that I should harden my heart against any man. If I now denied to listen to you, it would be more for your sake than for my own. My heart feels for you, young man, for it can allow for youth and inexperience. It is not hardened."

"God hardens no man's heart, my dear Mr. Harry," said Dr. Ruddell. "To think that he does so is a Calvinistic doctrine, not sanctioned by the Church, as my lord will explain to you; and so would Bishop Kenn, or Bishop Pearson, for the passage concerning the hardening of the heart of Pharaoh is misunderstood by most laymen, and by not a few of the clergy; it needs commentary, for thus it stands in the Hebrew——"

"Not now, good doctor!" said the bishop, mildly interrupting his worthy chaplain. Harry spoke; the agitation of his feelings giving a most vehement expression to every word he uttered.

"My dear uncle," he said, "I was bred under your roof, more than under that of my own father, and like a father have you been to me. I was, in a great measure, brought up with Letitia; we were children together. We loved before we knew we loved. You, my lord, never forbade it, till—till it was too late. Is it then, I would ask, to be expected from me, from human nature, that we should at a word change the very character of our feelings—become cold and dead to all the past; and that, too, at the command of those who sanctioned, at least tacitly if not avowedly, our affection? My lord, this is cruel. Wherefore have you suffered me to be always in the sight of Letitia? wherefore tempt me, where I was sure to fall? The thing is not new; it is an old tale; and I am not the first man whose resolution was unequal to resist so strong a temptation to forget his duty."

"The thing is not new, indeed, my dear boy," said Dr. Ruddell; "for the first temptation commenced with Adam and Eve; and the first man fell by the wiles of the first woman."

The bishop assumed a sterner manner, as he now said to Mr. Harry. "Sir, you make the very circumstances which should have been my security for your honourable conduct an excuse for your own deviation from it. You say that you were brought up under my roof—that I treated you as a father would a son—that Letitia was always with you, and your affection for her was never reproved. Sir, it was never reproved because it was never suspected—never suspected of being capable to pass those bounds which reason, duty, consanguinity, and gratitude to your friends, placed between you and my daughter. Young gentleman, it is not well now to plead the generous conduct of another towards you to excuse your own wrong; it is ungrateful."

"My lord, I am not ungrateful; you cruelly mistake me," said Harry. "I never harboured a thought to do you wrong. Could the forfeiture of my life but lay bare my heart, you should know its sincerity."

The bishop seemed a little softened; he pressed his nephew's hand, and looked another way, as if reluctant to witness his distress.

"Oh, my lord!" continued Harry, "have pity on my feelings; think of the greatness of the temptation to which I have been exposed, as some mitigation of my offence. Who could see Letitia daily, hourly, and not love her? It is not now as an attachment in its birth; time has seen its progress—time has lent it strength, given it courage to oppose to obstacles resolution; and to support that resolution with patience, with an unshaken trust. And, whilst thus fully possessed with these feelings, is it that I am called upon to give her up—to lose her, and for ever? I can arm myself with constancy to meet all other evils—this alone unmans me."

Poor Harry! he burst into tears as he spoke. I could not help weeping to see his distress. There is something very terrible in the sight of a man's grief; it does not soften our feelings like that of a woman's—it harrows them. I am sure I felt this as Harry seemed to tremble with emotion, as he held the handkerchief to his face. The bishop looked grave, but did not immediately speak.

Dr. Ruddell was very much affected; tears stood in the good man's eyes; he approached Mr. Harry, and took his hand with great kindness. "My dear boy," he said, "cheer up; do not give way to this. We have all our trials; and, may be, a young man's about his sweetheart, which till this day I did not think much of, are very hard to be got over. But think, my dear Mr. Harry, think of Lady Trelawny, of my lord: would you have their child break their hearts with disobedience?"

"Lady Trelawny," said the bishop, "is very ill. She assures me that she did not suspect this attachment till you and Sir Francis quarrelled."

"Letitia feared, my lord, feared to——"

The bishop looked angry, and said hastily, "I am not accustomed, nephew, to sue to my children, or to my dependents; and in both these lights I may consider you. Yet, though I might reasonably expect to command your obedience in this matter, I

am more disposed to seek it as a free offering of your good feelings. I require from you, therefore, the promise I have already named, to see Letitia no more."

Mr. Harry walked up and down in great agitation. "My lord," he said, "this is sudden; I am wholly unprepared—I ——"

"No man is at any time unprepared to do a right action," replied the bishop, "if he entertains just principles; as, on all occasions, they will teach him the right way."

The bishop spoke this with great energy; Mr. Harry replied, "But would it be acting right to repair one wrong by doing another? My lord, I cannot forget that I have now an obligation not merely to you, but to your daughter. I have won her affections; we have exchanged a pledge of mutual faith. I could not now, as a man, as a gentleman, give her up without dishonour. I have not seen her on this subject; and I will not believe, after all that has passed, she could so easily resign an engagement which has been riveted by the affection of years. Suffer me to see her."

"I cannot," said the bishop, "it would be useless; and know, young man, at once to satisfy you on this point, she has consented to give up all thoughts of you."

On hearing this, the blood rushed up into the face of Mr. Harry; he started, turned suddenly round to his uncle, and exclaimed in a voice of suppressed emotion, "Is it really so?"

"On the honour of a gentleman," replied the bishop; "by that word of truth which becomes me as a minister of God's Church, I tell you this is so."

"She must have been deceived then," said Harry; "I will never think other."

"Not by me, sir," answered the bishop, haughtily. "After such language I condescend to give no further explanation."

Harry looked angry at this, and said impatiently, "My lord, I ask for no condescensions; I ask only for justice."

"Peace, my dear boy!" said Dr. Ruddell; "do not be warm; for, as Jeremy Taylor says, anger sets the house on fire; it is a *brief* madness, and a great let to all discourse and sober counsel. *Be patient!*"

"Be patient!" exclaimed Mr. Harry; "what, when all I hold dearest on earth is torn from me at a blow! How can I be patient?"

"Know, then," said the bishop, with unrelaxed severity, "that I from this hour solemnly forbid you all intercourse with my daughter. You must see her no more; she has consented to become the wife of Sir Francis Beaumont."

"The wife of Sir Francis Beaumont!" exclaimed Mr. Harry, turning white as death with passion; "the wife of Sir Francis Beaumont—it cannot be!"

"It is true; she weds that gentleman."

"By her own free will? her own consent freely given?" said Harry.

"Ay, by her own consent freely given," replied the bishop. "Ask Doctor Ruddell there, and Mrs. Docton; both were in the room; both heard her give it."

Harry looked wildly round, first at Dr. Ruddell, then at me—I said nothing; but Dr. Ruddell assured him that he heard Mistress Letitia Trelawny promise her mother to receive Sir Francis Beaumont for her future husband.

Harry struck his forehead with his hand; paced the room, stopped; attempted to speak, then paused; and at last said with effort, "My lord, I will be satisfied: this is well, very well. Good heavens! after all that has passed, that she could so lightly, so easily, forget me—that she should promise to wed another, and that other Sir Francis Beaumont! But I will not complain—no, I will not utter one word that should lead her to change her purpose. He will triumph, and I—what am I? deceived, betrayed! A fugitive, a wanderer shall I be; not caring for life, not fearing death. Oh, what a change has one moment brought about! Could she thus ruin me?"

"Be calm, young man," said the bishop, somewhat softened by the sight of the wild and distracted grief of his nephew; "be calm. It is in vain to resist events that have been brought about by a higher power than our own. My daughter, like a good child, seeing the danger of her mother, and weighing all

circumstances, with much duty and discretion consented to wed Sir Francis Beaumont."

"Then, my lord, you shall be, indeed, obeyed," said Mr. Harry. "Do not fear me—that word, that one word is enough. No, my lord, if I can be held so light in your daughter's affections, be so easily shaken off, she need not fear me. I will not interrupt her—no, my heart shall sooner break, ere I would utter one word that might change her purpose. Farewell."

So saying, he snatched up his hat, rushed from the room like a frantic man, and was down the stairs before Dr. Ruddell, who followed, calling after him, could overtake and calm him. The bishop forgot me, and, without even looking at me, immediately quitted the apartment, and went to his wife.

I knew you would be desirous to hear what had passed; and, though Mr. Harry Trelawny is now so much engrossed with the grief of this matter that he is half mad, time will cure him; because when Letitia is married there can be no hope for him; and I have always heard that love without hope cannot exist. Time will bring all round, I dare say; and I now begin to see that after all Mr. Harry may be the husband of Mary Mildred, who is so much in love with him, and, having so large a fortune, can afford to indulge her fancy. Adieu, my dear child, and believe me ever,

Your affectionate mother,
MARY DOCTON.

LETTER XXVII.

Harry Trelawny to Letitia Trelawny.

LETITIA, I am about to quit Trelawne. Do you know all that has happened? Have you been told the result of my interview with your father? I have said I would not see you; but I must not, cannot, keep my own resolution. I have had nor sleep, nor rest, nor repose in mind or body since my last, my

fatal interview with your father. In vain have I hitherto endeavoured to see you—could I but see you, all might yet be well. But if I ask your sister where you are? how you are? she gives me no answer, or evades my question; or else gently reminds me that her father expects me to quit Trelawne on the morrow. Your mother, I am told, is anxiously looking for my departure; she will not see me; and nothing, I verily believe, but common decency of conduct withholds my lord himself from thrusting me out of doors; whilst Dr. Ruddell, meaning kindly, but acting unwisely, follows me, like my shadow, and pours into my ears words to which I am almost insensible.

All this is torture. And I cannot gain access to you. Twenty times in the course of this morning have I sent John Jago to watch for your maid Nancy, in the hope to get speech with her; but she, too, is not to be found. What means all this? Am I to be to you as if I were already dead; as if I had never been? I am grown a very coward by this torturing state of anxiety. Like a woman I am all fears; I tremble at the least sound that comes near the door, lest you should pass it unknown to me. I fancy every trifle into an omen of evil. I see you not, I hear nothing from you. In mercy to my feelings, break this dreadful silence; break it, if it be only to repeat that which it is agony for me to hear.

Letitia, do you know what to-day is? It is that anniversary we once proposed to hold so dear. Two years have passed, yes, two brief years, since in the laurel-walk we first understood, first confessed to each other, our mutual feelings.

Oh, those were happy hours! come what may, I will endeavour to remember that I have been happy.

How have I passed the hours since I last saw you! I have wandered into every spot of the plantations rendered dear to me by some recollection connected with yourself. Yesterday I heard you were about to visit your old nurse, who is sick and like to die; I went towards the spot, but you came not. I wandered amongst the cottages near the park, in the faint hope that you would still come to visit the dying woman. I saw a

female figure approach; the figure was like your own; I rushed forward with a beating heart and a throbbing head, but as I drew near I recognised Mary Mildred! She slightly noticed me, and passed calmly on to the cottage of the nurse. I felt vexed and irritated with myself for having by this error occasioned my own disappointment. I was ill for the rest of the day—ill, sick at heart, and could nowhere find rest. When night came, I walked under your window, till after midnight; I watched that window till no light could be seen; you had then retired to rest, whilst I could find none.

I left the spot with feelings I dared not examine. For some moments they were bitter—bitter even to you, for I was in a mood bordering on despair; and despair is the very spirit of evil; it is hardened and wild, devoid of all good. Well may the great enemy of mankind whisper to the afflicted soul—despair! In the desire to indulge my own miserable feelings, I passed the greater part of the night in wandering in the park. My thoughts were restless, busy in self-torture; not a circumstance did they let pass that could inflict pain.

But, oh, Letitia! do not drive me to this state again—think, think is there nothing due to me? nothing to the hope you once encouraged, and permitted to twine around my heart? Is there a necessity, is there a reason, can there be a duty which demands my destruction? A thousand times I say to myself, that I ought not so easily to have resigned you; I call it weakness to have done so, and curse that weakness which, under an imaginary claim upon my honour, laid a chain on my free will, when my heart beat high to claim you for ever as my own.

I am interrupted: John Jago tells me that he has an opportunity of conveying my letter to you himself, and can bring me your answer. Letitia, see me once more! but once more, and all may yet be well. Oh, let not others separate us without a word—without a last adieu! One brief adieu—but one. In that we will forget the past; we will think only of the present. What are circumstances to us? Can we not find our own world within our own hearts? Are they not guiltless? Do not then fear to see me; I will not shake your resolution. My days will

henceforth pass as a blank, for they must bear no characters of hope!

Grudge me not then this last consolation. I have asked you for your picture; I should have valued it as the only object left to me in life; a shadow would have been mine, it could have done no harm. But you have denied it to me, and why should I ask it you again? Let me see you but once more, to look my last on that dear face—to hear the last accents of your voice, whose tones will dwell in my recollection even in the hour of death. Would that hour were come! See me, Letitia! I await your answer in awful suspense—hasten then to give it to the

Unfortunate, unfortunate,
HARRY TRELAWNY.

LETTER XXVIII.

Letitia's reply.

No, Harry, no, it must not be—I must not, dare not, see you. My mother has been worse again, much worse; I have this moment quitted her side. She parted from me in the full conviction that I would keep my promise. Her life may be saved by its fulfilment—lost if I fail. She shall not be deceived. To see you would be vain. Of what avail, then, the misery of our parting? Parting! yes, Harry, I have written it; I will not blot the word. Think me unkind; think me faithless, perjured—think of me what you will, I can bear all—all, so I am saved the guilt of being the destroyer of my poor mother. To argue with her is useless; and have I not given my word? Think you that I do not feel? Oh, Harry! could you but know my heart—pity, and not anger, would possess yours; for I am lost to hope, to happiness!

Farewell, my cousin, farewell—see me no more; seek to see me no more. Do not write to me: I must not read your letters—no, I must not. Henceforth to do so would be a crime. If I

can avoid it, I will never hear you named; yet I am not unkind. Now, on my bended knees, whilst I write these few lines, and can scarcely see to write them for my tears, I fervently implore an Almighty Providence to shower down blessings on your head. May you be happy!—I will not say forget me; but remember me, if it may be so, with gentler, more subdued feelings. Remember me as you would the dead; for dead I am to you, to myself, to every hope of life. Happen what may (and there is no sin in saying this) I will not forget you; I will think of the days of our childhood, of old and happy times.

Farewell, Harry, farewell dearest cousin; to pray God to bless you will be the constant, the last prayer of

LETITIA TRELAWNY.

LETTER XXIX.

From Harry Trelawny to Colonel Sydney Godolphin.

DEAR GODOLPHIN,

YOUR letter has arrived at a right moment. It is most welcome. Yes, Godolphin, I accept your offer. I will join you. My purposes, you say, have long been wavering in the balance; they no longer waver—no matter what has fixed them. Something has passed; something strange and like a dream; yet there was pain in it—too keen to be a fancy—but it is past: henceforth I am your own: do with me as you list. I know the risk; do not talk about it; all that part of your letter I scarcely read to an end. I know it all. I know henceforth what I am—what I may be. If we gain the day, England numbers me amongst her deliverers; honour will be mine. Why not an honourable death? There is a chance for it in the coming storm; and that is worth the trial. If we fail, why then the name, the fate, of a rebel will be mine: Tower Hill and the block, no matter what drove me to it.

Do not doubt me—I can be a man. Do not talk about my

feelings, I have no feelings—none now. My breast is hard, it scarcely needs steel; nevertheless you shall see it bear a corslet for Monmouth. I will be with you, and observe all secresy, at the place and time you have named. Till then farewell,

And believe me,

I rest your true friend,

HARRY TRELAWNY.

LETTER XXX.

From Harry Trelawny to Colonel Sydney Godolphin.

DEAR GODOLPHIN,

YOU will be surprised at receiving this, instead of seeing me at the appointed place; but three or four days must elapse before I can possibly join you, in consequence of some circumstances I am about to relate—scarcely need I add, in strict confidence. But, though I shall in this letter tell you much that will surprise you, yet you will not know all. If the affair were merely my own concern, this reserve would not exist towards you; but I cannot violate the confidence of another. All, however, I am at liberty to mention, you shall hear.

You may judge by my last (written in moments of such distraction that I fear it was scarcely intelligible) with what feelings I quitted Trelawne—quitted her whom I had once thought my own! Yet to go was best; as still to linger in the presence of her we love; to know that we are beloved; to feel it, and at the same time to feel that imperious duty forbids hope, is a state of such torture, that I can conceive none equal to it, save in minds which suffer the torments of an unavailing remorse. But this is weakness; to dwell on the subject is but to court pain. Letitia can never be mine; she will be the wife of another. What should she then be to me? Yet what feelings are mine when I but recall her image! When I recall but a single tone of her voice, how it thrills and unmans me! In Letitia I have lost the woman who would have understood and shared my feel-

ings, my pursuits; the charm of whose sweetness would have survived youth, and even in the decline of age would still have borne with it that mild lustre which would have shed over our evening hours a solemnity of happiness less passionate, but not less endearing, than that which we experienced in the first dawn of our affections.

I told you I did not linger at Trelawne; nor did I think it right to go to Butt's-head, lest my father should put questions to me which at this moment I could not answer with truth, without betraying that cause in which we have so lately become partisans. I had, nevertheless, some business to transact for him with Northmore, which it was absolutely necessary should be done before I quitted the West. Glad to have some employment not immediately connected with myself, I determined to enter upon it at once, and then join you. It was early day when I saw the last of Trelawne, and I rode through wind and storm to do what was required of me, eager to fly, were it possible, from my own thoughts, on bidding adieu to scenes once so happy, and now so full of bitterness to me.

It cleared up towards the afternoon; I went to Northmore, and executed my father's commission. On the next evening I rode to Looe, purposing to remain there for the night, and on the morrow to commence my journey towards you. Uneasy in mind, and finding myself incapable of turning my thoughts to any other than the one painful subject, I could not endure the quiet of my own solitary chamber at the inn. I snatched up my hat, and walked down to the cliffs between Looe and Talland. For some time I idled about among them, looking down on the beach and the sea, which from these heights affords an imposing spectacle, and gazing on the surge and foam breaking on the shore and whitening beneath. In this walk I found a relief to my agitated spirits that I had not known for some time past. I was once more calm, better able to collect my thoughts, and to muse on the probable course of events.

The chiming of the distant waves and of the surges, as they came rolling in among the rocks below, the view of the outstretched and interminable ocean, with all the beautiful varieties

of blues, and greens, and shadowy purples from the clouds, which passed above in rapid movement, combined to soothe and to tranquilise my restless mind; and in this scene of grandeur, precipice, and solitude, I became more the master of myself than I could have hoped to be after so severe a wound had been given to my peace, and whilst that wound was yet bleeding and fresh.

Full of reflections, and thankful that I could make them, I sat down on the ledge of a rock which projected immediately over the precipice beneath; and whilst I seemed to myself the sole occupant of the wide immensity of land and sea, and rock and cliff, by which I was surrounded (for not a living thing, save a sea-bird, which now and then made its flight above my head, was within sight), my thoughts became active, pensive, but less desponding; sensible of pain, yet not devoid of the energy to make me determine to meet disappointment with courage, and oppose resolution to whatever of suffering it might yet be my lot to endure.

Thoughts like these were favourable to me in my present state of feeling; they were no less favourable to the plans I had in agitation; and I determined that I would not lose the opportunity before me of serving a patriotic, a righteous cause, because of my own private sources of sorrow or regret. I felt that the mere wish to do right at such a crisis was not enough; that action was required of me; that a man of courage would never leave the station he is to occupy in the coming struggles of his country to be decided by the varying course of uncertain events; when, by a bold determination, he might at once occupy his place, and welcome the good or ill to which he is exposed by such a stand, with a firm and equal spirit. I walked leisurely back, for I could now think calmly; there was therefore no longer that desire for rapidity of movement which might quell thought in action: the active are often the unhappy.

I had scarcely returned to my inn when the boy who attends the house brought me a note. I asked whence it came; he said he did not know—it had been given to him by a man who looked like a countryman, who went away as soon as he had

delivered it, saying that he had taken a world of pains to find out where Mr. Harry Trelawny had put up, and at last only learnt it by accident. I dismissed the boy before I broke the seal: for since these unhappy events have occurred at Trelawne I am grown a very coward about letters, fearing to open any in the presence of another, lest I should betray more agitation than I would wish to be observed by an indifferent person.

Judge, Godolphin, of my astonishment when I found it was a hasty letter from that remarkable man, Daniel Gumb, written in the most energetic language, and solemnly conjuring me as I valued my dearest hopes on earth, or as I would hereafter answer it to heaven, not to neglect his request to come to him with all speed at his solitary habitation near the Cheese-wring. There were causes, he said, which rendered his seeking me, at this moment, impossible; and, did he do so, it would defeat the very purpose for which he so earnestly desired to see me. He added, that to the last hour of my life I should rue it did I fail him at this crisis, and concluded with a dark hint that roused all the feelings of my inmost soul, and was of itself sufficient to make me, at all hazards, resolve to obey him, for he hinted that he had a communication to make to me about Sir Francis Beaumont. Lastly, for fear of accident, he advised me to destroy his letter as soon as I had read it.

Twice or thrice I read it with the utmost attention, and then committed it to the flames. In a few minutes I was on horseback; my horse being quite fresh, I spared neither spur nor speed till I drew near the appointed spot. I saw Daniel Gumb; I listened to all he had to tell me with emotions it would be vain in me to attempt to describe. I acceded to all he required, even in its most fearful particulars, for I felt the truth of all he said—the necessity for doing so. I am about executing a charge he laid upon me, with much energy and feeling; I trust I shall succeed in it, but the affair will occupy some days, hence arises my delay to join you. More I must not say, for to say more would be to betray the confidence reposed in me. Rest satisfied, Godolphin, that what I do is on sure grounds. But the feelings that have been called up by this interview with

the enthusiast are of a nature I must not, dare not, dwell upon, even to you.

However, I am resolute; nothing can change my purpose. Adieu, till we meet; if I live, I will not fail you.

Dear Godolphin,

Ever your faithful friend,

HARRY TRELAWNY.

Extracts from the Journal of Harry Trelawny, which appear to throw some light on the events so imperfectly explained in the preceding Letter.

I SHALL never forget that eventful evening, nor my interview with the extraordinary man whose energy of character I had before witnessed when drawn forth under no common circumstances. It was evening, for the day was fast closing in, ere I reached the appointed spot. The sun was nearly set, as I entered on that wild and desolate space, where, on its heights, alone and estranged, as it seemed, from the ordinary intercourse of his fellow-men, dwelt this enthusiast of the wilderness. Heavy clouds were in the sky; their extremities fringed with the hue of sulphurous red, reflected from the declining sun, that threw a rich tinge upon that noble vestige of British idolatry—the Cheese-wring of Cornwall. The whole of the surrounding moor was of a dark and uniform brown, or purple; and the wind, which had risen as the sun declined, moaned amongst the old rocks and stones like a lament for the dying day.

As I drew nearer, I perceived standing beneath the Druid altar, and overshadowed by its pendent rocks, that man of mystery and power (for there is power in him, however poor his condition—the power of a master mind) who had so struck me with a feeling of awe blended with wonder when I had first seen him a wanderer and a stranger at the house of Hawkins at Polperro. Nor had I been less struck when I had subsequently beheld him, as a prisoner, confronted before his judge, Sir Francis Beaumont, who seemed to quail before the glance of his eye, and to fear the man he held in the bonds of the law. I re-

collected all the particulars of that strange scene in the hall at Trelawne; and that some most inexplicable connection appeared to exist between the magistrate and the prisoner, each swayed by the most bitter feelings towards the other, and yet desirous to avoid any extremities in their opposition. They then appeared to me like hostile powers, who join but never unite; stand side by side to repel a common danger, apprehended by each, yet obvious to no other party, and are ready to fall upon each other in deadly conflict so soon as that danger should be removed.

As I approached, the enthusiast recognised me. "You are come then," he said; "I doubted not you would come; welcome to these barren rocks, for they are all that I can call my home. I have watched for you more than an hour—follow me; we must not confer here. Fear not; we shall be safe where I am about to take you."

I dismounted, spoke a few words, and, leading my horse by the bridle, followed him. He made me tie up the animal under a wretched shed that stood, half decayed with damp and neglect, behind one of the piles of granite. He now conducted me to his singular dwelling, which he had partly excavated from the earth and rocks, and partly built amongst the latter with rough unhewn blocks of stone. He raised the latch of the little door, and we soon stood within his apartment. It was composed of rough stonework and planks. All spoke the poverty of the indweller. Nothing but a few things, absolutely necessary for the common comforts of existence, were to be seen, except some books ranged carefully on a wooden shelf; and I saw a globe, with a few astronomical and mathematical instruments. He trimmed his lamp, that was already lighted, as it stood on the table.

He commenced his discourse in an earnest manner, and told me that his children were in another portion of his small dwelling: they were gone to rest.

"I have heard that you have children," I said; "it was mentioned to me by a lady who once saw them. They must be doubly dear to you in such a solitude as this is."

"They are dear to me, dear as my life's blood," he replied; "yet is there one thing dearer. Who was the lady that told you of my children?"

"I heard them spoken of by a daughter of Bishop Trelawny."

"Ay," he replied; "I remember it well. She came hither once with a lad in her company—the poor boy who was so lately in peril. It is of him that I would this night speak."

"Of Samuel Elliot," I said. "I hope no new peril threatens him; for I cannot but remember that you possessed some means of learning his former danger, since you warned him of it."

"I did," replied the recluse.

"Yet that warning, Mr. Gumb—I shall speak to you frankly—that warning seemed to me of a very doubtful character, for it hinted at unexplained danger, without any effort being made on your part to avert it. Now knowing, as you evidently did——"

The recluse interrupted me. "You would say that knowing, as I did, an attempt would be made to seize the boy, I ought to have interposed by calling in the proper authorities to protect him."

"Such would have been the obvious and sure course to preserve him."

"And by so doing to ruin myself," he replied. "A small matter, may be, in your eyes; but know, that with my ruin consequences would have followed, discoveries would have been made, the extent and evil of which you have yet to learn. You say I possess strange means of intelligence: you will think them more so when I tell you that I know your purpose at this hour. You have consented to join those gentlemen, heart and hand, who are now on the stir to save this country. You are become a partisan in the gallant Monmouth's meditated design to land on these shores, and claim the crown of England."

I started on hearing this, and said, "Surely I thought my purpose was known only to one friend, for only to one have I communicated it."

"To Colonel Sydney Godolphin, you would say," he added. "It is not from him, however, that I know it. But in an enterprise like Monmouth's there are many honourable men confede-

rated. Your name was deemed of too much importance not to be speedily communicated by Colonel Godolphin to such as are leaders of this enterprise in the West. No man joins us but his name is known to me. I have gained my post of confidence by long and hard service for the Protestant duke. He who, under God, we trust will be to us, as Joshua was of old, the leader who shall go forth with a host to do battle in a most righteous quarrel. Aged though I am, yet to the last will I raise this arm in the cause of liberty. If it fails, I can but die, for tyranny shall never bind on it a chain."

"Knowing then," I replied, "as I now do, your purposes, and you mine, you need not fear to communicate to me whatever you may be in possession of respecting the safety of this poor boy, for whose preservation I feel the deepest interest. But I would entreat you to be explicit: do not give me dark hints and imperfect information."

"I will do all you require," he replied; "I will speak plain truths—terrible truths. But first I must demand of you one thing. You have the look of honesty. There is in you the open brow, the eye that never turns aside from scrutiny, the unstudied speech, the frank avowal. Yet in you there is also the warmth, the eagerness, the high stomach of the passions—those passions which, like a hot-reined horse, will too often carry away him who essays to master them. These are what I fear in you; and, therefore, before a word passes my lips—of a matter that you will find to be as secret as it is dangerous—I require of you an oath—ay, a solemn oath—that not one word of what I shall this night reveal shall ever pass your lips, save by my permission."

"How then, so bound," I said, "how can I step forward to serve this boy—if to serve him be the aim and the end of your purposed communication?"

"You may do all that is needful," he replied; "yet in one dangerous thing that I must make known to you you must hold your peace, and to do this you must be sworn."

"I will not blindly take any oath," I said. "For aught I know you may reveal to me things that it may be contrary to the laws both of God and man I should keep secret. You may

make me by my silence a party to the foulest guilt. I will not be so sworn. Take my word as a gentleman for the assurance of my prudence. I can safely promise that I will be regulated by honour and caution, that I will reveal nothing unless the laws of God and my own conscience compel me to speak out. Trust me then frankly."

"I will not trust you," he replied, sternly, "without the oath required. For know, young man, what I have to reveal will make you the master of such facts as, did you betray them, would enable you to drive hence with obloquy that hated wretch who is about to wed the very woman to whom you have devoted your affections."

"Great God!" I exclaimed, "is such knowledge—are such facts—in your keeping? and you know, too, that I love my cousin?—that——"

"I know all," he said, "all. I know this also, that Sir Francis Beaumont is a villain—a villain trebly dyed in iniquity, unfit to breathe the very air where honest men walk abroad, lest he contaminate it. No crime is beyond his compass if it suits his interest to commit it. I know, likewise, what must be the misery of the unhappy woman who is sacrificed to him."

"And knowing this," I cried, "you will bind me to secresy by an oath. This is requiring of me more than human nature could have patience to endure. Give me the means to save her, and trust to my prudence in their use."

"I will not trust to your discretion under any such temptation," he replied; "I will not reveal this thing unless the bond of a high and holy oath warrants me for the safety of that which I must trust to your keeping."

"Do not fear me," I reiterated; "I am so unhappy in those circumstances under which I now labour, in the ruin of my dearest hopes, that I am careless, almost desperate of consequences, as far as they affect myself. But, where another is concerned, I have still the honour, the feelings, of a man left, to make me careful of such consequences. Can you then think that I should be indifferent to your safety?"

He smiled as he said in reply to this, "What would my safety

be in your eyes when compared to the preservation of your hopes for the mistress of your affections? Would you, possessing the knowledge of such facts as I can give you, stand by and see her wedded and yet hold your peace? No; well do I believe passion in the whirlwind of its course is of more than human force; and love, imperious love, bows down the head of reason, makes judgment a very slave, and suffers no let in its attempt to win the prize. Either give me the solemn assurance I require or go hence as you came, and live to know that heart-gnawing feeling —a late and lasting repentance—that you might have saved the life of an innocent fellow-creature, and you would not."

"The life of an innocent fellow-creature!" I repeated, with surprise: "is this boy's life then threatened with danger?"

"It is, I fear it is—believe me there is cause to think it." He spoke with eagerness. "The boy's life will be in danger, and that by the most subtle arts. He may fall and no man suspect the means that cuts him off. And then," continued he, in that strong figurative phrase which usually distinguishes the energetic language of this enthusiast, "many a fair branch is withered by the blight in darkness and in night; morning sees the dead blossoms and the fallen bough, but who has seen the hand that smote it! Believe me there are those who have power to do evil stealthily in these times, who may strike, yet are hidden, against whose sword innocence hath no defence; for, though it be strong in itself, and encompassed round about as with a wall of brass, yet treachery may deal a fatal blow. The boy is lost if you refuse your assistance to him, and then Sir Francis Beaumont escapes in safety."

"After all you have this night spoken concerning Sir Francis Beaumont," I replied, "that man must be well known to you. You have, or I am much mistaken, some strange connection with him; yet I cannot but believe you abhor both himself and his villany; wherefore then should you spare him?"

"I dare not give him up to justice," replied Daniel Gumb, "for, if I did, such is the baseness of his spirit, that, in order to save himself from the consequences of his private crimes, he *would* betray Monmouth, make his bargain of immunity with the

King, and ruin our cause. For the sake of that cause alone do I now spare him."

"I did not even suspect that he was embarked in it," I answered. "Had I known this I should have hesitated, for surely such a man, for some purpose of his own, may betray us all to death and ruin. Why was such a character as Sir Francis Beaumont permitted to become a partisan in so honourable an enterprise?"

"Oh, sir," replied Daniel Gumb, "you are, I see, yet young in plots—in the necessities of enterprise. Think you when an army goes forth to do battle in a good cause that the leader stands to pick his men by their morals and their virtues? No, he welcomes all hands—all hands that can wield a sword; and such he uses, and so, by divine power, the evil are made to become the instruments of good. Even such an instrument is this Sir Francis Beaumont, worthless in himself, yet having power, fortune, counsel, daring, that makes him capable of doing great service—he is devoted to Monmouth."

"Are you assured of it?"

"Certain," said Daniel Gumb; "yet I abhor the man. But he and his means will be as a mighty plague to our enemies, even as the storm and the hail and the murrain were to the Egyptians. Evil things were they in themselves, but foul reptiles, and locusts, and death itself, were welcomed by the Israelites of old when they came to humble the pride of Pharaoh and all his host. Even so do I welcome this man for Monmouth."

"Yet you should remember," said I, "that no public necessity can sanction a connivance with private guilt if Sir Francis Beaumont is guilty of such crimes as you say you can convict him of. Whatever might be the consequences, you ought to give him up to public justice."

"It cannot be," he replied; "these are times when justice must cast down her balance. No; rather than give him the opportunity to save himself by betraying us, I would give up not this boy only, but my own children, to the malice of his heart. Yet thus much I will say, that the time may come when

I may give you the liberty to make known to all the world what I shall now reveal to you alone."

"Is there a possibility that you may do this?" I exclaimed. "May such a time come ere it is too late? Do not trifle with me; do not tempt me with false hopes; I would freely serve the boy—serve him at any personal risk; yet such an oath as you require ——"

"Will be no crime in you," said Daniel Gumb. "Hear me calmly. Our plans once matured, Monmouth landed and master of a fair field, not an hour will I delay to give you the permission you desire to reveal all. You will then have it in your power to save the woman you love from the rival arms of a villain. For I have done such service to Monmouth that he cannot but listen to such a charge as I shall prefer against this man, nor can he refuse to do the justice that I shall require on the head of Sir Francis Beaumont, who will then be in his power. Do you still hesitate? There is no other course—it is but a choice of evils."

"Your promises are large," I said; "but what assurance can you give me that I may trust to you for their full performance?"

"I can give you assurance such as you cannot doubt. Did you never hear your father say that, when he was taken prisoner after Worcester fight, a republican, who had influence with his party, recognised Colonel Trelawny as a Cornish gentleman of courage and worth, and saved him from that death he was about to receive from one of Cromwell's officers, to whom he had given offence?"

"I have often heard my father speak of that generous republican who saved his life. I have heard him also regret that he never learnt the name of his deliverer."

"Well," said Daniel Gumb, "I was that man. I knew your father for a Trelawny, though he knew not me; and in doing him a service like to that which David did to Saul after the battle I was careful to conceal as much as possible the act, lest, had it been noised abroad, I might have been visited with some heavy penalty for having procured the escape of an enemy. He was a brave man; none fought better for Charles Stuart in

Worcester field than he did. Now, will you trust to my assurances of honourable dealing with you ?"

"I dare hesitate no longer," I said. "Repugnant as I feel to do this thing, yet I will take the oath you require of me."

"I will keep faith with you, do not fear," said Daniel Gumb. "You shall be fully satisfied ; and I doubt not that God, whose justice, though delayed, never fails in the issue, will prosper our efforts in this and in every honest cause."

The enthusiast now drew forth his pocket Bible ; for, like most of the old republicans, he carries one always about him. He presented it to me with an air of authority, and I made the solemn appeal to the God of heaven and of earth, in confirmation of my promise.

He was satisfied ; and then with a manner in which there was much of deep feeling, called forth by the recollection of the circumstances he had to relate, he told me (with the accents, the language, the connected clearness, and the energy that denotes truth in every word) certain facts respecting Sir Francis Beaumont and the boy, that roused every sympathy of my soul, and made my breast glow with indignation—made me impatient to expose to all the world, to give up to public justice, a villain, who, hitherto protected by circumstances, has thus long dared to walk abroad in the face of men and angels, and assume the mask of honesty, the character of a gentleman, whilst his heart is despicable—so despicable in crime that not the lowest slave who toils at the galley's oar but would scorn him had he but one touch of common humanity left within his bosom. The proofs adduced by Mr. Gumb, in support of the dreadful facts he revealed to me, are conclusive. They would overwhelm this wretch, could they but be made known with safety.

But oh! what is now my situation ? I am possessed of the knowledge of certain dreadful facts that admit of no doubt. I am assured by Mr. Gumb that I am the only person living to whom he has yet fully revealed them. Grant, oh Heaven ! that the hour may come when I may be honourably released from it. In the interval—what an interval !—I must be mute—silent as

the grave that keeps fast locked within its confines the unknown sins of many a wretch, till the books shall be opened at the dreadful day of doom.

And I am sworn to keep these great crimes so concealed, when, perhaps, Letitia may be sacrificed, and to him! A word, but one word, spoken by these lips, and I might snatch the woman I love from the wretch who dares think to unite his infamy with her innocence! I might snatch her from him, even did she stand at the altar's foot! and yet I may not, dare not, speak that word, because of my oath!

Let me be calm—let me pause and recollect myself, for I have much to do that must be done. I must act, not think—thinking distracts me—shakes all that is firm, all that is manly, within me. I have undertaken an enterprise, the object of which is to save the boy. Mr. Gumb does not conceal from me that such an enterprise may be dangerous; yet he insists on my attempting it alone. If I fail, my motives in undertaking it may be liable to misrepresentation hereafter. I will, therefore, here set down every particular which I am at liberty to record. I will seal up the journal in which I now write these things, and send it to Godolphin, with a solemn charge not to break the seal unless anything should happen to me at this crisis; and even then not to do so until Monmouth's cause is crowned with success or totally abandoned by its failure. Then, if I am dead, he will be at liberty to read what I have written, and to avail himself of my papers, in any way he and Mr. Gumb may think best, should it be found necessary to vindicate my conduct and motives in this most disastrous transaction.

Daniel Gumb has informed me, that, in consequence of the enterprises in which he was embarked, he was obliged to find certain persons who had a vessel that would convey secret despatches to Monmouth over seas. Hawkins, an old spy, and some of his people, were, by large promises of future reward, employed and trusted in this dangerous office. Hawkins and such of his men as were in the secret (for not all were trusted) have been faithful, though most of them are of desperate character, connected with the smugglers and deer-stalkers in this part

of Cornwall; and Captain Hind is considered to have driven a worse trade—one that has placed his neck in danger of the gallows.

Hawkins had been imprudent enough to trust his wife, who in her younger days was a woman of bad repute, with a knowledge of his secrets. Notwithstanding her day of youth is past, she is still considered to be a woman of improper conduct. Daniel Gumb suspects that, in the absence of her husband, she has formed acquaintances with more than one person of bad character.

A wild young man, to whom, it is believed, she has been liberal in supplies of money, obtained, it seems, from Mrs. Hawkins, in the course of their acquaintance, a knowledge of some of her dangerous secrets. Daniel Gumb suspected the fact. Fearing the fellow would turn informer, and injure Monmouth's friends, he deemed it necessary to make it worth his while to join Hawkins's people heart and soul in their adventures; and at last he became one of the men employed in taking the packets and letters over the water for Monmouth. This plan succeeded; and the rogue has been so well paid to secure his silence that Daniel Gumb now uses him as a spy on Mrs. Hawkins, whose dangerous tongue he dreads more than those of all the men who, from force of circumstances, have been employed by him in all his movements.

This man's name is Archur; from him Daniel Gumb learnt that Sir Francis Beaumont had given a commission to some of Hawkins's men, with large promises of reward, to seize the poor boy, and ship him beyond seas. Hence followed the warning given to the youth (for the enthusiast dared not act openly), and all that train of events which ended with the lad's deliverance by my means. But the affair is not like to end here. Daniel Gumb has since learnt from his spy, Archur, that, Sir Francis Beaumont having been disappointed in sending down a certain press-gang to Looe, by whose means he intended getting rid of the boy, has again commissioned Hawkins and Hind to make another and more sure attempt to be rid of him; and a plan was arranged that could not fail in its effects.

As soon as Daniel Gumb learnt these particulars, he sent for me, and laid before me all the information his spy had been able to procure concerning this meditated piece of iniquity. If all other means fail, he says, Sir Francis may be tempted to take the boy's life, rather than let him slip from his hands. I am instructed in all I am to do in the attempt to save Samuel Elliot. If I succeed, as it is probable I may—for surely Heaven will never let this wickedness prosper—I am to take charge of the lad myself, and so speed on with him to join Godolphin; and with us he must remain, go where we may, till such time as Mr. Gumb may think it safe he should be otherwise disposed of.

To-morrow I set out in fulfilment of my purpose: may Heaven grant it proves successful! for it seems that, even now, the poor lad is in the hands of his enemies, for they have succeeded in the detention of his person, though he is not yet shipped off. He is destined for Turkish slavery. Should their plan miscarry, Mr. Gumb thinks he may be worse dealt with—even murdered!

To-morrow, then, at dawn of day, I commence my anxious task. I trust Daniel Gumb is not mistaken in the hope he entertains for my success. May Heaven bless the endeavour, and save this most unfortunate and misused child!

LETTER XXXI.

*From Doctor Ruddell to his beloved Son, the Rev. Jonathan Ruddell, M.A., &c.**

My dear Son Jonathan,

The very remarkable passages of my life which I have now to recount are of so rare a nature that I can very well believe

* The above letter, it should seem, was not written till some time after the events it describes occurred. It appears to have been the original design of the worthy doctor to furnish his son with such notes of his own life and times as might enable him, in the event of his decease, to append some account of the author to a collected edition of his discourses from the pulpit.

it is not from all persons I should gain credit for my veracity in their recital; yet, since the opinions of the common sort of men, affecting the truth and the honesty of others, very much depend on their own dispositions, I will not heed what may be said; the assurance of my own conscience that I speak only the truth shall be sufficient for me, and teach me not to respect the countenance of any man when he sets his face against me in judgment: and I may here very well apply to myself what that most sweet and learned divine, Bishop Hall, says by way of illustration: "*Eadem facies judicis, absque ullâ sui mutatione, à reis non sine terrore quodam, non sine gaudio fiduciâque ab insontibus oppressis, conspicitur.*"

As I have already told you many things concerning the matter in hand in a former epistle, I shall here only slightly touch upon them again, for the sake of connection (a practice that hath its warrant in certain great authors of antiquity, to wit, Plutarch), and speedily come to the first head or division of this my present epistle or discourse, being desirous to put you, my dear son Jonathan (as I named you after my worthy and right reverend ordinary and patron, Sir Jonathan Trelawny, bishop), in the full possession of the truth of certain most extraordinary facts that have been diversely told and grievously misrepresented by the common voice of fame in many of their items. And I am the more induced to do this in my lifetime, because, should I leave my good report to be handled by uncivil tongues when I shall be but dust and ashes, as far as affects my earthly part, it would be showing but a slovenly care of my good name; for doth not the poet sing, it is in religion even as in fame—

Cineri gloria sera venit.

I told you then, if I remember right, my dear son, that the unquiet spirit which delights to hinder men being of one mind in a house caused divers and great diversities of vexations at Trelawne, making my lady to think it a great sin for first cousins to become man and wife; the same opinion being grafted, grounded, and supported on certain old stories, tales, and adages, very well accredited in the ancient family of Trelawny. And my lord, nothing

approving a match between his nephew and his daughter, recommended to Mrs. Letitia a tall and fine gentleman of great name and estate, to wit, Sir Francis Beaumont. And Mrs. Letty, though she gave her consent to marry him, yet did not so immediately bend her mind to keep shape with her purpose as a young lady —and she, too, a young lady so well grounded in the classics and having a very pretty knowledge also of theology—ought to have done. And this I told her; for she seemed not to fix her heart so much as became her in this trial of obedience, within the sanctuary of the Church, so as to have her mind at ease, though her fortunes could not be kept free from outward storms,

Vacare culpa in calamitatibus maximum solatium.

And Mr. Harry Trelawny did comport himself very much like a person whose head is none of the soundest, and as if some real and heavy affliction had befallen him, instead of the smaller matter, if he would but think it such, of being denied to marry one young gentlewoman, and she, too, his cousin, when in this county there are so many respectable spinsters who would not have denied him, and who, doubtless, would make very excellent wives and thrifty housekeepers. Very well, my dear son Jonathan, but rather very ill, I ought to say (but very well is a phrase of common parlance, often misapplied, both in writing and conversation), things were in this uneasy posture—Mr. Harry having left the house more like a demented than a rational person, and Mrs. Letty, with red eyes and pale cheeks, replying but unsatisfactorily to me on some explanations I was affording her on the holy institution of marriage as it affected marriages between Christians and Pagans in the early times of the Church—in comes a servant, all a-gape with the news, to say that the dear boy, Samuel Elliot, was missing, and nowhere to be found.

Jonathan, I dwell not on the grief and consternation this sad wanting of the boy spread among us all; for we all with one accord arose and declared that we had no doubt those wicked kidnappers, or otherwise ill-disposed persons, had of a surety a second time laid hands on him. Furthermore, we had not a doubt but that some of those evil people, grievously suspected of

smuggling and deer-stalking, though hitherto having escaped conviction (to wit, from want of proof), had him now in durance. And greatly was this suspicion borne out when it was found, on instant inquiry, that neither old Hawkins, nor young Hawkins, nor any of their men, were now at Polperro; the wife of the said Hawkins affirming they were out at sea with their fishing-vessel, and a farmer's lad, of honest report, contrarywise affirming that he had seen the elder Hawkins and his men ride away towards Looe that self-same morning.

It was presently agreed, after long debate, that some one of us, having good discretion and no fear, should instantly go forth to the nearest justice of the peace, set forth all particulars, and request a warrant for Hawkins, as being under suspicion of the fact, and also for one Captain George Hind, a man who has of late much consorted with Hawkins, and bears a very ill name the country round. The bishop straightway called me aside, and his lordship was pleased to say that, considering none about him could act with so much discretion as myself (Sir Francis Beaumont not being yet arrived from a short absence from Trelawne, though speedily expected back), he would wish me to undertake the matter of going forth to the justice, if I felt no fears so to do.

"My lord," said I, "I put my trust in God, who hath said we shall not fear what man can do unto us. And this I take to be true Christian courage in a good cause, where there may be some worldly danger, and is very far removed from that foolhardiness which puts men on mad adventures when no necessity exists for undertaking them. I love the lad Samuel Elliot. He first became known to me under very sad particulars, the which I have cautioned him never to name to man, woman, or child. And I have communicated those strange matters concerning the spectre of Dorothea Dingle, seen first by the boy, afterwards by his adopted parents, together with myself, in the Higher Broom Field, to no living soul save to your lordship."

"You did well, good doctor," said my lord.

"I am glad that my prudence meets your lordship's commendation," I replied; "and having, from the first, taken so

great a part in the fortunes of this dear child, and sure they are no common ones, I would fain now again step forward, in the hope to do him service."

"Do so, good doctor," again said my lord; "and may the blessing of God prosper your undertaking."

"His blessing has ever been with those that are honest in their calling or their duty, even from the first," I said; "from the time that Jacob passed over the land with only his staff in hand, down to the days of the venerable Fathers of the Church, when, as St. Cyprian relates, he so marvellously upheld those who set off to preach the Word, through strange paths, in strange countries, having to encounter both toil and danger. Will your lordship please to lend me your own mare—the mare I rode to Mr. Bligh's cottage when I first went thither on that memorable morning? The hackney is quiet, and knows me and my ways, and carries my little portmantle on the crupper. Some necessaries I will take with me, lest I should be detained by any unexpected chances, for I have to ride nigh to Liskeard."

"Take the mare," said his lordship, "and welcome. Take also a charge of money, for you will want a fee to Mr. Justice's clerk in the matter of the warrant; and possibly money may be useful in this strait, and I will not have you spare it to further the lad's good."

"There is, my lord," I said, "a divine alchemy in things, which makes good spring out of evil; even so does money, the very root of all evil, often bring about good, even a matter of justice, that ought to be done for the love of truth alone."

"It is too true, doctor," said my lord, "and you shall not, therefore, go unfurnished."

It was, my dear Jonathan, about eleven of the clock when thus prepared (having in my portmantle the bishop's charge of gold, my nightcap, a change of shirt and hose, with my best black suit, for I rode in my old things, under my spatterdashes and ordinary cassock), and, mounted on my lord's mare, I set out from Trelawne for the house of Mr. Justice Nichol, situate not far from Liskeard. The air was cool; the birds were singing on the boughs, and there was a fresh breeze stirring that

made riding healthful; though now and then it came in such strong gusts that I tied my handkerchief over my hat and under my chin, lest a too sudden puff should blow off my hat and wig, a thing that has happened to me more than once on these high lands, where, on one occasion in particular, certain little boys took on them to laugh, not considering that in doing so, by making my person a matter of ridicule and scorn, they did scandal to the Church, of which I am a humble, but, I trust, an honest, minister.

I rode on very cheerily, for my mind was free, and set on the charitable work of doing all man could do to forward the lad's deliverance. Yet, though my trust for the poor boy was strong in Him who hath said, He will be the father of the fatherless; yet, I say, I could not help now and then feeling some touches of anxiety about him. Such is human infirmity; our trust is not so strong as it ought to be, else should we never know fear, mistrust, nor doubt, in even our largest necessities.

I say, whilst I was pondering on these things, and riding up a long, close, and narrow lane, much shaded by the trees, I slackened my pace, because I would not blow the mare in going uphill. This I did not merely because the beast was my lord's own hackney, and therefore to be more warily cared for than had she been mine own, but out of care of the creature itself, it being a very gentle beast and useful; and, moreover, I have ever held that there is gratitude due from us to our horses, seeing that neither the business nor the social intercourse of civilised life could go on without the facilities afforded by their strength and means; and this hinders not our higher gratitude to Him who has made man the lord over every living thing created for his needs. I was then slowly pacing the mare up hill, when suddenly a stranger, well mounted, rode along side of me, and very civilly saluted me with, "A good-morrow, doctor."

"The same, sir, to you," I replied, "though I do not know you, as you seem to do me."

"That may very well be," he said, "for parsons and justices are public men, and are seen in the pulpit and on the bench,

when they cannot observe all those who may be looking on them in church or in hall."

"Most true, sir," said I; "and I presume, from what you say, that you have seen me at Polperro, or at Pelynt church rather, when I have occasionally preached there to assist the worthy rector."

"I have, sir," he answered: "and I have also seen you in the grounds at Trelawne. Perhaps you rode thence this fine morning?"

"I did so, sir," said I; and, as I said this, I turned to look more curiously at the stranger. He was a middle-sized and middle-aged man; his face was a very odd one, not pleasant, though merry; and he had queer eyes, though light in colour. He had a bold careless air, that I have often seen in men who ride in a troop. He wore the dress of a common country gentleman, who is not very orderly in his attire.

"Fine weather, doctor," he said, "for the harvest; the late rains have done no harm to the corn, and there is like to be a plentiful market; prices will come down, so that a scarcity is not like this year to set the poor complaining. The English will now have nothing to do but to grumble on, as usual, at corporations, their men, and packed parliaments; and the pope and the devil, that they are threatened with by the king."

"Alas, sir!" said I, "that is a grievous symptom in a country when the commonalty begin to scan too curiously, and to comment too impertinently, on the conduct of their rulers; when wiser heads than their own respect old institutions and the king's majesty, for the wisdom which has founded the one and the sacredness which should ever accompany the other. I am no friend to the pope, sir, holding him to be pointed at in the book of Revelation; and, though I doubt not that the devil would be glad to see popery once more thrive in England, yet I think it not well to couple with either, in so free a manner, the name of his most sacred majesty King James."

"You are a Tory, sir, I perceive," said the stranger, "and can be no friend, of course, to the Whigs, who voted for the Bill of Exclusion on account of the king's being a papist when he was

Duke of York. Yet the Whigs think the admission of papists to hold army commissions, and commissions of the peace, contrary to law, as it now stands, a sign that the next step will be a blow at the Church; and the king seems to incline to help it."

"I am sorry his Majesty does so," I replied; "but I do not like to see the hatred that is raised up against the King's person, on account of the King's opinions; and I like not to see the cry of liberty used as a watch-word to stir on licence and misrule."

"And yet," said the horseman, "the way in which the judges and the packed juries go on makes law itself lawless. Jefferies is a bloodhound, and he and all his fellows keep tune with the court, whilst innocent men suffer, and knaves of all sorts go scot-free; and kidnappers and highwaymen are so plenty that I would not myself venture to ride from Looe to Liskeard without arms, or an escort for my safety, on any consideration, in such evil times as these."

"In good sooth," said I, "there is no denying truth, though it be spoken in somewhat harsh terms. Truly that kidnapping you mention is a most glaring evil; it has become so common in these realms that no man may think himself safe if his enemy be secret, and hath wit and means sufficient to devise his forcible abduction. The laws against such practices are still in existence, and ought to be most rigidly enforced by every gentleman of the commission."

"And every gentleman ought to do his utmost to lend a hand to do so good a work," replied the horseman with great warmth; "I declare, for my own part, that such is my abhorrence of the practice that, though I were a perfect stranger to any one labouring under such an atrocious detention of his person, I would, for the sake of common humanity, ride for him to the farthest part of England, to give him all the aid in my power to save him."

"Would you do so?" I exclaimed, delighted that I had chanced to meet with a man of so much zeal and mettle. "Sir, then you may thank fortune for meeting this day with me; for

so the ancients called that happy train of events which Christians know how to refer to a higher power. Yet the very temples erected by the ancients to Fortune showed they had an imperfect sense of that over-ruling Providence which leaves nothing to blind chance. Sir, I am at this hour in pursuit of justice, in order to recover a youth of most excellent character, parts, and dispositions, who I verily believe to be kidnapped. I shall be thankful for any assistance you may be pleased to afford me in this matter."

"Most gladly, doctor," said the stranger; "you may command my service. I will ride on with you, where you please, how you please, any way you please, to catch a kidnapper; that would be to me, doctor, a more welcome recreation, a better pastime, than hawk or hound can afford of a blithe morning. Shall I ride forward with you? for here we are at the end of the lane, and my road lies this way. Yet my own business is of no moment, and yours, I consider, affects not only yourself but the community at large, for every man is bound to help on a work of justice. Zounds! doctor, I would ride to the devil to compass it."

"The last place where a man would look to find any satisfaction in it, sir," said I; "and pray do not give an ill beginning to a good work by making it an occasion to sin, in swearing disorderly oaths. I am a divine, sir, and my place is to teach; and my degree in the University implies as much. You will, therefore, excuse me, sir, for this little word of reproval."

"I will excuse and thank you too, doctor," answered the stranger; "but, truth to tell, I have served, sir—trailed a pike in Flanders in the late wars as a gentleman volunteer; and the army, doctor (officers and men), have a shrewd trick of stirring up their own courage and that of their fellows with an oath or so, spoken in heat of blood. It all comes with their courage, nothing more."

"Pity, sir," said I, "so noble a virtue should come so ill attended; it is as disgraceful in a soldier as the camp-followers and thieves are to his victory, when they follow up his host to *the battle* in order to rifle the wounded and strip the dead when *the field* is their own."

"Questionless," replied the gentleman; "to deal with living subjects in that way I should hold, of the two, to be a more honourable, as it is a bolder and braver, practice."

"And so should I, sir, in one sense; for footpads, highwaymen, and stab-casts risk the gallows in doing the deed, and generally find it in the long run for their reward. This is my road, and though you are a stranger to me, and tell me you have been a man-at-arms, and your bold bearing assures me you speak truth, yet I will gladly accept your offered services, not doubting your honesty."

"I will do my best to assist you, doctor," said the stranger. "You may trust to me, and my good deeds shall warrant my fair speech, and your prudence in relying on it."

"I nothing doubt it, sir," I said; "yet I have not forgotten Solomon's advice—'Travel not the way with a bold fellow, lest he should be grievous to thee; for he will do according to his own will, and thou shalt perish with him through his folly.' But this counsel of the wise king of Israel appertains not to travellers such as you are, who raise up a cry as it were in the wilderness itself against wrong and injustice. Had you advocated cruelty and injustice, though it had been but by your silence on the subject, I had not trusted you; for I know something of the world."

"Nobody can doubt your knowledge of the world for five minutes who has but the good luck to join company with you, good doctor, in a narrow lane. But now, as I am to aid you, I must, like a skilful physician, who is called in to his patient, begin by asking concerning the case he is to handle. You must tell me all about the boy, how he was missing, who is suspected, and what not belonging to the story. Then I shall be better able to give you good counsel. You seem not likely to return home to-night, as you carry a portmantle. What may be your charge there, if I, as a friend, may be so bold to ask the question?"

"A charge of some gold pieces, and a necessary change of garments in case of accident, or any unexpected detention," I readily replied.

"A prudent foresight," said the stranger; "but your mare seems to lag a little. You weigh too much for that beast, good doctor; shall I relieve you by carrying your portmantle on my crupper?"

"I will not so trouble you, worthy sir," said I, "for we shall soon be near Mr. Justice's house, and I propose to leave my horse and baggage at the little inn hard by, where probably you will await my return. And now I will tell you the matter you require." And so I did tell him, beginning about the boy's first seizure; his escape and deliverance, and his being now again missing; who were the parties we suspected; and the purpose of my going this little journey to give information to the justice, and to obtain his warrants for one Hawkins and one Hind, notorious characters, and men thought to be capable of kidnapping. I concluded with asking if the stranger had ever heard their names?"

"Heard their names!" he exclaimed: "two more noted characters are not to be found the country round. Doctor, you do wisely to think of securing these men; but the next necessary step will be to learn where they are likely to be found, and I think I know one who could give us a shrewd guess and a helping hand in the matter of tracing them. Now, it strikes me that these warrants will be of no use whatever, unless we first gain some intelligence; for you know to set springes for woodcocks will not avail, unless it be where woodcocks fly. What say you then, shall we not first ride on to seek my man, and then afterwards seek the justice? Do as you like—such would be my course; nevertheless, follow your own if you think it better."

"Truly, sir," said I, "if you know such a man as you describe, I think the best way would be to go to him at once, as he may be able to lay some information before Mr. Justice Nicol that may be of use."

"So he may," said my ready friend. "Well thought of!"

"And who may your man be, sir?" I asked; "for now I think of it I ought to learn that before I decide."

"Oh! my man," said he—"he is well known to most of the justices of peace, and of the quorum—is not unacquainted with the sheriff himself; and is thought to be a person of importance

by most of the bailiffs and constables. Only follow me, and I would wager my horse against yours that ere this night be passed you have the satisfaction of knowing the hiding-place of John Hawkins and Captain Hind."

And so saying, with good heart and nothing doubting, I put spurs to the flanks of the mare, in order to keep up with my companion, who rode at a hand-gallop, and on we went with all speed. We rode a long way, and very fast, too fast for talking, till it drew towards evening, and we got where three roads meet. We were going down that before us, when my companion perceived a couple of horsemen coming towards us. On seeing them, he suddenly cried out to me, that he was sure they were no good men, and might be coming on us; and, as I was not armed, two men were more than a match for him, who had but a short sword on and a trifle of a pistol; and so he struck down the other road, riding as fast as if life or death depended on his speed.

I thought this hardly agreed with his former speeches, and I did not like it; but he soon spoke in a way to satisfy me. At last we came to a difficulty. There was a wild open moor before us, all rock, hill, and heath, like Dartmoor; and some boggy ground, and no direct road or path to be seen. My companion stopped, and confessed himself puzzled about the way. Then did I most sharply and inwardly blame myself for my too great credulity in having been led by him on such a wild-goose chase as this was like to be. But I dared not say anything, or start off, for my horse was weary, and, as nothing when compared to my companion's in metal; and if he meant me ill, he could in a moment overtake me, and do me any mischief he pleased, for I was old and unarmed.

All I could then do, having been so incautious, was to trust myself to the keeping of Providence, for human aid I saw none, if I were really in danger; and where could I turn? I who knew not that part of the country, in the midst of such a boggy place; night coming on, my horse ready to drop under me from fatigue, and neither the mare nor myself knowing an inch of the road. One thing gave me some assurance. I had told him,

foolish as it might be, of the charge of gold in my portmantle, and he might now with impunity have robbed me, had robbery been his aim. But he offered me no harm, spoke me fair, and gave me all cautions about the boggy ground, and was as companionable as ever. So far for the present, my dear son Jonathan: in my next I will conclude my notes on these extraordinary particulars.

Your affectionate father,
J. RUDDELL.

LETTER XXXII.

From the same to the same—in continuation.

MY DEAR SON JONATHAN,

THE evening was now fast closing in upon us; and not knowing what else to do, with most uneasy feelings I followed my conductor over a long tract of desolate, open, and barren down, so intermixed with wide patches of bog, and in more solid parts so strewn with large fragments of rock and having so many holes like pitfalls, that had he not assured me he knew as well his bearing as an experienced pilot does that in the most dangerous of all channels, to wit, the Bristol, I should well nigh have given up myself and the bishop's mare for lost. But there was something mighty free and encouraging in the cheerful voice and confident demeanour of my companion.

At length we drew near the skirts of the moor, when I perceived, as well as the dusk of evening would let me, a dark mass before us which my conductor told me was a wood, and that hard by it stood the house to which we were going; and where, the lateness of the hour being considered, we must now content ourselves to lodge for the night. He was sure of our welcome and entertainment, and we might carry forward our business with daylight and morning. He also said we should have been an hour and a half sooner, had not the sight of those two persons, who he felt certain were evil-disposed to travellers, obliged

him, instead of following the direct road, to make this circuit across the downs and bogs.

I confess I did not feel well pleased and assured by all this: but it was now too late for repentance or amendment in the matter of prudence; and so, internally commending myself to the protection of heaven, I said not a word implying doubt, but followed my leader into what seemed, as well as I could make it out, the courtilage of a house. It was so large that it could belong to no mean dwelling; and a huge one with tower and turret was there indeed to be seen, yet now very duskily and imperfectly by this dim light, and that every moment becoming more and more obscure.

My guide knocked with so loud a rap that it made the old walls ring again with the sound. We paused a few minutes, and then heard steps advancing, and I saw light glimmer under the door. Two or three dogs commenced barking, and a voice within demanded who was there; when my guide exclaimed very loud—"Open to me, and do not stand prating, Giles."

Giles certainly did so, for presently I heard bolt after bolt drawn, and bar dropped, and key turned, and the dogs began to bark more fiercely than before. The heavy door was at length opened; and, on seeing my guide, the dogs ceased their clamour, snuffed about his clothes, leaped up and jumped about, and whined and seemed very glad to see him.

"Are you all at home?" said my new friend to the man who had opened to us, and who looked like a rude country fellow, not at all like a regular porter to so large a house, for he was dressed in a smock-frock. He nodded in reply, which I thought very odd, demanding, "Who the devil he had brought with him at that hour?" Jonathan, I liked not to hear the enemy named as soon as I stood within these strange walls, where it instantly struck me he might have an especial hold in the workers of iniquity, who probably might there consort together. I own to you I did feel something like suspicions and fears stealing over me, but I determined to play the man, to trust in God, and show none of my mind to these people, if they were, as I began to apprehend, not of an honest calling nor of good repute. Yet

wherefore to decoy me there seemed a mystery. I ventured to say something about the mare which I had left outside the door, standing stock-still for very weariness. My companion told me to have no concern about the beast, as she would be as well cared for as his own; and very civilly desired me to follow him.

I looked around me as I did so, and it appeared to me, as well as I could see by the uncertain light of a candle which Giles held in his hand, that we were in a very old and empty hall, the walls of which were reeking and decaying, even green from damp and neglect. A long, irregular stone passage next brought me into a very large and yet more ruinous apartment; where, judge Jonathan of my amazement, I saw not one man alone, but may be twenty or thirty people; and such a set of ill-looking fellows I never before beheld. The door of this vast place was slammed to after we came in. "Here," said I unto my soul, "here thou art caught, even as a bird in a net of a fowler." And then I again briefly and internally commended myself to God, in the words of the Psalmist—"Plead thou my cause, O Lord! lay hand on the shield and buckler, and stand up to help me."

The men here assembled were, for the most part, in the dress of seamen; yet others had on smock frocks. A few wore old hunting-suits, and some were attired in mean and poor apparel, and yet not a man present but was armed; and such savage, ferocious, ill-looking faces as some among them had (I say not all) I never before witnessed. Liquor, and drinking-horns, and sundry matters for eating, with wooden trenchers, stood on a long oaken-table. I presently observed a pile of arms, such as pikes, birding-guns, swords, matchlocks, and staves, stowed together in one corner of the room; and I said unto myself, that here were the weapons of death, enough to take many hundred lives, let alone mine; and truly there seemed no lack of hands that would be likely to use them.

I was so utterly confounded at all this that not a word had I to say for myself on my first going in; nor did any one question me; for my conductor, not thinking it necessary to give me one sentence by way of explanation, did not so much as turn and *look* upon me, but went up direct to one who in a seaman's dress

sat at the head of the table, and forthwith drew him aside. They talked together in an undervoice for a few minutes. I heard nothing of what was said; but, by the inquiring look the man in the sailor's jacket cast on me, I could well guess that I was the subject of discourse. This did not hold long; and my treacherous companion, who had thus led me into perils and snares, came forward, and twisting his very strange mouth into a sneering and jibing sort of motion, that gave to his queer visage the comic caste of a stage-player or mountebank of a very low sort, he said, in a voice and manner intended to excite mirth, as it did among his associates—"Worthy doctor, I am a man of my word; you this day inquired of me where Mr. John Hawkins and Captain George Hind might be found, and I promised you should know before night. This respectable person, who, though a follower of the sea, sometimes, like a seamew, takes a flight on land, is stout-hearted Mr. John Hawkins; and I, who have had the honour to be your guide, am Captain George Hind."

Truly I felt something like a motion of fear within me on hearing him thus declare himself to be that man. Well did I remember that in the days of the late King Charles the Second the famous Captain Hind was a most noted robber and highwayman, though he did good service at Worcester field, and escaped after that battle to London, till taken by Cromwell's men. He was thrown into Newgate, and at last hanged for treason by the council of state, very well meriting his hanging for his former crimes, but certainly not for having served his prince at Worcester fight; thus gaining in his death, for so honourable a deed, a degree of glory which such a character as he was very ill-deserved in his life. I knew that ever since his day it was pretty much the custom with highwaymen of the more polite caste, who had something of education together with their evil ways to turn to account, not only to affect the manners and bearing, but also the name, of Captain Hind. The north, for instance, has had its Captain Hind, to the great injury of all travellers. Hounslow Heath has had its Captain Hind, to the terror of all honest men; and now is Cornwall said to have its Captain Hind, a highwayman, 'tis well suspected, nothing less

dangerous than any of his brotherhood; and here was the very man before my eyes, into whose power I had fallen by so sad and unheard-of a chance, by my own unwariness and want of suspicion.

I now thought it wisest to speak him fair, so I said to the artful deceiver, who thus told me who he was, "Truly, friend, I am at a loss to conjecture wherefore you should thus deal with me. But I trust no ill will befall me at your hands, seeing I have never injured you. If gold is your object, I am now in no condition to resist giving you the small charge of it that I have in my portmantle; if so, take it, and let me go safe and free, and fear me not, for I am so completely in your power that you may make your own terms with me; and as far as they go not against God's honour, or to the harm of man, or against the warrant of my own conscience, I cannot choose but accede to them, be they what they may. Let us, therefore, make a covenant together; for, though I know Satan can put on the form of an angel of light, yet am I willing to believe that you, Captain Hind, who now declare yourself, are not so bad as men report you to be; and therefore, for the proof, may be, of my constancy and courage, you have passed this trick or jape upon me, intending me no real harm. I will, I say, think this if you will say this, and so report it, if needful, to the world, praying you to let me go free; for I would have you to remember that God's servants are under his protection, and that to evil entreat them is not wise, for misfortune shall slay the ungodly, and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate."

Captain Hind and his merry men heard me out, and then, as I concluded, they broke into a boisterous laugh; and one said, in a scoffing way, no doubt alluding to my calling as well as to the colour of my cassock, "The old blackbird is going to preach; up with him to the tub, Bob;" and turning to another, added, "bear a hand to give him a pulpit."

"First wet his whistle for him," said one hard by, who brought forward a jug of drink. He was but a slip of a youth who said this, yet stout and old, I warrant me, in iniquity.

A second youth snatched it, however, from him, exclaiming,

"No, Tom, first let me have a pull to drink to the Church;" and then coming up to me, he said, with affected solemnity, turning up his eyes and snuffling through his nose, like a mocking of those fanatics among us who yet hold forth, contrary to law, in the open fields, "I drink this, master parson, to thy deliverance from the house of bondage."

"The pledge were good, friend, were it honest," I answered mildly, endeavouring to keep a Christian patience in this hour of scoffing and trial.

"And I will give out the psalm," added this pert insolent in wickedness; and with that he did, to the great offence of my ears, commence a very vile song to the mockery of a psalm-tune. "Now," continued the scoffer, "the psalm being over, good doctor, give us a bit of a sermon; we would all be godly here, and would have something of thy doctrine to teach us to amend our lives."

"Nor should you lack it from me," I responded, "did I think you would listen without turning the word of God into a scoffing; for truly it is my place to speak, and boldly, to sinners; and here is scope enough for that duty, or I am much in error."

"To the pulpit with him!" shouted the first speaker.

"Upraise the preacher!" said another, as they pushed me about towards an old tub, standing endways at the bottom of the room; some twitching at my bandstrings, others pulling me along by my cassock, a third pricking me in the back with the end of a pike-headed staff, a fourth turning my wig round hind part before, whilst his fellow in rudeness said, "Make a shining light of him," and dashed a lighted candle against the fore curls (now standing behind) of my best Sunday wig, in the pure spirit of mischief.

I bore all this with patience and gravity, neither uttering cry nor complaint, which seemed to add to their mirth; for there was scarce one present but had an uncivil jibe, or a disorderly way of handling me for the amusement of his fellows.

At length Captain Hind, who had again been talking aside with him called Hawkins, said to his mates, "Leave this fool-

ing; there's a time for all things, and this is none for honest men to play in. We must speak to this doctor apart; for possibly he may prefer a smaller company for the purposes of conversation. Doctor, follow me."

I felt a trifle relieved by this, and hesitated not to obey him, when straightway Captain Hind and Mr. Hawkins led the way to another and a smaller room. There I observed the same indications of ruin and neglect as if the house we were in was one of those old and abandoned country-seats, of which there are still so many in the progress of decay in the west of England; having been battered and injured during the Civil Wars, and the owners of them so reduced by fine and confiscation that they could not find the means to put them into any necessary repair. Thus do many of them stand utterly abandoned, or tenanted by the lowest and the poorest, who often take a temporary shelter within their walls; and not unfrequently do they become a hiding-place for deer-stalkers, rebels, and what not of wicked persons, who use such decaying mansions for their nightly rendezvous on account of their solitariness and their neglect. Such a house and so tenanted did this seem to be; and well did I know that the evil-disposed in both Cornwall and Devon had of late become shrewdly plotting and daring in their gangs. It is needful to add, my dear son Jonathan, that I could now very well justify it to my own conscience to suspect this; for, though we are commanded to judge no man in rashness, yet the treatment I had experienced gave the authority of truth to my suspicions.

This made me very wary; and I determined not to irritate my enemies by any harsh or uncivil expression, however much they might deserve it; yet I also resolved to spare no pains to effect, either openly or otherwise, my own liberation. I now began by asking, very civilly, for what cause I was so evil treated and debarred my liberty; but Hawkins cut me short with saying I was there to be questioned, and not to ask questions of him; and then he commenced a string of interrogatories, as to what I knew about this gentleman and that gentleman in our neighbourhood, as to how they felt about politics and the King; and what was said or done, or intended to be done, by the

bishops; for Hawkins would have it that I must know all from my lord of Bristol, whose poor chaplain I was, and it imported him, he said, to be satisfied on these points.

Truly was I astonished at hearing such questions from such a quarter; and a suspicion darted into my mind which I now wondered had not occurred to me before, namely, might not these people be concerned with certain parties in Cornwall, of whom rumour had but lately begun to stir a report that they were in agitation to call up a refractory spirit against the King and powers that be in favour of the Protestant duke, for so they call Monmouth? I knew that Bishop Trelawny had received information of such rumours being abroad; and that, on his lordship mentioning them to Sir Francis Beaumont, the baronet had treated them with contempt, saying the thing was most improbable, and persuaded my lord to give no ear to them; also observing that there was such a general fear concerning King James restoring popery in England that it gave rise to these idle reports respecting plots in favour of Monmouth, who was still in exile, and having neither friends nor money enough to attempt any enterprise against the crown of these kingdoms. But now what I had seen in this house made me apprehensive that these men might be the subordinate agents of some rebel party.

I replied to Hawkins, as an honest man, I hope, ought to do; for, though I felt I was in the power of these people, yet no fears for my own safety could induce me to do or to say what my duty, as a subject of the crown and as a minister of the Church, forbade. I told Hawkins that I knew nothing of the matters on which he now questioned me; and that, if I did, certainly nothing he could threaten or could do should make me a betrayer. He and Captain Hind exchanged looks on hearing this, and then proceeded to question me very closely about the boy Samuel Elliot, and as to my purpose in the pursuit of him. To this I answered by simply repeating what I had before told Captain Hind, when I believed him to be the friend to justice he stated himself to be, and willing to aid me in the furtherance of that sacred obligation.

I was heard to an end. Hawkins and Hind then for a short time quitted the room, turned the key on me, and, after leaving me alone and thus imprisoned for more than half-an-hour, at length returned. They looked serious, spoke brief, and seemed in a hurry. "Doctor," said Hind, for he was spokesman, "we have matters on our hands that will not admit of much time being wasted in words, and I am come to tell you how we have decided to dispose of you for the present."

To this I vehemently answered that they had no authority over me, and that the law of the land would protect me against violence or any detention of my person.

"Very true," said Hawkins; and "very true," cried Hind, with one of those grins that made the evil things he did the worse, because with him bad actions, as well as foul oaths (for he swore many, which I as a clergyman forbear to write down), seemed to be matter of sport. "Very true, doctor; but tell me how the law of the land can make its way through stone walls, to set you loose at this hour? Do you not know," he added, with a more serious and even a fierce look, as he fixed his eyes on me—"do you not know there are prisons more fast than those in Rougemont castle? Have you never heard that refractory prisoners are sometimes silenced with a bit of cold steel? Hey, doctor, what do you say to that?"

"That you would not dare lay hands on me, to kill an innocent man," I cried.

"Certainly not if he be a wise one," said Captain Hind; "we have no such purpose. But, doctor, we must not let you go abroad with tales to justices of the peace just now. We have our reasons for it. And may be there are those who would think your interference about this boy somewhat impertinent."

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed, "is the child then in your power? if so, be merciful to him."

"We do not say he is in our power," replied Captain Hind. "But look, doctor, to your own matters—quite enough that for you to do; and now hear ours; and don't be a fool. No bodily harm is intended you: but for the benefit of your health we shall give you the opportunity of changing the air for a short

time—just a trip over seas for a few weeks or so. At dawn of day you will have an escort to the coast, that will put you on board a vessel about to sail for foreign parts. You will be set on shore in a far land, some six weeks hence, where you will be at liberty to find your way back to England, and no harm will you then have the power to do us by your return, as you will find—probably we may meet and welcome you home again, if you are quiet and civil now; and, if so, not a hair of your head will be hurt: we are sorry our boys have spoilt your wig for you—so be wise."

Judge, my son Jonathan, how great was my distress at hearing this. "Defend me, O Lord!" I exclaimed, "from these evil doers. Why is it that I must be thus kidnapped away?"

"Not kidnapped at all," said Captain Hind, for in this interview he was almost the sole spokesman.

"From what motive then?" I inquired, "must I be thus hardly dealt with—what cause?"

"It would not, just now, suit us that you should return to Trelawne to tell tales," said Hind. "Fear not, however, for the result. A trip over seas is a pleasant thing. We shall put you under a good guard to-night, but not one to frighten even the heart of a chicken: you will only have to pass the night in the company of a few of our friends. So, worthy doctor, commending you to your own prudence, for your safety rests with yourself, by a quiet submission to what you cannot avoid, we take our leave of you.—Good night."

These men would not hear one word I had to say, but carried me with them into another and more ruinous apartment, where there were several bundles of straw, old mats, and blankets. They told me I might here, if I would, take rest for some hours. Jonathan, I forbear to tell you all my thoughts and feelings during that most dreadful night, because the matter of facts I have to detail is so full and so extraordinary, it requires all my memory and most serious attention. Seeing that I was now in one of those straits of necessity that are often among the most painful trials of a Christian, when a man can do nothing for himself, but must cast the whole burden on the Lord, I fervently

prayed to God on my bended knees for assistance; cast myself down on the straw, and endeavoured to take rest; for truly age, anxiety of mind, and dismay at my perilous situation, made me begin to feel very sick at heart, and I feared lest I should become so ill as to be rendered incapable of taking advantage of any circumstances that might arise to effect my own escape, were it possible, from these men.

I laid down quietly; and, in the hope to obtain some sleep by a composed posture, I kept very still, shut my eyes, and gave myself up to God's guidance and protection in a manner the most absolute and entire. I believe I did sleep, though not soundly, for the space, perhaps, of an hour or more, when, on waking, I heard a hum of voices near me. I was soon sufficiently collected to remember where I was, and the peril of my situation. It instantly occurred to me that I would listen, being fully justified in so doing by the circumstances in which I stood, and that possibly I might hear something dropped to throw a light on my extraordinary case; wherefore I should have been watched, as, no doubt, my steps had been, before I was joined on the road by Captain Hind, and who were the persons with whom he was connected.

Thus resolved, I lay very still, neither moving hand nor foot, and breathed as soft and low as I could. I did venture just to open my eyes for a short time to glance on those whose voices had reached my ear in murmurs, as I lay between sleeping and waking. In that glance I saw two women sitting at a table, very near the mouldering embers of a fire that yet feebly burnt upon the hearth. They were partaking of a posset, and, as I concluded, being possessed with the belief that I was sleeping, did not conceive themselves bound absolutely to keep silence; yet they spoke in rather a low tone, as if they would not wish to awaken me. For some time their talk was of matters wholly indifferent, nor did they once touch on anything in which I could feel an interest, as in immediate reference to myself, till, on a slight observation dropping from one of them, I found they were stationed in the room to watch me, for fear, I suppose, I should attempt to quit my straw, or to escape before the hour arrived to convey me to the coast.

This observation, slight as it was, made me more eager to listen, thinking something more would come out; and judge, Jonathan, how deeply my curiosity, my feelings, were interested when I heard what I am now about to state, since it recalled to my mind that most awful circumstance of the Higher Broom Field, which you have, in confidence, heard me relate to you, though I never named it to you till the time arrived to make me consider I was at liberty to do so. The women then commenced talking about their neighbours; and from that subject they got on, or rather got backward, to old times: and one of them, who was the oldest and the greatest talker of the two, at last mentioned the name of Dorothea Dingley. Jonathan, I shuddered at the sound, and a cold chill came over me, as it always does when I but think of that name, or of the wonderful circumstance connected with what I had myself witnessed in the Higher Broom Field. I pass in silence the sort of chatting which, by degrees and very naturally, led on the two old crones to speak of this matter, and go at once to that part of their discourse that was immediately to the point.

"I never before heard tell," said the listener, in her Devonshire phrase, "I never before heard tell that you nursed Dorothy Dingley in her last illness; for though sister knew her I did not."

"But I knew her," replied the gossip, "ay, from a girl; for we lived together, and for some years, in the family of Sir Copplestone Bamfield, in the north of Devonshire."

"Did you so? la! then you must know more than most people do about Sir Copplestone's strange story; yet what I did hear was as whist a matter as ever I heard tell of in all my days."

"Ay, that it was," said the other; "and Sir Copplestone Bamfield was as fine a gentleman, and hated as bitterly the Pope, and the Popish King Charles the Second, as ever our Cornish gentlemen now do King James;" and then something was added in so low a whisper that it escaped my ear. She continued a little louder: "There's nobody alive now who knows so much about the Bamfields—that is, what passed among themselves—as I do; for I was maid to my lady. And what with

death in a natural way, and hanging for high treason, and the wars, and the plague, and the small-pox, and the times, there's such a number of 'em gone and dead, as once lived under Sir Copplestone's roof, that it is my belief I be almost the last body that may be left of them all."

"I thought Dorothy was my lady's maid, and not you," said the other.

"Dorothy never was my lady's maid," responded her companion; "she was child's maid, as you shall hear, for I see you know nothing about the matter. I should never have left that family if all had gone well. But Sir Copplestone and all went to ruin, as I may say, after my lady's death; and, though I stayed a while after she died, yet things were mightily altered, and all for the worse; and Dorothy took upon her very much, and put upon me and all of us, though she was only child's maid, and I could not abide it at that time, for I was young and high-spirited like, and so I left and married Tom Smith; and no great things was that, for Tom took to drinking, and so lost his place as gamekeeper; and that made him join you know who, and—but well, we will not talk of that matter, though I was never for it: but these Cornish men are so hot, and so headstrong, and wives must do as their husbands will have them to do; but it was a poor day for me when I left my place and married a Cornish man, I trow."

"You're not Cornish yourself, I think," said her friend.

"No, I'm London bred and born: my father was an honest tradesman, a 'bacconist, in a small way; and sold, too, braziery goods, at the sign of the Golden Candlestick, near Fleet Ditch. I took to service when he died, and so came with my lady to Devonshire, but she hired me in London; and Tom was gamekeeper with the family till we married and lost his place, as I said. And then he went to Polperro, and joined the lads there; and we've never done so well since in a general way; for now it's up with us to-day and down with us to-morrow; and Tom drinks all he gets, and so we never get on—never out of trouble."

"It was your lady's husband, as I have heard tell," said the listener, "who was in that trouble about Verner's affair, and like to be sent for it to the Tower, if he hadn't run away."

"It was. Sir Copplestone Bamfield had a friend that it was thought talked him into joining Verner's affair against the late King. Verner was taken and hanged, and Sir Copplestone Bamfield then fled to France, for 'twas feared it would go hard with him if matters came to a trial; and we were all in such a way when he left us, for all the servants and tenants and followers loved our master—pity he ever meddled with such men as Verner was, who was no great things, let alone his politics; for there to be sure he was not so much to blame, as all our people thought, for we all thought as did master."

"And you went to France with your lady, may be?" said the companion of the gossip, "for I have heard say you have been in many foreign parts."

"No, not then; for my Lady Bamfield could not fly with her husband, for she was great with child, and very near her time: and what with her fright that Sir Copplestone should be sent to the Tower, and what with her sorrow at his having to run away over seas, without so much as being able to see her to take his leave, she fretted herself into such a way, that she fell into labour before her hour, and sick to death was she; for scarcely was the child born when she died."

"Poor thing! and who was left to take care of it when the father was over seas, and the mother a corpse?"

"Sir Copplestone's nearest blood relation took upon him all the ordering of master's affairs; and a few months after Sir Copplestone sends over word that the child should have a careful nurse, and be brought to him in France; for now his lady was dead he could not bear to have the poor thing left in England with no parent to care for it. And he was himself in such a low way for his lady's death, for he had been a very loving husband, that the babe would be the greatest comfort on earth to him; more especially as he was in a French land where he had no friends."

"Very natural," said the other gossip: "and so Dorothy Dingley took over the child to him."

"No, she did not," replied her companion: "she set off to the coast with the child in order to go over seas with him to

Sir Copplestone Bamfield, but we soon heard that her friends persuaded her not to go so far away; and so another woman, who wanted to go to better her fortune, took the nurse's place and the child, and embarked with him for France, setting sail either from Looe, or Polperro, or somewhere thereabouts. How it happened I can't tell, but Dorothy Dingley never came back among us servants to the house that belonged to Sir Copplestone in Devonshire, where we most of us then stayed, expecting that something would turn up to let Sir Copplestone come home again in safety, and in no danger of being sent to the Tower for his offences to the King. All this happened before I married Tom, my husband."

"And did Sir Copplestone ever come back?"

"You shall hear," continued the gossip. "We all thought at the Hall that of course the child and the new nurse had gone safe over seas, for nothing came to say the contrary, till at last comes a very strange man, you know who I mean, he that comes here sometimes now to this very house." Here she nodded, and the other old woman gave an answering nod of the head, as much as to say, I know who you mean. "Well, then," she continued, "he came to the Hall and made a great ado, and brought sad news; for he told us all that Sir Copplestone Bamfield had never seen nurse nor child, and that he had seen Sir Copplestone die, a broken-hearted man, in France, and was come from that country to try to learn all about the poor dear baby. Our late master's relation—you know who I mean——"

"To be sure I do," said the other; "I'm no stranger to him. Well, what did he do?"

"Why, he made as great a stir as the other," continued the gossip, "and set out to make inquiry about the child; and soon came home again with the terrible news, that in the great storm that happened just after the ship sailed for France, which had both nurse and child on board, the vessel foundered, and not a living soul was saved. We all grieved and sorrowed for this; to think how our master, poor Sir Copplestone, and his lady, and the baby, had all gone dead in such a melancholy way, and in such a little time."

"It was melancholy, to be sure," said the other; "and what happened next in the old family Hall? for misfortunes, they say, seldom come alone"

"No more they do," replied the other, "for I married Tom, and bad enough was that for me; and I left my service, and he lost his place; for Sir Copplestone's heir, now the child was dead, who took possession, turned my husband off for getting drunk; and no wonder he did so, for Tom was worse after he married, in that way, than he used to be before; and so we both left, and came to Polperro. And, what with fretting and vexing to see things go so bad with me, I never cared to ask questions about the family; and the new man who took possession of the old hall after master's death was a body I never liked; and I liked him less than ever when he turned out my husband. And so I heard and thought no more of him. But now comes the strangest thing of all."

"What, about Dorothy, I suppose you mean?"

"Yes, you shall hear. It being poor times with us, and my husband very much out at sea, I was glad to earn a little and to get my victuals by going out a nursing, either to sick people or to women in childbed. But for these helps I could not have lived at all, nor have got a penny to keep body and soul together with my own children; for Tom drank all his earnings, and made me as troublesome a husband as ever a woman had. At last the nursing failed, and I didn't know what to do; and I asked among my neighbours to get any sort of work, rather than starve."

"Very like," said the other, "better have dirty water than no water at all, as my man says, when I tell him that he has taken up but a poor trade with these folks after all; for my man is not much better than your Tom."

"They'll both be hanged at last, I dare say," replied the gossip, "one of these days. Well, as I said, I was wanting for work, and then comes a neighbour to me, and she says, 'There's a sort of nursing job for you, if you like to take it, though I don't think you will; but, knowing your wants, I tell you of it; you can do as you like. There is a poor woman who lives with

her sister in a cottage near the Higher Broom Field, and they are both, for the like of them, pretty well off in the world ; but the woman I am telling you about is, I believe, in a sort of a way mazed ; and so her sister says she can't stand the being up with her for sometimes half the night, and must take a body in to nurse her, or look after her.' So said my neighbour. I didn't much like the idea of nursing such a person, but then ——"

"You thought beggars must not be choosers, to be sure," said the other.

"I did think so," answered the gossip, "and so I went and offered my service ; and I was hired at a very poor pay; but necessity made me glad to have that and my victuals. And who do you think I found the woman was that I was to nurse?"

"Why Dorothy Dingley, to be sure; for it's about her you are going to tell."

"It was sure enough that very Dorothy Dingley who had lived child's maid to Sir Copplestone Bamfield's poor lady before she gave it up to the new nurse, with whom it was, ship and all, lost at sea. Dorothy I found so altered, and in such a way, I never saw the like of it."

"She was mazed, you said," observed the listener.

"Not so mazed at first as moping and melancholy," continued the narrator. "I shall never forget her. She knew me well enough ; and sometimes when I would talk to her of old days and the Bamfield family, and of her late lady, she would bid me hold my tongue with a huff; and at others would look furious if I only named them. And then again, of her own accord, she would sometimes talk of them, and sit and cry; ay, cry hour after hour, enough to make one's heart break to see her. I couldn't have stood it at all, but that want made me keep my place of nursing her, little as I got by it."

"I should have been as bad as she if I had been set over her, and had to watch such a poor mazed body days and nights together," said the friend.

"Ay," responded the other, "but that was not the worst of it ; for 'tis true, and as terrible to tell, Dorothy tried more than

once to make away with herself; so there was no end to watching; and they would have put her away, to be kept with mad people, only her sister was very tender-hearted, and feared they would beat Dolly if she got obstreperous among the keepers. Well, I did my best; and so, to comfort her, I talked to her sometimes about religion, but she would never hear a word about that, and would never go inside of a church, because she always would have it—that was one of her mad fancies—that if she did the roof would tumble down upon her."

"Did she become violent?" inquired the other.

"No," answered the tale-teller; "but she was in a terrible sort of a way; and then would talk such wild things, and call herself the biggest of sinners, and such names as made me tremble but to hear her! And then if one questioned her (for I always used to think she had something preying on her mind) she would seem to come to, and laugh—such a laugh as made the blood run cold to hear it; and would look cunning, and ask if I thought to get the matter of her secret out of her, when, may be, nobody knew it but the devil."

"How dreadful!" said the other. "How long did she go on in this way—was nothing done for her?"

"Oh, yes; we sent for a wise woman, who undertook to cure Dolly by a charm; but I do think she only frightened her, and made her worse. At last she grew weaker, and began to get very ill. No wonder; for she took scarcely any food—she could never eat, and was always athirst for water. She could not sleep at nights; and then, as she got weaker, her quiet fits would come oftener, and she got quite moping melancholy, and took, now and then, to reading and writing, for Dorothy was a capital scholar; for my Lady Bamfield, with whom she lived, as I said, for some years, had her taught reading and writing, and such like, for Dolly had very quick parts at all her learning."

"And what did she write about in her last illness?" inquired the other.

"Nobody knew," answered her friend; "for she would take sheets of paper, and sometimes seem to be writing of letters. Then she would tear them up as fast almost as she wrote them;

and would with her own hands throw them on the fire, and never stir from the spot, nor take her eyes off the hearth, till she saw the very ashes of the papers burn out."

"And how long did this last? She could not go on so for ever."

"No more did she; but she got so weak and so ill, that a low fever came on, and she seemed to be going the way of all flesh as fast as she could. Well, at last she managed one day to get up; she was more clear, quiet, and collected on that day, than ever I had seen her. She seemed to be as much in her right mind as you and I are at this moment; and she said to me, 'Betsy, go down and bring me up pens and ink and paper, and the old stone jar, with the bung-head cork, and the bladder that ties it over, that sister used to pickle her walnuts in, for I want it.' 'For what do you want it?' says I, 'for it seems a queer fancy.' 'Never you mind,' says she, 'the business is none of yours; the pens and ink and paper, perhaps, I may want to make my will with, for I don't think I shall live long, and I know that my illness has made me sometimes unsettled; but I'm much better to-day in my head. I'll make my will now, when I know what I am about, for I saved up something in my long service, and I've got a little to bequeath; so if you will only do as I tell you, and leave me to myself for a few hours, till I get through my writing, may be I will leave you a handsome dole-gift, to remember me, besides the trifle you will get for the nursing.' That looked so very like a person in her right senses, that I determined to please her."

"And so should I have thought, too, at the hearing of the same," said the other.

"As soon as she said this," continued the narrator, "down I goes, and does her bidding in a jiffey; and up I comes again, with pens, ink, paper, and the old stone jar, bung, bladder, and all; and well pleased was Dorothy that I did so; and her eye looked as steady as she looked on me and those things as ever it did in all her life. So I feared not to leave her when she was so quiet; and I did think it best she should make her will, and leave me the dole-gift when she was clear, because if she did it

in one of her mazed moods I judged it would not hold good and fast in law; for I heard a world about law business from the house steward, when I lived at Sir Copplestone Bamfield's."

"And did she make her will that same day?"

"Do let me tell it," answered the gossip; "and don't be interrupting me with so many questions. I left Dorothy to herself, and once more went down stairs to make her posset that we always used to give her at nights; and though I saw her sister I said nothing, because I didn't know but she might be jealous of the dole-gift that was to be left to me. And I didn't disturb Dolly till she thumped with her foot upon the floor, to call me up to her. This was at least two hours after. There she was sitting at the table; the old stone jar, bunged and tied close; the pen and ink beside it, but no paper; so I supposed she had used it all up in writing. 'Where is the will?' said I. 'Never you mind,' says she; 'it's time enough to look for dead folks' wills when they be dead.' 'And what is in the stone jar?' said I. 'Never you mind,' again says she; 'there is nothing in it of yours to be so curious about asking. Go down and bring up the bottle of wine that sister got for me, for I am weak and faint, by reason of so much writing, and want a glass.' Down I went for the wine, and up I comes again; and in giving her the glass I felt her hand was as hot as a burning coal. Says I, 'You're in a fever; better let me wrap you up in the blankets, and make a fire, and put you to bed.' 'I am very ill, I know,' she says; 'all hot and cold in a minute, and a shuddering all over me. I'll go to bed, and you may have the rest of the wine yourself; and do try and get to sleep to-night, when you go to bed, for you have not slept for nights, and the wine will help to compose you.' I tell this in particular, because I do think that Dorothy had then in her head what she did that very night afterwards."

"Ay, I heard something about that night; it was talked the country round by the neighbours and the folk," said the listener.

"She was," continued the narrator, "that night as quiet as a lamb, and let me put her to bed, and never spoke a word, only telling me not to touch the old stone jar, and that she made me

put down by the bedside near her. I thought it a sick person's whim, and I did as she told me. I was very tired, so I did not refuse the wine, and, as I had leave to take it, I believe I did very nearly empty the bottle; and what with the wine, and not having slept for so many nights before, except a sort of a dog's rest, I did on going to bed sleep that night very soundly; and when I laid down by the sick woman's side I fancied she was sleeping too."

"And was that the night she got her death?" inquired the listener.

"Only hearken," answered the other, "for I am near the end of all this strange matter. As I said, I slept, and soundly, till about daybreak, when on waking I missed Dorothy. I started up, looked round, but she was nowhere in the room, and the window was open; it was shut when I went to bed. You may suppose what I thought. 'She has jumped out,' says I; and then again I bethought me that very like she might do that without hurting herself, for the window was no great height from the ground, and there was a heap of rubbish close under it. But what had become of her? Up I got, slipped on a few things, and in stooping down to put on my shoes, that I had left before going to rest close by the old stone jar, I saw that was gone. Then I thought of Dorothy's mad fancy, for what could she want with the jar? I went straight to the other little bedroom where her sister slept, and woke her. She was terribly frightened; she had not seen Dorothy. Up she got, but neither in house nor garden could Dorothy be found. Out we both ran together, like two mazed people, she to hunt one way and I the other for the poor mad creature."

"I heard that you found her in the Higher Broom Field."

"Yes, there I found her; not a thing had she over her except an old loose cloak; in all else she was just as she went to bed; she had though, now I think of it, her shoes upon her feet. I found her sitting upon the stile in the Higher Broom Field, her hair hanging down her back, wet with the dew, her hands clasped together, and staring frightfully with her eyes. She screamed as I drew near, and asked if I was come to take her. I saw she

was mad, or worse than ever. I had the work of the world to get her home. At last home I got her, and into bed. In a few hours she was in a terrible fever, and raved and talked wild and frightful things about the Bamfield family, and her lady and the child, and the new nurse for it, and the ship and the sea, and I don't know what: all mad fancies, and nothing connected. You could not make head or tail of what she said; there was no putting sense into it. And when I asked her what she had done with the old stone jar (for I thought that a very strange thing), she gave one of those wild laughs that she used to give when she had been in her mad fits before, and asked me if I thought to catch her by that question. This did not last long, for all at once she took a turn, became as cold as a lump of ice, her cheeks fallen and as white as the sheets on her bed; her eyes, that had looked so flashing and so wild but just before, were heavy and dull, the lids dropping over them, and she was quiet and soon speechless, for she sank as fast as a candle that is burnt down to a snuff; and so she kept on sinking faster and faster, and neither seemed to know what was said to her or done for her; and she lay looking like a corpse, her mouth half open, the lips parched and black, as we kept moistening them with a little wine and water in a teaspoon. And so she lay, moaning and moaning on for two or three hours, and at last died, in so weak a way that we did not know at first she was gone till we saw the jaw fall, and the eyes stand fixed and wide open."

"Did she leave you the dole-gift she talked of in the will?" inquired the friend.

"I thought of that," replied the narrator; "but, bless your heart, no will was ever found; and so I told her sister all about her telling me to fetch up the pens, ink, and paper, and the old stone jar. We both thought that in Dorothy's strange state, if she did make a will, she must have crammed it into the old jar; and most likely, in her wandering mind, had taken it with her when she got out of the window, and had thrown jar and all into the deep horse-pond, which she must have passed by in going up to the Higher Broom Field, for no jar was ever found."

Jonathan, my son, you may well believe the feeling of interest

with which I listened to this most extraordinary narration of the death-bed of that fearful woman, Dorothea Dingley, whose awful appearance I had myself seen in the Higher Broom Field. The thought of all that then passed, and of the communication, not lawful for me to repeat, that, no doubt by divine permission, the dead had there made to me, were all reflections of the most solemn nature; so that, notwithstanding the peril in which I myself stood, and the knowledge that I had, that on the next day I was to be conveyed away under the charge, perhaps, of a gang of lawless persons, who had resolved to confine me in a ship that would be my prison, to transport me, I knew not wither, beyond seas: yet, notwithstanding all these anxious and miserable circumstances, my mind at this moment dwelt more on the recollection of the Higher Broom Field and of Dorothy Dingley than on my own situation.

But space was not long given me for indulging these reflections; for, whilst it was yet but early morning, the dawn having but recently brought in the day, a loud knocking on the house-door seemed to disturb many within—and this knocking and disturbance led the way to yet another wonderful circumstance, which I am about to relate: that, by putting together these scraps when I am no more, they may enable you at some future period to give a tolerably correct account of my life, to prefix the same to the *editio princeps* of my posthumous writings.

I say, then, that I heard a stir and bustle in the house, and most of the men being, as I fancied, then up and on the alert, the two women withdrew from the chamber where they had been set to watch me during the night. I arose from my straw, threw myself on my knees, and forgot not in these my hours of trouble to magnify the Lord. One of the women then brought me some refreshment, and, having set it down on the table, left me to myself. Here, Jonathan, I make a pause in my discourse, for I am suddenly called off on business. I will resume and continue the subject in my next letter. Till then believe me always

Your most affectionate father,

J. Ruddell.

LETTER XXXIII.

From Harry Trelawny to Colonel Sydney Godolphin.

My dear Godolphin,

In my last I told you that I was summoned to attend on Daniel Gumb in a very extraordinary manner. Some communications he made to me on that eventful night I am not at liberty to disclose; at least not at present, though it is my earnest wish, my most ardent hope, that the time may arrive when I shall feel myself free to mention them not only to you but to all the world, for the furtherance of public as well as private justice. But what I have now to relate is not an affair of so much secresy but that I may communicate it to you, my bosom's friend; and I feel it is but right you should be apprised of what has hitherto delayed my joining you, as I promised to do ere this.

Following the instructions of Daniel Gumb, I set out then for a certain desolate spot where the subordinate but necessary agents of this great game that we have in hand for Monmouth were wont to assemble; where many gentlemen concerned in the preparations for the rising of the West sometimes hold their meetings: the old home, in fact, belonging to one of them. In this place I had previously learnt from Daniel Gumb certain stores of arms were deposited against the coming hour. And here Hawkins and Hind, who have been so long employed in passing and repassing the seas with despatches for Monmouth, had taken up their quarters, to avoid being at Polperro, lest suspicions should arise about them at such a crisis.

I had once before seen these men by accident, and I had neither liked them nor their traffic; nor do I think it well nor wise that such persons should be employed at all in the enterprise; but I conclude them to be necessary, as it is certain none but bold and desperate characters would undertake such an office at such a time. Fully advised of the sort of persons I had to deal with, and that for the sake of the cause, which they knew too much of to make it safe to offend them, I must speak them

fair, I felt I had a difficult part to sustain. I also felt that none but a man whose rank, fortune, and services made him of consequence to the Protestant Duke would have dared employ these men, and at such a moment to deal thus violently with the poor boy. I pondered over all these things, and considered how it would be best for me to act, as I rode forward to the spot. I was obliged to rest at a country inn for the night, but mounted my horse again at dawn, and at a very early hour reached the place of my destination.

I had but to use the name of Daniel Gumb to gain instant admittance; and I could not but observe Hawkins and Hind, into whose presence I was shown, looked somewhat confounded at seeing me. But in order to satisfy their doubts I gave them Daniel's letter, by which they immediately comprehended I was one trusted in the great affair of their employers, so far as their political agency was concerned. They were, therefore, satisfied that they had nothing to fear from me. But, though they said little, I could very well perceive they did not at all relish Daniel's interference about the boy, nor his having sent me to insist on his liberation. I had been solemnly charged by Mr. Gumb, for reasons which at this crisis were unhappily but too well founded, not to let these men even suspect that I knew the name of the person who desired the lad's removal, and had employed them for a purpose so nefarious; and all my attempts to induce either Hawkins or Hind of themselves to acknowledge the name of that atrocious villain proved abortive: they were resolutely silent. No doubt they had been well paid for their caution, or might expect further reward. They heard all I had to say quietly enough; but at length positively refused to give up the boy.

I made another attempt with no better success; and I now saw the thing was brought to that pass when I must of necessity produce a certain ring in my possession; for Daniel Gumb had charged me not to use it, though he had committed it to my hands, unless in the last extremity. "You refuse," said I, "but here is a token which you dare not disobey." As I spoke I drew off the glove I had hitherto kept on my left hand, and showed to them the ring entrusted to me by the political enthusiast.

"It is the Duke's!" said Hawkins, looking surprised at Hind: "Monmouth has given such a ring as that but to three persons. To disobey that token would cost us dear now, and much dearer by-and-by, when the game is played out. Captain Hind, the boy must be given up to this gentleman."

Hind grumbled, but submitted; and I could instantly perceive, by the alteration of their manner towards me, that they now looked upon me as a person of the greatest trust and importance in the affairs of Monmouth. I was not called upon in honour or in prudence to undeceive them; for possibly had they known that I had only within the last ten days joined the cause, and that the ring was transferred to me by Daniel Gumb, and not given me by Monmouth himself, they might even now have disputed my authority to use it. Fearful that some untoward circumstance might arise to dissipate from their minds the preconception they had formed of my power from the sight of the ring, I thought it best to use despatch; and I demanded that the boy should be given up to me without delay. Accordingly Samuel Elliot was brought forth.

As he entered, the lad came forward with an air of the deepest dejection in his countenance and demeanour; his eyes were bent on the ground; he did not at once see me. "Samuel," I said, "I am come to set you at liberty; you must go with me."

The sound of my voice seemed to act on his whole frame like electricity. He started, looked up, uttered a cry of joy, rushed forward, threw himself into my arms, changed colour, and sobbed hysterically with delight. Yet, as if his senses were disordered with the sudden surprise, the sudden release from misery to hope, he again cast a doubtful and a hurried glance at the men who had been his gaolers, and who were still in the room. I saw his distress, his confusion. "They will not harm you, my dear boy," I said; "with me you are safe—with me, your friend."

"My guardian angel!" he cried. "Oh! Mr. Harry, this is the second time you have saved me—tell me how——"

"Ask me no questions," I replied; "there is no time now to answer them. I shall require of these persons," I continued,

looking at Hind, "that they supply you with a horse, that you may straightway bear me company. I demand it instantly."

Hawkins, who, as well as Hind, looked much crest-fallen, made not the least objection; and I ordered my own horse to be also brought to the door. They left the room to obey me. "And now," said I to Samuel, "lay aside all fear; compose yourself, for you are free, though I cannot at the present moment take you back to Trelawne; and I will not trust you with another. Will you go with me wheresoever I may be compelled to go?"

"Oh!" he cried eagerly, "I will never leave you, take me where you may. But ere you quit this house, as it seems you have power with these wicked people, insist on their liberating poor Doctor Ruddell, our old master."

"Doctor Ruddell!" I exclaimed, with astonishment, "is he a prisoner? How do you know it?"

"Last night," said the boy, "I was shut up in a little sort of room like a closet, where I have been kept a close prisoner, indeed, ever since these men brought me here. They told me to be quiet and no harm would come to me, for I was only to be sent over seas; they did not say where. I was sitting thinking of my hard lot, when I distinctly heard voices in the next chamber, for the sort of little closet where they kept me was only parted from it by a thin partition. I listened, and I heard Doctor Ruddell's voice as plain as I now hear my own. I heard him trying to plead with these men that they would let him go and not send him over seas; but it was of no use, they said he must depart; and then I found, by something else that was said, that the good doctor had fallen into their hands whilst engaged in going forth to seek me."

"How is this," said I, speaking sternly to Hawkins, who had just entered the room, "that you have dared to lay hands on an unoffending clergyman?"

"Ask him," said Hawkins, sulkily looking at Hind; "I never so much as laid finger on the old blackbird. Hind dogged his steps and trapped him."

"I had orders to do so," replied Hind.

"From whom?" I inquired.

"No matter for that," he answered: "I acted on orders." It occurred to me that the same villain who had directed the kidnapping of the boy had given the order to prevent any immediate measures being taken to set on foot an inquiry, till the lad should be safe on board ship; still I remembered Daniel Gumb's solemn injunction and said not one word of this suspicion. But I determined to use again the authority of the ring to procure my old tutor's liberation.

I found the matter, however, more difficult to manage than that of the boy; so much did Hawkins and Hind fear the stir the worthy doctor would make on his return to Trelawne. And I soon found, by putting questions to Hind, that the doctor had laid himself open to the snare of his wily adversary, by most incautiously telling his business to the captain, whom he met whilst on the road to the house of a justice of the peace. There was good reason, therefore, that these villains should now fear for themselves, if they set him at liberty. I at length took the matter up with a very high hand, and insisted on the liberation of my friend. And, in order to induce the rogues to comply with my injunction, I gave them leave to make some terms with the doctor:—that he should be called on to pass his word, as a clergyman, that on his return, when he mentioned his extraordinary detention for the night, he should not name in his account either Hawkins or Hind. I felt sorry to propose even this compromise; but nothing else was to be done to procure the good man's freedom. It was further arranged that the doctor was to depart the house before myself and the boy, and that he was not to know I had any share in his deliverance; the same being made to appear as a pure act of grace or relenting in his persecutors. I was well content, under the present circumstances of my own case, to render so important a service to the worthy doctor, without his knowing to whom he was indebted for it.

Doctor Ruddell passed his most solemn word in consent to the terms they proposed to him for his liberation, and was forthwith suffered to depart in peace. About an hour after we did the same, and took the road recommended to us, as being most easy

of access towards the point of our destination. Here I am, then, Godolphin, and here I await the necessary instructions, which, by your means, I expect to guide my future steps.

Ever faithfully yours,

HARRY TRELAWNY.

LETTER XXXIV.

From Harry Trelawny to Colonel Godolphin.

From my Prison, Rougemont Castle,
Exeter, July 21st, 1685.

DEAR GODOLPHIN,

I have seen Charles Reynolds, that generous friend of our early days, and who in our adversity has not forsaken us. He will cause this to be conveyed to you in safety. I may write freely and without fear, for he is the very soul of honour; and though in every way opposed to us, and a faithful adherent of his unworthy master, yet his generous exertions in my favour, to mitigate, as far as may be, the misery of my imprisonment, convince me that he does not let public opinion or public duties interfere with the kindly feelings of old friendship and long-cherished regard.

I most sincerely rejoice in your escape. Reynolds knows where you lie concealed; the knowledge of that secret is dangerous to him, for he would be amenable to justice for misprision of treason should he become suspected ere you quit the country. I hope, therefore, for his sake, as well as your own, that the friends who now harbour you may speedily find a vessel in which you may take shipping for France or Holland; and, when once out of the country, no doubt your uncle, who is so firm in favour of this Government, will either procure for you a free pardon or buy one of Father Petre.

Reynolds could not tell you the particulars of my fate after the battle of Sedgemoor, for he did not know them—indeed he knew nothing more, when he and I met so strangely, than that I and the lad Samuel Elliot were both prisoners. I will, therefore, tell you myself all that has chanced, and you will soon find how hopeless is our present condition.

After Monmouth had so gallantly fought, and so reluctantly fled, when all was over, I could not resign all interest in his fate. I followed towards Dorsetshire, for he had taken that direction; and the boy, Samuel Elliot, who has never quitted me since I rescued him from Hawkins and Hind, bore me company in pursuit of the duke. We joined Monmouth at the very time his horse, spent with travel, had fallen under him; our own horses were nearly in the same condition. The Prince preserved his magnanimity of spirit even in this extremity of his distress; for he wished us to leave him, and to think of our own safety, observing that, if we were taken in his company, no mercy would be shown us. He remembered his dearest friends, and asked me if I knew what had been your fate—if you were slain when your company was routed and nearly cut to pieces after the flight of that coward Lord Grey.

I told him I knew not what had befallen you; the last time I had seen you was when you charged Lord Feversham's horse at the head of your own troop, encouraging your men not to fly, nor to give way to the sudden panic occasioned by the dastardly desertion of Lord Grey. Monmouth spoke bitterly of that officer, and as bitterly of Ferguson and Fletcher, who had joined with Argyle in persuading him, against his better judgment, to make a landing in England before his affairs were ripe for the attempt.

At this moment the boy Samuel, who, whilst I was speaking with Monmouth, had left us to watch, hurried back and said he had seen some persons, who he felt assured were on the look-out, drawing near. There was no time for deliberation. A poor shepherd was in the next field watching some sheep—"Change clothes with him, my lord," said Samuel; "if he is taken, no harm will come to him; it is your only chance for life."

"The boy speaks truth," said Monmouth; "I will do so if the shepherd-lad consents; but he shall not take the risk of preserving me blindly. Let him know it is the Duke of Monmouth who, with this purse, offers his own apparel in exchange for his shepherd's coat. Do you, Trelawny, speak to him."

I did so: Monmouth and the shepherd made the exchange,

and our horses being spent we abandoned them, determining to make our way on foot from the field. There was no one with us but a German, a very stout fellow, who came over with his Highness, and has been in constant attendance upon him ever since his arrival in England.

We continued our flight, till, such was the fatigue of Monmouth, for he had scarcely known rest or sleep for twenty-four hours before the commencement of the battle, that he dropped down at last from mere exhaustion. In this sad condition, for there was no house near, and everywhere throughout the country we knew parties were on the look-out to take him, we could do nothing but get some hay and straw, that we found in an adjoining barn; and, making a bed for him in a dry ditch, we covered him as well as we could, to shelter him from his enemies, in the hope that he might lie there concealed all night, and be able to continue his flight towards the coast on the morrow.

I saw the duke was faint for want of food. In this extremity it was absolutely necessary that some one should go to the next village and endeavour to procure for him refreshment. I determined to take the risk of doing so on myself; but, ere I quitted the Prince, I advised the German to take his station at the entrance of the field where Monmouth lay hidden to keep watch; Samuel Elliot I left with the prince, seated on the straw, for the poor boy looked wan, and seemed almost spent with fatigue also. I then put on Samuel's cloak and bonnet and hastened to the village, thinking that the most open and fearless demeanour was the least likely to excite suspicion. I went direct to the only public-house in the place, and, saying I wanted some refreshments for my companions who were fishing by the river. got a sufficient supply stowed into a little basket, paid for it, and no one seemed to entertain the slightest suspicion, for no one present had ever seen my face before.

Whilst I was in the act to quit the house—judge what were my feelings—certain men of Lord Lumley's troop came in, and I soon heard enough to inform me that the shepherd had been found in Monmouth's clothes by Lumley himself. This put his people on the right track; and, having some dogs with them, I

heard them say they were about to follow on the scent. I stayed to hear no more, but hastened from the house to return by a path across the fields, which was nearer, to get back to the Prince and warn him of his danger, if possible, ere the enemy approached. But my heart sank within me, as, looking back towards the house, I saw three or four men mount their horses and take the public road that led towards the spot where Monmouth was concealed, the dogs following their steps. As soon as I was out of sight of these men I ran with my utmost speed, but my speed was not equal to that of the horsemen.

I reached the spot; I entered, breathless, the field; and too soon did my eyes inform me of the fatal truth. I saw Monmouth a prisoner; his arms and hands bound like a common felon. Samuel Elliot was near; and the wretched German, who had pointed out the ditch where his master lay concealed (for the German was first taken), was now on his knees, begging for his liberty and his life with the utmost vehemence. I cannot dwell upon this scene—and indeed it must be known to you as it is to all England. And scarcely need I add that I was myself immediately made a prisoner. The German, though such information was not required of him, in the effort to do all he could to save his own worthless life, named me to the troopers.

I have only to mention that Samuel Elliot, that noble boy, owed his detention, not merely to the circumstance of his being found with Monmouth, but to his high and generous spirit. One of the men who first approached the unfortunate duke, to make him prisoner, was of a brutal nature, and, in the exercise of his power over a noble person, he had the meanness to unite insult to triumph. He insisted that Monmouth should take off his shepherd's bonnet, and bow to him in token of submission. The duke disdained to notice the command; the brutal soldier repeated it, and raised his hand to enforce it by striking the cap off Monmouth's head, when Samuel Elliot, indignant at his insolence, hastily and rashly drew the short dagger that he wore and struck the trooper in the arm, thus preventing him from knocking the cap off the duke's head.

The fellow was but slightly wounded, but the boy was instantly

taken, bound, and secured; whilst Monmouth in vain pleaded for him, and begged as they were men—Englishmen, that they would not visit the poor lad for an offence which might be excused on the score of his youth and his spirit; at the same time he assured them the boy had not borne arms for him at the battle of Sedgemoor; in fact, he was too young for the field. It was all in vain; and Samuel with myself was dragged to this prison.

It was melancholy to witness the fall of the unhappy Monmouth. Disappointed in his hopes, deserted by many of his friends, his cause betrayed by the cowardice of Grey, overcome with harassment and fatigue, his spirit seemed quite broken; and to so low a degree was he sunk in mind that he burst into tears as the men were hurrying him from the field. Neither myself nor Samuel were allowed to speak to him in private before we parted. He was carried up to London, where he was sternly received by King James, who denied him all hope of mercy; and five days since he suffered death on Tower Hill.

I remain to meet mine here; and the poor boy will, I fear, share the same fate; for his offence, in striking the soldier, will be considered too great for pardon: and Jefferies is to be our judge! We are each to be tried for high treason, with several other persons, accused of the same, before the end of the week. Now, Godolphin, do not entertain any false hopes for me. I am resigned to my fate, well knowing that it is certain: nor can you think it other when I tell you what I have myself seen, as well as heard, of the fate of many, since I became an inmate of this prison. I find, though the gaols are filled like this, even to overflow, with persons taken not only for having actually borne arms but merely on suspicion of having favoured Monmouth; the army is still kept in the western counties, where the soldiers live in free quarters and pillage, with a brutality that is fearful, as if they were in the land of an enemy instead of their native soil; whilst those who are only deemed averse to the measures of government, and have taken no active part to thwart them, are treated, by the King's order, with every violence that tyranny or oppression can suggest.

Jefferies has already been here a week; every day I see my fellow-prisoners dragged forth to trial: some on the slightest grounds of accusation, others on those of mere suspicion; and Reynolds tells me that the behaviour of the judge exceeds in infamy everything he could have supposed possible. Jefferies in his private life divides his hours between drunkenness, swearing, rage, and tyranny, whilst his ferocity of spirit is like that of a caged tiger, eager to burst on his prey. He requires, I am assured, each prisoner to plead guilty, telling him that, unless he does so and spares him the labour and trouble of proving the fact, he shall have nothing but the law in its utmost severity. Many an unhappy offender has been induced by this threat to plead guilty, who would otherwise have had a good defence; and yet Jefferies, who drew him into the snare, on an implied hope of mercy, has generally, at the close of the trial, ordered his victim forth for execution, without allowing him even time sufficient to make his peace with God. Most of these wretched sufferers have been of the humblest class; and those of a better order have not been spared. What hope then can there be for myself, or for the boy, when this man is to be our judge?

For my own part I am resolved; I will not ask mercy of him. I will not bend the spirit of a gentleman to plead to brutality in vain. Godolphin, I hastily, perhaps unadvisedly, joined Monmouth. I was urged on to do so by the sufferings, the prospects, of my country, under the tyranny of such a ruler as this King and his most arbitrary government. Private feeling also prompted me to undertake some action that would lead me from myself. I have been rash; many will say I have been guilty; but I will never be mean. I now await the final issue of my trial I trust with a composed mind. I think of my father with much pain, for he will lose his only son by a death he will deem an indelible blot on his good name. Would to God I had fallen in battle!

Of Letitia, I think, too, with feelings that at some moments unman me. I could, I fancy, die happier were I but at liberty to reveal one fatal truth entrusted to me under the oath of secresy. Could I but obtain permission from one person to

reveal that fatal truth, it might save her from a ruinous, a dreadful marriage, with a wretch unworthy such a creature! But my lips are sealed—sealed by an oath to God; and I have now no means of communicating with the only man by whom I could be released from an obligation that weighs heavier on my mind, far heavier, than the thoughts of my approaching fate. But there is no remedy; and in this, and in all else, I commit myself to Him whose justice, sooner or later, will make itself known in the face of all the world. I can write no more; you shall hear from me again; and to the last hour of my life, believe me, dear Godolphin, that I can never be other than

Your most sincere friend,

HARRY TRELAWNY.

LETTER XXXV.

Sir Francis Beaumont, Bart., to Mr. Jarvis, Attorney-at-Law, the Bank-side, London.

DEAR JARVIS,

I am so engaged at this moment that I cannot fully reply to yours, except to tell you that I had my own especial reasons for what I did, and did not; and I have now great cause to rejoice in not having openly joined Monmouth on his landing at Lyme. When I undertook to become one of his most active friends in the West, I did not even dream of such rashness as he afterwards displayed.

Daniel Gumb, that old scoundrel, who, I now find, trusted me not a whit more than absolute necessity required, kept me in total ignorance of the time and place where and when Monmouth would appear. But I have paid him; and paid them all in their own coin. I was not to be made a mere tool in their hands—to be used or thrown aside as they chose to employ me, and at their pleasure. No sooner did I hear that Monmouth had landed with not more than one hundred followers, than I knew how the game would run. There was no time for delay; I was fairly in for it; and so doing, as every wise man would do in such circum-

stances, I opened a correspondence, under the solemn seal of papal secresy (for I must be of the King's religion now, I see, to get clear of all my troubles), and gave all the information I could afford respecting the designs, the friends, and the abettors of Monmouth; positively declaring that if Father Petre but whispered my name as an informant, except to the King's ear, my lips should be sealed for ever, and not the tortures of the rack itself should open them again for further communications.

The King himself admits that my information has been of the greatest service, and that all terms should be kept with me; for many have been apprehended and cast into prison who, but for my statements, would have passed free without suspicion. Hitherto, therefore, all is well; but this cannot last long; something will come out; for, if once Father Petre and his master the King think I can be of no more use to them, they may not be so nice in keeping faith with me. And, if all does come out before I am married, farewell to Letitia, she will be no wife of mine; at present the bishop has not the slightest suspicion of any of these matters. He is as willing, as eager as ever, to give me his daughter; I must strike, therefore, whilst the iron is hot.

I go off this night for Trelawne, to plead such reasons as I know will be irresistible to hasten on the marriage. I intend to beg, to insist on its being immediately solemnised in the old chapel at Trelawne. The bishop's nephew, that upstart Harry Trelawny, is, I find, in prison for the rebellion. So much the better: Jefferies will be his judge, and Jefferies is my friend. He will make short work with him, and with that malapert boy too. How fortunate it was that Harry Trelawny got Samuel Elliot mixed up with the affair! The lad was actually taken in the very ditch with Monmouth, and wounded one of his Majesty's officers, who was doing his duty in the arrest. Nothing could be more fortunate: so all my torment is over about him. Jefferies and the law will complete that business without my stirring so much as a finger to help it on.

Send the packet you wot of without delay. Do not fear for

yourself; for, though you were deep in Monmouth's treason, you are safe by my means. What you did with certain citizens of London, in his cause, is of no consequence: should it come out, a word of mine will save you with Father Petre. Yet I think there is no real danger, for the Duke died refusing to give up the names of any of his adherents. I can say no more. To-night I go for Trelawne; when I next write it will be to announce to you the happy marriage of, dear Jarvis, your faithful friend,

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

LETTER XXXVI.

From Captain Charles Reynolds to Colonel Sydney Godolphin.

Rougemont Castle, Exeter,
August 1st, 1685.

DEAR GODOLPHIN,

I received yours by the hands of my brother, in whom you may entirely trust, though I am sorry you linger in your concealment, and think you would have done wiser had you followed your first intention of taking ship to cross the seas, rather than trust to the hopes your friends hold out to you of being able to procure a pardon by the interference of the Queen. Her Majesty, however fond she may be of your mother, has little credit with the King; and so little reliance can be placed on any promises of mercy to those under charge of rebellion that I should scarcely trust to the advice of friends in this instance.

You will be grieved to hear what it is now my melancholy task to communicate—poor Trelawny and the boy are both lying under sentence of death. They were tried by Jefferies, in the usual manner, and the facts were too strong against them to need even his interference to blacken them. Both remain for execution. The only favour that could be procured for them was that their imprisonment might be rendered somewhat less stern, and a short interval allowed before death to communicate with their friends, and see them for a last farewell. Letters have accordingly been sent off to the bishop, Colonel Trelawny, and a few other persons. In the interval I do all I can to soften the horrors of

their imprisonment, as they are, in some measure, under my charge, for I am at present the captain of the company on guard at the castle. You may suppose what are my feelings in performing this melancholy duty.

Trelawny and the boy bear their condemnation with a manly and a Christian spirit. They are kept apart in separate cells; but I hope, through my interest with the governor, to obtain for them the liberty of seeing each other, which both earnestly desire, before the day of execution. It is a sickening, a dreadful sight, to witness the number daily taken from this house of bondage to die the death; and yet the prison does not appear to thin, so many are daily brought in, from warrants and arrests on suspicion.

Poor Trelawny intends writing to you. I can add little more than my assurances that all that can be done to afford comfort to him in these last hours shall be done, if I have the power to effect it; and deeply do I regret that my duties are of such a nature that they compel me to keep a vigilant eye over the very friends for whose preservation I would freely give all I possess in this world of sorrow and of care.

You shall hear from me again: these few lines are merely intended to let you know the result of the trial; though it is scarcely necessary to do that, when you already know the nature of the offence, and the character of the judge before whom it was to be tried. Adieu, Godolphin: I am now going to visit poor Trelawny: I do so with a heavy heart. Here would be a case worthy the royal clemency; but it will be lost!

Farewell, ever yours in friendship,

CHARLES REYNOLDS.

LETTER XXXVII.

From Charlotte Trelawny to Ellen Buller.

MY DEAR ELLEN, Trelawne, Thursday night.

I write to let you know what has chanced, that you may not come to us whilst we are in our present state of distress; feel-

ing it is kinder to bid you defer your visit for a happier moment.

All was in preparation for Letitia's marriage with Sir Francis Beaumont when the baronet, who had urged it on with very pressing instances, arrived with my lord from Liskeard. On Monday morning, the day they came, the decorations of the chapel were completed; and, according to the old custom here, the family banners, one having on it the white doe, the arms of Sir Francis, and the other the chevron sable, those of Trelawny, were hung on each side the altar. On Monday my lord had intimated his pleasure that the whole family should attend at evening prayers, as he purposed, after them, to give a short discourse on the duties of the marriage state. Dr. Ruddell had only returned a short while before, after having been in much danger among those lawless men who now so sadly infest the western counties. He was to read prayers. We were all sitting in the summer parlour, and had been anxiously talking about the poor boy Samuel, who is still missing, when I was sent to bid Letitia accompany the family-party to the chapel.

I found her sitting alone, dressed in a very handsome gown, her hair nicely braided; she wore no jewels. I knew all had been done by her maid, who told me, just before I entered the room, that her young mistress had allowed her to do whatever she pleased in dressing her; she did not seem to know what was done, and had not spoken to her one word, being lost in her own thoughts. Letty was sitting; her eyes fixed on the window; it was open; yet she did not seem to be looking at anything without. She was as pale as death, every feature fixed, yet she was not in tears.

"My dear sister," I said, going gently up to her and taking her hand, "they are all waiting for you below; we are going into the chapel to prayers—only to prayers."

"Only to prayers!" she exclaimed. "How can such a wretch as I am pray? Oh, Charlotte! my heart is stubborn; it will not break; it will not bend to the will of God. I cannot go down."

"You must," I replied; "our mother, my lord, all are waiting. Letty, think of your duty!"

"I do, I do," she said; "but oh, my dear Charlotte! feel for me, pity me, for I am so wretched that I feel pity even for myself." She burst into tears as she spoke, and, throwing her arms round my neck, begged me to go down and say that she was ill; and implored me that she might not be led into the chapel by Sir Francis Beaumont, not till to-morrow morning, when she knew she must go. I said all I could to comfort her: yet reminded her of our father's will, and of the promise she had given, when she thought our mother to be on her death-bed.

Letty seemed to feel this more than anything else; again she burst into tears, and said to me—"Charlotte, I will do right; perhaps when it is done I may be better; but this dreadful expectation—it is like standing on the precipice before we leap; when it is done there will be nothing to hope—nothing will remain but despair; and I have heard that in the extreme of misery there is a calm—the calm of a broken spirit, of a heart withered, blighted, dead!"

"For God's sake, my dear sister," I said, "do not talk thus. You will, I hope, be happy."

"Never, Charlotte," she replied, "never! When I am married I shall, I trust, always bear in mind what I owe to duty; but to bid happiness come with a word is beyond my power. No, Charlotte, this is the last hour of anything like old times, old feelings, between us—for henceforth I must not speak; to do so would be a crime; I must not speak, whatever I may suffer."

I could only answer with my tears, and repeat that I hoped when the thing was done she would take courage to exert herself, and all would yet be well.

"Not with me in this world," she replied. "I think that I could summon resolution to meet a great calamity; the death even of my nearest and my dearest, better than I can support this trial; for I find none of that submission, none of that energy, which is so necessary to bear up against misery. My very heart dies within me; and then, Charlotte, memory will speak of the past—I cannot forget."

"Poor Harry!" I said, for I could not help speaking of him

at that instant; "how will he bear the news? How will he ——"

"Do not name him!" she exclaimed, starting wildly and looking round with an eager glance, as if fearful some one was near us; "do not name him! There are moments when I think I could abandon all, and fly to him to save me. You know not how maddening, how dangerous, is a thought of him at this hour. Henceforth I will never hear him named. I know my fate; it must be. Charlotte, I will go down with you —now, now; not a moment's delay."

And then as if a sudden resolution, to the continuance of which she feared to trust herself, had seized her, she started up, and took me by the hand. She was paler than before, trembling and cold. She again paused a moment to wipe her eyes, and tried to compose her demeanour ere she appeared before the family in the parlour. I advised her to wash her eyes and forehead to refresh her; she turned to do so, and I poured out the water, for she could not hold the jug. Before washing, she drew a ring from her finger—it was a mourning-ring. I took it up and looked at it.

"It is our cousin Charles's hair," she said; "poor boy! he is happy; he is dead; all with him is peace. Charlotte, to-day when my maid was teasing me, by asking me what jewels I would wear, I thought only of that mourning-ring, as my eye glanced on it. Soon shall I wear a mourning-ring, indeed, one that can never be removed! I put on this as a superstitious thought, may be, crossed my mind. It was, that if poor Charles could look down on my affliction he would, perhaps, as a blessed spirit, glide, though unseen, near me, and whisper peace to my distracted mind."

"May God comfort you, my poor sister!" I said, as I again kissed her; and we descended the stairs in silence together. As we drew near the summer parlour we heard voices within, seemingly as if talking cheerfully. The door opened, and the entrance of my poor sister appeared to cast an instant damp on all present. The very sight of deep and settled grief, even in *its silence*, is imposing. How my father and mother could bear

to look at her, and keep their resolution, was to me wonderful. How Sir Francis could see such sorrow, and continue his mind to marry her, is past my understanding. But most parents, I believe, think their children too young and inexperienced to know what is best for themselves; and probably they forget what their own feelings were in youth.

Sir Francis Beaumont, on seeing Letty, rose up, and came forward to receive her. I saw her shudder as he drew nigh, and close her eyes for a moment, as if to shut him out from her sight. She made an effort, however, to assume composure; and suffered herself to be led to a seat. My mother, I could perceive, observed her disordered state, and made a succession of efforts to cover or excuse it.

Sir Francis, who seemed to see no more than Lady Trelawny chose he should see of her daughter's depression, followed her ladyship's lead. My lord, who gave her a penetrating glance, saw likewise her distress: but he disdained to put it on any unreal ground by way of excuse; and not choosing to revert to it at all, yet willing to encourage my sister, he rose up, and said with more kindness than he usually shows in his manner, "Lean on my arm, my dear child, I will conduct you to the chapel."

Doctor Ruddell read the prayers, and my lord delivered a short but impressive homily on the duties of the married state. I was seated next Letitia. She had borne herself meekly and quietly throughout the whole service, nor had she betrayed any particular emotion till my lord came to a head of his discourse, wherein he touched on the sanctity, the obligation of the marriage vow, on the part of the woman, in the government of her affections; on the sin of allowing any feeling to lurk within her bosom that could render a husband less dear, less honoured, or interfere with the fulfilment of her duties to him beyond all the world besides. I thought Letty would have fainted, so much did she seem touched by this; she literally sobbed aloud.

At the conclusion of the service we did not immediately leave the chapel, for my mother stayed to look at the decorations, and to give some further orders about them. As we were standing

near the altar, my mother directing some change in the manner of suspending the banners to which I alluded at the commencement of this letter, Doctor Ruddell came up to us. He is, as you well know, a very absent man, and had not, I believe, therefore before observed them. Now he stood gazing intently upon them; I shall never forget the expression of his countenance as he did so. He stood mute, with his eyes literally riveted upon the banners. At first there was a degree of agitation about him on seeing them; then wonderment seemed solely to possess him. Then he paused, apparently lost in thought, and appeared not to hear a word of what was said to him, or around him.

My lord observed this demeanour of his chaplain, and said, smiling, "Well, doctor, what do you find so wonderful in the banners of my house and of Sir Francis Beaumont, that the sight of them should thus occasion the absorption of all your faculties? What is this?"

The doctor turned towards the bishop, with the air of one just awakened from a dream, as if doubtful if the ideas which had possessed his brain were of real or imaginary import. "Eh—a—ah!—the banners," said he, "the banners of your lordship's house and of Sir Francis Beaumont—wonderful! wonderful, indeed!"

"Wonderful!" repeated the bishop. "Why, doctor, there is nothing so wonderful at this moment as your own amazement at so simple a circumstance. Know you not that it is an ancient custom of Cornwall, on the marriage of persons of any condition, that the banners pertaining to the house of each should be suspended near the altar where the ceremony is to take place? Here, therefore, you see the white doe and the chevron sable in company together at Trelawne."

"When the white doe and the chevron sable," exclaimed Doctor Ruddell, "shall meet together in the chapel of Trelawne, then——" he paused, considered, struck his forehead, and added, "I have it; I see it—it must be so; a higher hand than that of man is in this thing. When the white doe and the chevron sable shall meet in the chapel at Trelawne, then ——"

"Then, doctor, surely you have bewildered yourself in looking on them."

"Then," continued the amazed doctor, seeming to follow his own thoughts rather than to be addressing them to the bishop, "then repair to the ALTAR STONE, and trust the rest to heaven."

"Doctor, doctor," said the bishop, "are you ill? are you beside yourself this evening? this is no place for jesting."

"My lord, I do not jest; I am not a man for jesting, but am, as your lordship knows, a poor and grave minister of Holy Church. Ask me no questions, for none can I answer. My lord, I must to horse—please to accommodate me once more with your lordship's own mare; the beast is a very quiet beast, and knows me and my ways. I must leave your house this night"

"This night, doctor; and to-morrow morning my daughter, your own pupil, and your favourite of all my family, is to be married; and will you now run away from us, when your presence is so much required, and your duty holds you here?"

"My duty calls me hence," replied the doctor. "Oh! my lord, ask me nothing—for nothing at present dare I answer to solve the seeming mystery of this matter. It is wonderful—most wonderful; I doubt not a thing of mercy. Yet it is an enigma, as difficult to be solved as that which, according to Herodotus, Nicotis, princess of Babylon, placed above her tomb. My lord, I must hence; no power of man must hold me. Believe me, I am in my sober senses; I know all I do—all I see, think, feel. This is your lordship's chapel; here are the banners; the white doe and the chevron sable have met in the chapel of Trelawne, and I must hence, or who knows what may be the consequence? It would be a fearful thing to disobey so awful a mandate; a—a—but I must not speak—I must not, must not say more. Let me go hence; for as I am a sinful man, yet living in the hope of God's mercy, I repeat it, that the duty I am called upon to perform is most imperative. My lord, trust me so far as to believe I am neither mad nor doting. I will account hereafter for what I now do, or I will see your lordship's face no more; and your lordship shall be therein justified, if I fail, in saying unto me, even as did Moses unto Pharaoh, I will

see thy face no more. My lord, still craving the use of your lordship's own mare, I humbly take my leave."

And with that the good doctor, or the mazed doctor, as he may probably be called, to the astonishment of us all, walked with great strides towards the door, followed by us; and, seeing his serving-man just without, gave orders for his immediate departure; and, quite forgetful of my mother's presence, seeming to hear nothing and see nothing but the strong delusion which possessed his own brain, he bustled about his little preparations, as if no one had been present but his man—called for his riding-coat, his boots, his new wig (forgetting that he had it on), his nightcap, gown, and slippers, and felt in his pockets to know if he had his Bible about him. Then he bade the horse to be saddled and brought out without a moment's delay; commanded a brace of loaded pistols (think of that for Doctor Ruddell!) to be put in the holsters; talked to himself every now and then in a few ejaculatory expressions, seized his riding-rod, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour and the danger of the roads, set off at a good round trot from Trelawne; having previously refused, in the most positive and determined manner, all attendance, though reminded by the bishop himself of his own strange and confused story, how, in his former expedition, when he went about the poor boy's affair, he had fallen among vagabonds, and had been detained all night in a sort of annoying durance. But he now seemed very bold and confident, stoutly maintaining there was no danger, for Heaven would protect him to do its own work.

You may picture to yourself the astonishment all this occasioned. We all know Doctor Ruddell to be one of the best, the most kind-hearted men that ever lived; a sincere minister of the Church; pious, good, and charitable in all his words and actions, and such a lover of truth that he follows it to the very letter; a man not at all imaginative—indeed, so little, that, in the ordinary affairs of life, he seldom sees or comprehends more than the mere matter-of-fact presented to him in the most obvious form; a grave man, profound in divinity, with a memory stored with the treasures of historical and ancient lore. Such a

freak in one of his character and parts could not fail, therefore, to excite astonishment, for, in spite of all appearances, we cannot suppose him capable of acting in such a manner, and in direct opposition to the bishop, his master, whom he holds in such profound respect, without he had some very cogent and very powerful reason for what he did. But to reason upon this circumstance in the conduct of our good doctor would be as vain as to conjecture its import; we can therefore only trust to his own assurances of future explanation, and pray Heaven to restore the good man in safety to his friends, and to his right mind, if any sudden bewilderment has possessed him.

Scarcely had he departed when Letitia, whilst the surprise of this matter held all the company in conversation, availed herself of the opportunity to steal out of the room to her own chamber; and my mother, who had seen her agitation in the chapel, was, I believe, glad she did so, and made an excuse for her. I followed Letty, who complained of an intense pain in her head, occasioned by her uneasiness, want of sleep, and her weeping. She said she could not come down again that evening, but would go to rest early, as she really felt ill. I was obliged to return to the company. No sooner had I done so than a messenger came in haste, post haste, bearing letters for my father. Oh, my dear friend! how shall I convey to you an idea of what were my feelings on learning from my lord the dreadful news these letters conveyed. I cannot dwell on the subject. Surprise, grief, dismay seized on us all when we learned—would you have believed it possible?—that my lord's nephew, that misguided, unhappy young man, Harry Trelawny, had turned rebel? Yes, rebel! That he had joined Monmouth's rebellion; and, instead of proceeding to London (whither we thought he was going when he left this house), hastened towards Lyme to meet the Protestant duke on the day of his landing. It appears he took with him Samuel Elliot, and made him, though so young, a party in the rebellion; and, after having fought for Monmouth with a bravery worthy a better cause, himself and the lad were finally taken with the unhappy prince in his lurking-place; and

the boy had there drawn his sword, and shed blood in the duke's cause, even after its defeat!

What events are these! I can scarcely write what follows. I sicken with terror when I do so. Judge Jefferies has condemned both my cousin Harry and the poor lad to death. A Captain Charles Reynolds, who it appears is an old college friend of Harry's, and is now on duty as captain of the guard at the prison of Rougemont Castle, where he lies, has written a very feeling letter to my lord the bishop to make him acquainted with his nephew's fate. He adds that, by the intercession of the governor with the cruel Jefferies, a short respite has been obtained before the execution of the sentence, to give Harry time to see his friends. He says there is no hope of mercy, but at the same time ventures to suggest to my lord that, in order to leave nothing unattempted, he had better set off to London, and see the King himself; since as a peer spiritual he can always have an audience, and try and move him in person to some act of relenting, some commutation of the sentence.

My lord was exceedingly shocked at receiving this letter; grieved to the soul at hearing of Harry's danger and the boy's fate; and said he would set off for town the next morning, as soon as it was day. Nor would he suffer a word to be spoken by Sir Francis Beaumont, who would fain urge his lordship to perform the marriage ceremony before he quitted Trelawne. He promised the baronet, however, to do so immediately on his return.

How shall I describe to you the distress of my poor sister on learning this most dreadful news? She started from her seat; all her deep depression of mind was, in a moment, gone; and all that energy of manner, that strength of character, which, in times of trial, used to distinguish her, returned with double force. The first burst of feeling, occasioned by the horror of such a fate as threatened Harry, being over, she became at once collected, firm, even calm in her demeanour; and, without the delay of an instant, without a shade of fear or timidity in her manner, went immediately to my lord, talked on the subject with him with the utmost fortitude; and finally said, as she

threw herself at her father's feet, that would he but let her go with him to town, so she might but be upon the spot during the progress of this attempt to save Harry's life, her father should see her conduct herself with a resolution not unworthy his daughter; no womanly weakness, no fears, no expressions of grief, that might trouble him, should escape her. She had brought her mind to act with a resolution which true courage, based on a firm trust in God, could alone inspire at such a crisis. She might be useful; she might suggest something; she might obtain an interview with the Queen. And, let what would happen, it would be a consolation to her that she should feel till the last hour of her life, to know she had, as far as her exertions could extend, done all in her power to save her cousin.

My mother was present when Letitia made this appeal to the heart of her father. My mother was, I saw, struck with the resemblance, in its high tone and resolution, that my sister's character at this moment bore to her own. She found Letty to be indeed her child. And, to the surprise of all of us, she begged the bishop to grant my sister's request to take her with him to London, commending her anxiety to save her cousin's life; whilst at the same time she observed, if no mercy could be obtained for that misguided but high-spirited young man, she hoped my lord would prevail that he might die by the axe, as Monmouth had died, as to have him hanged would be such a disgrace to the family.

In this, my mother showed her character, for no circumstances of terror or of pain could ever for a moment make her forget what she considered to be due to the dignity of her name—she is a true Trelawny, though only so by marriage, not by birth. But Letitia was so bent on saving Harry's life, that she would not admit the probability of his death, if timely exertions were made to save him.

We all saw that my lord was much moved with his daughter's patience and fortitude at this crisis. He raised her gently from his feet, and told her she had prevailed—she should go with him. He should be glad of her company and counsel at such a time, when the son of his own brother, and a youth who had in early

life been to him as his own child, was in so much peril. He had disapproved Harry's conduct about herself, he condemned his taking arms in Monmouth's cause, yet he knew his nephew had many fine qualities; he was dear to him in affection; and more dear in these moments of danger and distress than he had ever been before. He would do all he could to save him.

I could see Sir Francis, who was near, was displeased at witnessing this warm return of affection on the part of the bishop to his nephew, but he was too wise to make any remarks. My lord repeated to him, on being urged to do so, his promise about the marriage on his return home; and with this assurance the baronet took his moody departure and farewell.

I have only to add, that, at five o'clock this morning, my lord accompanied by Letitia set off for London; they have a fine day for the journey, and may God speed it, and give it success. The young clergyman, Mr. Jonathan Ruddell, is gone with them; he was here under my father's especial care, as he has promised our old tutor to give his son the first living that falls to his gift. He and Letitia have agreed to write between them almost every day, and let us know all particulars. Pray Heaven they may be enabled to write us the good news that cousin Harry has received the royal pardon for his offences. Adieu, my dear Ellen, and believe me ever

Your most affectionate friend,
CHARLOTTE TRELAWNY.

LETTER XXXVIII.*

From Doctor Ruddell to his son, the Rev. Jonathan Ruddell.

DEAR JONATHAN,

In continuation of the remarkable passages of my life, I have now to relate to you those which followed my quitting Trelawne, on the evening of that memorable day you wot of; when, as

* This, like the preceding letters from Dr. Ruddell to his son, appears to have been written some time after the events it narrates occurred.

I have told you, I felt the hour was arrived in which it became me to act boldly, in a matter of more than ordinary concernment.

I say, then, with full reliance on the support of that good Providence which, it appeared to me, had chosen me as the instrument to bring some mighty thing to pass, I set forth, nothing doubting, to seek a certain spot, called the Altar Stone, near the Cheese-wring; the said Cheese-wring being, as the learned Master Carew informs us, in his very curious and recondite History of Cornwall, an ancient Celtic, or British, or Pagan temple, dedicated, in those dark times, to the idolatrous and blood-spilling worship of the Druids.

It seemed to me that on this day all things went well with me; a sure note that what I did was, in an especial manner, helped forward by my Heavenly Master: for I met with neither let nor hindrance, nor with any amazement, in my journey. There was no rain—a marvel for Cornwall; the roads had been newly repaired, and were very good for Cornish roads, considering that none of them, in the best of times, seem as if made for any Christian traveller, in a civilised land. The mare I rode, my lord's own beast, was in very good condition and spirits, nothing blown by the hills, and went cheerily on, with a feed or two of corn that I gave her on the way, when such refreshment could be procured. Notwithstanding my own and the mare's bodily exertions, it was not, however, till towards the evening of the next day that I reached the place of my destination; for, night coming on soon after I left Trelawne, I was compelled to take up my lodgings at a very sorry house of public resort on the road-side; being invited into the same by seeing written up under the sign of the King's Head, "Entertainment for man and horse." That will do, thought I, for me and my lord's mare; and so I questioned not, but availed myself of this halting-place without fear.

I will not pause, Jonathan, to tell you how busy were my thoughts that night; they kept me long from sleeping, though I had made the most wholesome preparation man could do for a sound night's repose—to wit, a temperate meal, and a hearty

prayer for God's blessing on me and my adventure, to do what seemed to be my duty. Nor will I pause to tell you what were my dreams; for, though there are among miraculous instances many records of remarkable dreams in Holy Writ, yet I could not but consider that, under ordinary dispensations, such visions are frequently distempered—no better than lying and false oracles, and very prone to mislead and deceive; seeing how grievously they did so in the case of Astyages the father of Mandane, when she seemed to him, in a dream, so marvellously to pour a flood over all Asia; whereby, a false interpretation being given to the same, that jealous and notable Mede married her to Cambyses, the Persian, of which union the great Cyrus was the fruit.

As I entered the bleak, lofty, open space whereon rest those huge masses of granite, and that rude temple of antiquity, so marvellously poised, the Cheese-wring, it was drawing on towards the evening hour. I knew the exact spot called the Altar Stone, the said Altar Stone being one block of granite rock, having on the top a deep excavation, round in shape.

It was a beautiful evening, and there was in the solitariness of the place the splendour of a fine sky, and the silence of all around me, in the midst of these large piles, a grandeur and an awe that was calculated to make me reflect on the nothingness of man in his present frail and perishable condition.

I got off the mare and tied the bridle to a thorn-bush growing near one of the blocks of stone. Thence I walked towards the Cheese-wring, on the other side of which stood that particular rock called the Altar Stone. As I advanced, I looked this way and that way, to see if any one were nigh; but no one did I observe till, on turning round the pile of pendent rocks, I beheld, leaning on that very Altar Stone, a man of a tall, stately, and imposing presence, very venerable in countenance and in years, yet seemingly unabated in strength; for he looked strong as Samson ere Delilah had shorn his locks. I immediately recognised him as Daniel Gumb, whom I had seen once before during a certain examination in the hall of Trelawne.

On seeing him there I doubted not for a moment it was to *him* I was sent, or impelled rather to go, by that more than

human power which had been permitted to speak to me, though darkly and imperfectly, things not to be imparted to human ears, in the Higher Broom Field. I doubted not, I say, for a moment, of the fact; and so, ejaculating a few words to implore strength and assistance to finish the work I had begun, and that no deceiving spirit might be allowed to mislead me in this matter, I advanced boldly, and said, in a loud voice, "You are the man I seek; for here is the Altar Stone, and the *white doe* and *chevron sable* have met together in the chapel of Trelawne."

The stranger started on hearing my words, and questioned me shrewdly, which the more strongly confirmed me in my view of the subject, namely, that this was the man it most concerned me to meet at this time. I then asked him if in times past he had known one Dorothea Dingley, who had lived in the family of the late Sir Copplestone Bamfield.

He said he had known such a person; that Sir Copplestone was, in days past, his ancient friend, and that certain events had occurred in his family of dear concernment to himself, which I should know at large, if he found it right and necessary to communicate the same to me. And he dropped a few words which convinced me he was deeply interested in the mystery that it seemed to me was about to be solved by some most wonderful means. Seeing all this, my doubts vanished, and I at once related to him the occurrence of that awful vision, or spectre, which had been met by the boy Samuel Elliot, and subsequently by myself, in the Higher Broom Field. I told him every circumstance, and even that most awful communication which I was permitted to relate to no man, saving to him I should find at the Altar Stone, near the Cheese-wring, when the white doe and the chevron sable had met together in the chapel of Trelawne. This I told to Daniel Gumb; but not to you, Jonathan, my son, nor to mortal man beside, must I utter the fearful things which I then spoke unto him; and which had been made known unto me by a spirit of the dead. Yet all that I am at liberty to mention, and may with safety tell, shall here be unfolded to you without reserve.

I say, then, that having told this man the secret intelligence

I was permitted to convey to no one else, and with all the solemnity with which it was related to me, we agreed to set off together on the morrow, and repair straight to the Higher Broom Field. I afterwards learnt, though I did not even suspect it at the time, that this Daniel Gumb had been a very active agent in the affair of Monmouth's rebellion; that he had carried on his schemes in the most extraordinary manner both in Cornwall and Devon, and even on the Continent; and the more surely and unsuspectedly from appearing in so mean a character; and that some of his plans for the Protestant duke had mainly been rendered nugatory by the treachery of a person of rank, who had been a great friend to the cause, as long as he thought that cause would succeed to assist his own personal advancement.

On the evening I met Daniel Gumb at the Altar Stone he mentioned to me having lately been disabled for many weeks by a fall from a horse. He did not, however, tell me, what some time after I found to have been the fact, that this very accident, which he had so deplored, was in all probability the means of saving his life; for had he not been so injured by the fall that he could not even stand, at the time of Monmouth's landing, he was to have joined him at Lyme; and no doubt, had he done so, would have been taken, tried, and executed amongst the partisans of that prince's cause.

I confess I was much struck both with the mind and manner of Mr. Daniel Gumb, though he was by far the most eccentric person I had ever met with. By most men he was considered so extraordinary, that some deemed him to be evil-minded altogether; whilst others thought that his strange and rude habitation, his mode of life, his craft, and his pursuits, were things adopted by him in very close imitation of certain eminent philosophers of antiquity; and by some was he compared to Diogenes the Cynic. The common trade at which he occasionally worked; the poor and wild way in which he bred his children; his utter contempt of the wealth and luxuries of life; his refusal to take gifts of money at any time; his strong, nervous, enthusiastic way of expressing himself; his imposing

presence, and his constant practice of ascetic severity in his own person; his knowledge of mathematics and of judicial astrology; his deep and rancorous political prejudices, and utter defiance of all the usual modes of the world;—all these peculiarities, I repeat it, had caused him to be looked upon by the surrounding country as a character so strange, so mysterious, and so wonderful, that some said he was mad; others that he had sold himself and his children to the devil; a few thought him a spy, and not a few a knave.

For myself, I would judge no man rashly; always taking charity as the staff on which opinion should rest in her progress through the world. Yet even I must say (and I wish to say the best of him) that I do think there was much of cunning in this man, strangely blended with enthusiasm. The sufferings of some of his nearest in kindred and affection (who were foreigners), at the time of the French dragonade, had goaded on a temper naturally stern, till it became somewhat ferocious; like an animal that is fierce, but quiescent, save in search of food; yet, if teased and irritated, will turn and rend when no actual necessity demands a prey; or will, now and then, seemingly repose, only to make the spring which it meditates with a more sudden and more deadly effect. There was, I verily believe, much of cunning in his character; for after a long period circumstances came to light which made me apprehend that he had never loved Monmouth nor his cause, though he had so zealously espoused it; but that his aim was to drive James from the throne by means of the Protestant duke, and then to make null and void the pretensions of that prince to succeed to it, by reason of his illegitimacy, and so leave open the way for the restoration of that republican form of government which this man and his fanatical friends would have sacrificed their very lives once more to set up. Such were the men who had lingered in holes and corners in this part of the West, ever since the days of Oliver Cromwell; and brought up their sons to follow in their steps. I have said thus much to you, Jonathan, because you never saw this extraordinary person Mr. Daniel Gumb; and without some knowledge of his manner of life, and

of his character, you could not comprehend the motives, the persevering spirit, and the daring disposition, which led him on to do what I shall presently have to communicate to you in a future letter.

To continue my narrative. It was on the morrow, in company with Mr. Gumb, that I repaired to the Higher Broom Field, where I had seen and communed with the spectre; for spectral illusion, I am persuaded, it was none. Mr. Gumb had now reposed his confidence in me, so far, at least, as he knew the circumstances connected with certain particulars in the life and conversation of Dorothea Dingley, long ago deceased. We went, therefore, to the Higher Broom Field, fully understanding and trusting each other; and each confessing that the hand of Heaven was apparent in this matter, and that we, unworthy as we were, had been as chosen instruments to effect its purpose.

On entering the Higher Broom Field we walked directly up to the stile, at the right of the hedge. "There," said I, seeing a flat stone that lay near it, "there is the spot in which we must make our search." We had brought with us a short hand-spade for the purpose. The stone was speedily removed; and we found beneath it a common stone jar, the mouth of which was very closely secured with bung, skin, and a thick covering of wax. Need I add, Jonathan, that the conversation I had heard pass between the two women (the night I was in durance), respecting the death of Dorothea Dingley, at this instant flashed across my mind.

"This, then," said I to Mr. Gumb, "must be the jar in which that conscience-stricken and wretched woman deposited the wages of guilt, and the secret!"

"We will examine the contents of the stone jar," replied Mr. Gumb; "they may be of the last importance, but we must not examine it here. We then will decide how to act for the best —the secret, be the price of its revealment what it may, must be known. If the discovery, and my making my appearance in an open court to maintain facts that may be brought to light, should lead to my own betrayal in certain political matters, so as to cost me life, I am willing to lay it down, for this thing

must no longer rest in silence: the living and the dead have been stirred for its revealment, and the will of an almighty and avenging God shall be done." So saying, he very carefully raised the jar, and immediately after quitting the fatal field we repaired together to the cottage of Mr. Bligh, where, in his presence, we proposed to enter on our examination of the contents, and to consult with him on the plan of future proceedings in a matter of such vast and fearful import

But here, Jonathan, I pause, being somewhat wearied in writing this long letter, and leave what remains to be told till some more convenient time; resting, in the interval, your affectionate

Father and friend,
JOHN RUDDELL.

LETTER XXXIX.

The Rev. Jonathan Ruddell to his father, the Rev. Doctor Ruddell, at Trelawne.

MY DEAR FATHER, London, August, 1685.

I have just written to my Lady Trelawny by desire of the bishop, who is so much engaged he could not find leisure to write himself at this moment; and, having finished my task, I now hasten to fulfil my duty to you. This is the first time that I have ever been in London for any continuance; it is a truly wonderful place, but I have had little inclination to see it, of so anxious a nature has been the business on which my lord came to town. You may well suppose it has incessantly occupied all our thoughts, and yet my lord bishop has not hitherto been able to succeed with the King; nor do I think, in the present position of affairs, there is much hope. All that has yet been done is the further suspension of the execution of the sentence passed on Mr. Harry Trelawny and the boy, but without the most distant intimation being given that a final pardon will be granted to either.

The town is all in a ferment on account of his Majesty's speech at the opening of this present sessions of parliament; for the King has declared his pleasure is to keep up the standing army; and he justifies his putting into commission so many Papist gentlemen. These things produced a warm debate when it was proposed to give the King thanks for his speech. The Earl of Devonshire said that, for his part, he was for giving his vote for the thanks, because his Majesty had spoken out so plainly that it warned all the nation what they had to expect, and to prepare for it.

The Lord Guilford North being dead, the Chancellor's office became vacant, and you will be mightily surprised to hear, if it has not already reached your ears, that the seals are given to that blood-thirsty wretch Jefferies. Nothing but this circumstance makes his predecessor, Guilford North, to be remembered with regret.

The King has given a general disgust to the people, whilst the cruel executions which have so unsparingly been set forth on the misguided followers of Monmouth, showing mercy to neither sex nor age, have caused such a spirit to be raised amongst the citizens that the more sober and thinking class of men deem the King to be driving on matters to his own destruction.

I have given you this slight statement of the nature of things in London, in order that you may see in what an ill time my lord set on foot the endeavours he has been making, and still makes, to save his nephew: for such is the infatuation of the court, that the more restless, the more eager the people are to throw off the yoke of oppression, the more heavily does James and his council combine to keep it on. Things were in this position when, after long waiting, the bishop received a sudden summons that he should attend his Majesty in his closet. My lord was directed to bring no one with him except the chaplain who usually attends him—that chaplain was myself. I, therefore, was to go with him. My lord was from home when the summons came, paying his respects to Monsieur Beaujeu, a French gentleman now in London, who had been very kind to his son, Mr. C. Trelawny, whilst he was in Paris. The King's

messenger accordingly followed my lord to this gentleman's lodgings, near Smithfield, where he abode in the stately mansion of Old Lane House.

I got into the coach with my lord, and we drove to Whitehall with what speed we might, encumbered as the streets were with great throngs of people.

At length we arrived at Whitehall. The guard as we passed paid to the bishop those marks of respect to which he is entitled from his rank. We crossed the palace courts, ascended the great stairs, and gave in our names to one of the gentlemen ushers. All within the palace was new to me. I was much struck with the splendour of the apartments through which we successively passed; their pictures, hangings, arras, and decorations were all in the most costly style; and the several attendants were dressed with corresponding magnificence: most of them had on some token or badge of office, which, to one like myself, new to the court, was an enigma. We finally stopped in the Shield Chamber, there to wait the moment the King might be at leisure to receive us.

Whilst we were here waiting, Bishop Trelawny took his seat at a table where lay pens and ink, and, drawing out a memorial he had in his pocket, he added some notes which suggested themselves to him, to enforce the arguments it contained in favour of his nephew. As he was thus employed a side-door opened, and, with a step as soft as that of a mouse which fears to wake a cat, an usher, bearing his white rod, stepped up to the bishop, and said the King would see him in his closet; and that no one but myself was to enter with him. We obeyed the summons, and following the usher, who seemed to have learned the art of gliding rather than of walking in the court, soon found ourselves in the royal presence.

The King was seated before a little table covered with papers; behind his chair stood the Jesuit priest, Father Petre. This ecclesiastic had as ill-looking, dark a face as ever I beheld; yet there was an affectation of humility in his air; and he appeared throughout the conference to aim at bearing the appearance of one low in power, slightly concerned with what was passing;

and yet, every now and then, I could detect the shrewd and penetrating glance of one who observes acutely, and who aims at reading more in the mind of another than may be gained by the mere matter of his words. He watched as if he would not seem to watch. His glance never rested nor came at regular intervals; it was furtive and sudden, and then the eyes were bent again on the ground; and the whole man would have presented, to a less interested observer than I was of his demeanour, nothing but the image of a poor humble priest, who was neither to be heeded nor feared.

I pass in silence the preliminary introduction, and the homage paid on the part of the bishop after being ushered into the presence, and go at once to the suits made by his lordship for the pardon of Mr. Harry Trelawny and the poor boy. The King denied both. My lord touched him on the ground of his royal clemency. His Majesty pleaded the necessity of a severe example in dealing with the rebels, who had openly defied him and his laws in Monmouth's affair.

"Sire," said the bishop, "there has been so much blood spilt in the chastisement of that offence there needs no more, I say it boldly, for I speak not here as pleading for my young kinsman only, but as a Christian minister of that faith which teaches mercy. Your Majesty's Chancellor, Judge Jefferies, has sat on the bench as if for the express purpose of never sparing life. He has gone forth like the husbandman to the harvest, in this career of blood, with the sickle in hand, to mow down every head. At Dorchester alone, on two hundred and ninety-two persons did he pass the awful sentence of death: few of them were spared; even women and boys suffered. At Exeter scarcely fewer in number have been condemned by him, and have undergone a like example of his fearful power. At Taunton he has been unsparing. Consternation and horror follow his steps; whilst his very name has become so dreaded in your Majesty's kingdom that nurses fright restless babes to stillness by calling on Jefferies!"

"Not by our will," said the King. "Our Chancellor had bad men, dangerous rebels, to deal with; men who brought on them-

selves their own fate. My lord bishop, there are times when it is necessary, for the example of others, to draw the sword."

"And there are times also, sire," replied the bishop, "when it is mercy to sheath it. It was but now, as I came here, that I witnessed the most dreadful scene—a scene before which the heart ached and sickened. I saw an unhappy woman bound to the stake in Smithfield; the fire was about to be kindled at the pile, where she was to die a cruel death, for no crime but that of having from motives of common humanity given shelter for a few days to a rebel, who was one of neither name nor note, but the father of a family dependent on him for bread. Sire, these are awful facts, and Justice must blush for the murder committed in her name! It is time to stop. Your Majesty has power to save; it is vested in your sacred person. Save then the wretched, and God will bless the crown of him who deems mercy the fairest jewel."

"Would you have us, my lord," said the king, "do as our royal father did, spare the heads of other men, of traitors and rebels, till our own becomes the forfeit?"

"No, sire," said the bishop; "but the circumstances of your Majesty's reign differ widely from those of your august father, the lamented martyr of England, This rebellion hath had no root; it was rash, hasty, precipitate, ill supported; its progress brief, its expiation bloody. An exercise of the royal clemency at such a time, by putting an end to these cruel executions, will be hailed as a blessing to your majesty and to your people; and all men will henceforth obey you as much from love as duty."

"My nephew, please your Majesty," continued the bishop, "is a rash misguided youth, yet having in him such qualities of generosity and courage that I doubt not this wild trick of his youth, for such it is, more than any settled purpose of treason, being overpast, he may live to do your Majesty good service, would your Majesty but grant your royal pardon."

"On what plea, on what merit, my lord, must I grant it?" said the King; "for this is none."

"The first and chief plea is, I humbly trust, to be found in your Majesty's own royal nature; and that you, as God's vice-

gerent here on earth, must delight in his great attribute of mercy. For the rest I would plead my nephew's youth, his having been seduced into this hasty rebellion by ill-advised counsel, his prison sufferings—no small punishment—and for his merits; to those which are his own I would add the merits of his father, Colonel Trelawny, who fought and bled for your Majesty's royal father to the last, and was foremost in the battle of Worcester Field. In the cause of loyalty Colonel Trelawny has suffered in mind, body, and estate, and will think himself more than requited—for no reward has ever yet been his save that of his own approving conscience—would your Majesty but grant to him the life of his son. Sire, in his name let me kneel and implore a pardon for this most misguided youth; and to his father's name let me add that of our common Father—He in whose keeping are the hearts of princes; may He at this hour incline your Majesty's to pity; and men and angels who witness the gracious act shall also bless it."

The bishop spoke with great feeling; he paused a moment; the King seemed to waver; there was a little relenting, I fancied, in the expression of his countenance, less sternness in his eye; a less haughty bearing, when he asked the bishop if he had said all he wished to say.

"No, sire, not all," resumed his lordship. "I am emboldened to prefer yet another prayer. Sire, there is a poor boy, friendless; an orphan child, who was for some time under my own care. His excellent parts and his gentle nature have been his chief recommendations to me and mine. This boy, it appears, was with my nephew at the time he was taken. My nephew had rescued him from the hands of certain lawless persons who, it was believed, carried on the infamous practice of kidnapping. The lad bore his deliverer company from motives of gratitude, as well as for his immediate security, and took no part whatever in the rebellion. Accident, not design, threw this youth into the company of the duke on the very day of his escape after the battle. The soldier who seized Monmouth offered him a personal insult in the exercise of his office. Prompted by those feelings that generous minds experience on witnessing an indig-

nant action, the lad drew a weapon he wore by his side, and slightly wounded the base fellow capable of such insolence. Jefferies has sentenced him to die. Sire, this offender is but a boy; his very crime was committed from the promptings of a brave and noble spirit; it has had no fatal result. Do not, then, suffer the offender to be cut off in early youth."

"This is a case not unworthy mercy," said the King, in a manner that for James was a feeling manner. "Do you know anything of this boy, father?" he said, turning to his confessor and counsellor.

"He is not altogether unknown to me, sire," replied the Jesuit. "I rather think the boy is the spurious issue of an unlawful love. His mother, so am I given to understand by one who knows more of the lad's history than he does himself, abandoned her husband for the arms of a paramour; this boy was the fruit of that sinful connection.

"From whom know you this?" inquired the King.

"From Sir Francis Beaumont," replied the Jesuit. "To speak sooth, the lad's mother who thus disgraced herself and her family was the sister of that gentleman; and from him I know the truth—a truth he conceals from public knowledge, to hide a sister's shame."

The bishop expressed his astonishment, as he well might; for Sir Francis had never intimated a word of this unfortunate family circumstance.

The King questioned further with Father Petre; and the priest insisted that he had good cause for knowing the youth to be not so guiltless in Monmouth's affair as the bishop would seem to think he was. He hinted that the lad had been employed in bearing messages and papers between the prince and the King's worst enemies; and that he had been more especially trusted in these concerns by some old republican enthusiast, who was formerly one of Verner's men in the Fifth Monarchy rebellion.

The King drank in all these insinuations and advices that the Jesuit poured into his ears; nor did he stop to weigh them by his own judgment. The confessor, seeing himself thus encouraged, became less cautious; and no longer observing his extreme affec-

tation of humility, touched the string with a bold and sweeping hand, that sounded the worst note for the cause the bishop had at heart.

I saw the bishop glance indignantly at Father Petre for thus presuming to interfere between him and the King in his lordship's own suit. But the confessor knew his ground and his time, and that on a point of bigotry he had his prince at his pleasure. His Majesty fell into the Jesuit's strain, without a pause; so well was it suited to the key of his own passions.

"It is true," he said; "there can be no justifying this act of clemency, except it be on the ground of public good; for, if we spare these persons, those who have already suffered for the same, or for less offences, will be reckoned but as murdered men, and the wholesome example of justice will be stayed."

The bishop again spoke, but to no effect; for the King cut him very short with saying—"My Lord of Bristol, it is not unknown to us that you have been in constant attendance at Lambeth Palace since you came to town; and our learned archbishop, who is somewhat of a prudent man, it is shrewdly thought would have been less inclined to thwart our measures but for your holding him fast to the opposition. I will be plain with you; use your influence, and in your own person set the example of obedience to the crown; and then let me hear of your suit, but not till then."

"If such are to be the terms," exclaimed Bishop Trelawny, vehemently, "then must my nephew die; for if his life and the lives of all my own children depended on my doing this thing, sire, I would rather give them up to present death, and trust their souls with God who gave them to me, than I would put this hand to so foul and treacherous a work."

The bold tone in which the bishop spoke, for a moment so surprised the King, he could not immediately answer; and, in spite of all his pride and his arbitrary spirit, he felt the ascendency which a high mind never fails to acquire. Father Petre scowled on the bishop, and gave him one of those dark looks which made the French ambassador observe, when he saw this Jesuit so active at court, that, had he met him in Italy, he should

have taken him for a bravo more than for a confessor; the man to do a foul deed rather than one to give absolution for it.

Seme warm words ensued—warm on the King's part; who at length, bidding the bishop let him hear other things than he had done of late from Lambeth, and its prelate and counsellors, or to see him no more, rose, intimating by this action that he desired our departure.

"But my suit, sire," said the bishop, "I would humbly suggest, is of a private nature. I ask it not as a public matter, since your Majesty will not put it on the ground of a public example of royal clemency. I ask the life of a helpless boy—the life also of a near kinsman; I ask these lives in the name of a friend—a friend to common humanity: in the name of my kinsman's father I likewise beg it, and he did good service to your Majesty's royal father in the day of his distress. Sire, you will not give them to death!"

The King paused, looked at the bishop, walked a stride or two up and down the room, and finally drew aside Father Petre into the recess of the window, where he held, in a voice too low for one word of what he said to reach our ears, a brief conference with the Jesuit. What the father said, I know not; but it was evident he would not trust the King to hear any more arguments of the bishop, for he stepped forward, and, saying his Majesty desired to be alone, the bishop was compelled to withdraw.

He bowed, with a respectful but sad countenance, to the King, and withdrew. I followed his steps in silence to his coach, and we presently drove from Whitehall. I must now, though in haste, conclude, as the packet waits for this.

My dear father, I am always
Your dutiful, affectionate son,
JONATHAN RUDDELL.

LETTER XL.

From Letitia Trelawny to Charlotte Trelawny.

MY DEAR SISTER, London, August 10th, 1685.

I hope you have received in safety all the letters I have written to you since we came to town; sad transcripts they are of a sad heart. I will not revert to my own misery respecting Harry. I will trust to God, who, in his mercy, I humbly pray, will either enable me, in a way consistent with my duty, to cherish my feelings for my dear cousin, or entirely to overcome them. I will only add, that dear Harry and the poor boy are still in prison, still under sentence. What a word is that, Charlotte! and for me to live to write it! May God have mercy on me, for I need it! Yet there may be hope: I will hope there is hope; for a further reprieve has been granted, it is all the mercy yet obtained for them. Jefferies and Father Petre, we know not wherefore (but my lord says it is so), seem bent on their destruction; and he adds, in speaking of them, "Who was ever yet spared with those men for their enemies?" May Heaven be their friend! Pray for them, Charlotte, as I do incessantly.

I will now endeavour to tell you all that has happened since I wrote last. My father, since his repulse in the interview with the King at Whitehall, has been more than ever in consultation with the bishops. He and young Mr. Ruddell have frequently spoken of these matters, even in my company; so that I know pretty well what is going on. To you I shall touch on these points but sufficiently to make you understand the circumstances of his danger.

The King sent an order to the bishops that they should cause all the clergy of their several dioceses to read in the churches his Majesty's declaration for toleration throughout the country; and this was to be done immediately after the performance of divine service. As the clergy were known entirely to disapprove the use that had been made by King James of his suspending

power in the matter of the laws, both in Church and State, this last clause, or order, was considered as an insult on the whole body. They determined, therefore, on the score of duty to the Church, in the oaths of their sacred ministry, to obey a higher power than that of man, when the order of the King was opposed to what they deemed obedience to their God. To encourage a resolution so devoted in the clergy, six prelates, at the head of whom was our father, met in council at Lambeth Palace, where the archbishop (who thus made the seventh) sanctioned their proceedings.* They set forth in a petition to King James, drawn up with much respect and duty, their feelings of loyalty to the Crown and to his own person; and that, though they were willing to afford every relief to all Protestant Dissenters, yet because the Declaration of Indulgence was based on a prerogative formerly declared illegal by the Parliament of England, they could not, consistently with their oaths, their honour, and their conscience, make themselves parties to the distribution of it throughout his Majesty's kingdom; and they, therefore, humbly prayed the King not to insist upon their commanding their clergy to read it in their several dioceses.

On the presentation of this petition the King ordered the six bishops forthwith to attend before the Council, and there publicly questioned them as to whether they would acknowledge that insolent petition delivered to him in private as their act. For some time the prelates hesitated, seeing what was the King's drift in putting to them such questions. The Chancellor came in, and with much rudeness pushed on the matter till they avowed their act. The King became incensed, and gave stormy words and looks to the bishops as they knelt before him. To my lord he was more severe than to the rest, because he considered him as a leader and prime mover of this opposition to his will; and he did not fail in these moments to twit him about the part his nephew had taken in Monmouth's rebellion.

* The six bishops were, Lloyde of St. Asaph, Kenn of Bath and Wells. Turner of Ely, Lake of Chichester, White of Peterborough, Trelawny of Bristol; Sancroft being then archbishop.

"Sire," said our father, kneeling, "my ancestors have done good service to the Crown, and though a youth, who is of my own house, did rashly engage—I grieve whilst I repeat it—in the affair of that unhappy duke, yet what have I to do in this? Sire, at the time of Monmouth's rising, I drew together my own followers and tenantry to your aid, and sent as lusty a band of Cornishmen to your Majesty's service as ever took up arms in the defence of a King; those men came from a land of ancient loyalty and courage, nor did they disgrace it. Our Cornish hearts are brave and true, and one Cornish man is now before your Majesty who would be unworthy your royal favour, unworthy his name and race, unworthy his high ministry, did he forget that his first and chief duty must be paid to that God who has made him even as a watchman in Israel of old, one of the chosen guides and guardians of his Church."

"Keep your watch, then," cried the King with much passion, "in our Tower of London. You who call yourselves the fathers of peace, of obedience, you would raise the whole country against us! I will hear no more. Away with these prelates to the Tower—to the Tower with them! There, reverend sirs, learn your duty: it is a goodly place for meditation. Let me find you wise men, if you are true men, or our Crown lawyers shall take order with you for this," he continued (vehemently striking the petition of the bishops, which he held in his hand, on the table), "for this, as foul a libel of sedition as ever insulted a prince. My lords, you are prisoners."

The bishops, who were kneeling before the obdurate King, pronounced an "amen" to his command; and, saying they were willing to suffer for their country and their conscience, and praying God to bless his Majesty, they arose; and to a man with a calm, firm, and submissive demeanour resigned themselves to the guard, who had been summoned into the presence to execute the orders of King James.

The news was speedily conveyed to us of our father's committal. Rebecca was out with Lady Buller when the messenger arrived, but I instantly ordered our coach, hastened down to the bank side, attended by my lord's secretary, and took boat for the

Tower, to fly to him as soon as I could reach him in his affliction. The messenger had assured me that I should not be denied admittance. The lieutenant of the Tower, however, at first made some demur, but he at length consented to admit me. The prelates, I learned, as soon as they could after their arrival, had hastened to the chapel to return thanks to God for their being thought worthy to suffer for His Church. They were at that moment in the chapel; thither I bent my steps, still accompanied by my lord's secretary, Mr. Oliver.

After divine service I was permitted to attend our father in the apartment that had been allotted to him during his imprisonment. It overlooked the platform. It was one, as I learned, where many a noble prisoner had been confined. I knelt at my lord's feet, expressed my sense of his situation with all the warmth of my heart, and with all that reverence and affection a daughter could not fail to express at such a moment. I preserved calmness and composure; well knowing that any agitation of manner at such a time would be afflicting.

He gently raised me from the ground, embraced and gave me his blessing. "My dear child," he said, "this ready attention to come to me at such a season is most dutiful in you and acceptable to my feelings. We have had hard measure from the King, but we are willing to suffer, and doubt not a happy deliverance, if not in this world, assuredly in a better."

My father then spoke to me of his own affairs, of my poor cousin; though on this point he dwelt but slightly, for I saw he feared to raise my hopes. He then bade me leave him, go home, and write to tell you what had chanced, with his love and blessing. My dear Charlotte, I have endeavoured to execute my task; and begging you to present my humble duty to our dear and honoured mother, and gently to break this matter to her, I rest ever your most affectionate sister,

LETITIA TRELAWNY.

LETTER XLI.

[Between the foregoing and the following letter there appears to have passed an interval of some weeks.]

From Rebecca Trelawny to her sister, Charlotte Trelawny.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE, London, 1685.

Though sister Letty is writing to our dear mother, I cannot let the express go without a letter to you. All London is in commotion. Such a stir, such a bustle! it does one good to see it.

The trial of our dear father and the bishops was to be held in Westminster Hall. I heard young Mr. Ruddell very often say that the safety of all the nation depended upon it, and that everybody saw the dangerous crisis to which matters were brought. I do not pretend to understand these things.

The concourse of people was, they say, the greatest ever known. All the city of London was strangely affected with the matter, and poured out its population, as if not a creature would remain within the walls. Burgesses, citizens, their wives and children, mechanics, artisans, lawyers, and stout London 'prentices, with their flat caps on their heads, and their clubs in their hands, and the boys from St. Paul's School, who got a holiday, and from Westminster School, too, were all crowding along; and all to the trial, if they could but get in.

And then the soldiery, and the poursuivants, and yeomen of the guard, made such a grand show! And the bishops that were to be tried came along more like men, as I thought, in a Roman triumph of old (that we used to read about in the old book at Trelawne), for they were attended by some of the first peers and nobility in the land; and all the streets were hung with rich tapestries and boughs, and flags from the windows. And, as they passed along, there was such a waving of handkerchiefs and caps, such shoutings of "God bless the bishops! God deliver them and the Church!" and such manifestations of public love and joy, that it was worth while to be sent to the

Tower only to hear it and see it. Lady Buller and John Buller went with sister Letitia and myself to the trial; and Westminster Hall made the finest and most solemn show that I have yet seen.

Westminster Hall is a large grand old building, with a beautiful carved oak roof, like our chapel at Trelawne, only much larger and grander, though it looks very black and gloomy, from the effects of time and the colour of the wood. It is, indeed, magnificent; and, like all magnificent things, not gay; for it is a sort of place that makes you feel grave and serious in a minute. On this day it had the most imposing appearance; I could not adequately describe it. The bishops looked and behaved nobly; and our father the noblest of them all. The proceedings opened with great gravity and respect. But of the trial I shall say nothing, because the printed account of it, that everybody is running mad to get hold of, goes with our letters to you, so there you will have it all. The bishops were acquitted, notwithstanding the combined influence of the King and the court, exerted against them, to procure their condemnation. You never heard such shouts as burst at once without the walls of Westminster Hall when the good news of the acquittal was made known to the populace; and within the walls of the building, though less noisily expressed, the joy was no less. I thought the old roof would have been brought down on our heads by the shaking it must have undergone with such a deafening and continued acclamation.

It was a long time before we could get out of the Hall; and as for getting near our dear father it was impossible, for the crowd pressed so about the bishops on their leaving the hall that they almost carried them off their legs; and some of the lower sort, who had a hearty but vulgar way of showing their joy and their zeal, would shake hands with the prelates; others desired but to touch their robes.

The bishops smiled, and took all from the mob with perfect good humour, and bowed graciously, yet they looked fagged to death with the trial and the zeal of the populace; and indeed it was very fatiguing. All the churches in the city rang out

such merry peals with the bells that it inspired cheerfulness to hear them. And the ships in the river were hung with flags as thick as sails; they fired salutes with great guns; music played in the streets; and the barges in the Thames, rowing backwards and forwards with their fares as fast as they could ply them, were very gay with little pennons.

When night came on, the shows exceeded those of the day, for fireworks were let off, and large bonfires were seen blazing, and flaming, and crackling all along Cheapside and the Strand, whilst the Cross at Charing had thousands of the people merry-making round the greatest bonfire of the whole; and the citizens stuck blazing torches outside their doors, which showed by their light the hangings and the tapestries at their windows, as if it had been broad day. Many families placed long tables, and supped in the open streets before their doors; and the link-boys ran about as if they were mad; and the London 'prentices went along the streets with paper lanterns, crying, "Clubs, clubs," and threatened to pull down and burn the chapel of the King and Queen at Whitehall; and they would have done had it not been for the guard.

But the city lads were determined to have their fun, and that humour for frolic presently turned to one for mischief. For they set to crying, "No arbitrary power! Liberty and the liberties of London!" with "Clubs, clubs, clubs, for the stout London 'prentices!" and in less than ten minutes all the boys in the city, and all the mischievously disposed, and indeed most of the ragamuffins in or about the town, flocked to their aid, and made the clubs play about the yeomen and officers' heads as if they had been battling with merelles or nine-pins; and all the barber-surgeons threw open their doors to take in the broken heads, to give a help to their trade; and everybody said they encouraged this disturbance among the 'prentices.

The drums beat to arms; the Abbey bells and those of old St. Margaret's church were set ringing, just as if there had been a great fire, and a very strong body of the soldiers got round the palace, so nothing was done by the crowd except what they could effect with their tongues, for their bare hands (few of them being

armed) were no match for the swords, halberts, and matchlocks of the yeomen and soldiery; so they only groaned, and hooted, and hissed, I am told, in a most terrible manner. And one man was so bold as to cry out for the "Prince of Orange and no Popish King." This set all the mob huzzaing, and the name of the Prince of Orange was cheered in a way that would have made sick the heart of King James, had he been then at Whitehall.

My lord said it was very fortunate for his Majesty that he had gone, on the day of the trial of the bishops, to his army, which he has encamped on Hounslow Heath. There the King also had set up a chapel within a tent; but so few of the officers attended, and those who did were so scorned by the others, and so looked on, even by the common soldiery, that everybody says it will show King James how little he can depend on the troops, if he once brings them into action on the score of his religion.

Letitia has this moment sent to my closet to say she must have my letter, in order to make up the packet, as the express waits for it. I must, therefore, here close, though I have not told you half I had to tell. I know you will rejoice with us for our father's deliverance. I forgot to say that I only wore my old Genoa velvet, not the new one, and my head with Brussels ears and French wings, in Westminster Hall. John Buller said it was prettily devised; it was done by Madame Le Roi. For my own part I did not think much about it, for on that day, till the trial was over, I thought only of our honoured father.

I can add no more than that I am ever, dear Charlotte,

Your affectionate sister,

REBECCA TRELAWNY.

P.S.—Whilst about to fold my letter, Letty came in. She tells me, with great agitation, that my lord has this moment informed her he shall go to Hounslow to-morrow to obtain an audience with the King. "Now is the time," said he, "when James is in fear of the people." Letty thinks from this that her father is going again to the King to see what can be done about getting a pardon for cousin Harry and the boy.

LETTER XLII.

Captain Charles Reynolds to Colonel Sydney Godolphin.

DEAR GODOLPHIN, Rougemont Castle, Exeter.

In compliance with your desire to know all particulars respecting our unhappy friend, I now resume my melancholy task. I fear we have nothing to hope for Trelawny or the boy.

Last night I saw the governor of the prison; and instead of finding, as I had expected, a renewal of the reprieve, he placed in my hands, with a sad countenance, a letter and a warrant which he had received from Jefferies, ordering the execution of both prisoners on the day already named. He then requested me to visit them, and to break the matter to them, for he declared his own unwillingness to do so, and wished to be spared the task.

Thus instructed, with a grief at heart so acute that it almost deprived me of the fortitude necessary to perform my painful duty, I went towards Harry Trelawny's cell, having previously learnt from the governor that the poor boy was with him, as, in consequence of the quiet demeanour of the prisoners, and the earnest wish they had expressed to see each other, he had frequently of late allowed them to be together.

The hinges creaked harshly as the turnkey opened the iron-barred door to admit me within the condemned cell, for there had Harry Trelawny and the boy been consigned since the arrival of the warrant.

The turnkey, who was armed with pistols at his belt (on account of some few prisoners having vainly attempted an escape), was a fellow of a ferocious appearance: he had been one of Colonel Kirk's men at Tangiers, for common keepers had not been found enough in this overstock of the prisons; and some extra hands, therefore, had been chosen among the most worthless of Kirk's men. This was a true gaol-dog, savage and ferocious. I entered, but did not speak till this fiend in office had retreated and locked, bolted, and barred me in with the prisoners; and then for some moments I could not speak, so strong was my emotion.

There sat Harry Trelawny and the boy: the latter had apparently been reading, for the Bible lay open before him. Harry had been employed in writing a letter. Both prisoners looked pale, thin, and wasted; the consequence of so long an imprisonment, little mitigated by any of the common comforts of life, for the orders of Jefferies had been as severe as they were peremptory in every respect.

On looking at Harry, I was shocked to observe the change; he was more altered than the boy, because, in his mind, strong passions had added all their force to the sufferings under which he laboured. His complexion was as pale as the paper before him; his cheek sunk: the wrinkles of thought and care, even in this brief space, had made themselves visible; whilst in the eye itself, bloodshot and strained, as if of late he had had but little acquaintance with sleep, there was, every now and then, a wildness of expression, which almost awakened a suspicion that the intellects had suffered with an intensity that threatened their overthrow. His hair was grown long: it hung in matted curls round his face. His air and demeanour were negligent in the extreme. On the whole, he looked like a ruined man about to die, yet to die with the passions of this life still strong upon him, rendering him incapable of settling into that calm which generally precedes a state of prepared fitness for death, even as the stillness of the evening hour accompanies the going down of the day.

The boy, on the contrary, though he looked very ill, from his long confinement, had a sweetness and gentleness of aspect that told of a holy calm within. His eyes, glistening with feeling and intelligence, seemed to watch with interest his companion; for whose fate, indeed, throughout the whole of the interview, he appeared to be more anxious than for his own.

Trelawny looked up: he read all in a glance.—"Charles," he said, rising, and holding out his hand to me, "you are come to bid me prepare for death—welcome! I know no better news that you can bring me now. When are we to suffer?"

"Alas!" I replied, "on the day already named. Jefferies has sent down the warrant, a sure note that the King is inexor-

able. Trelawny, it is my duty—and what a duty!—to tell you this. Endeavour to compose your mind for the brief space that remains. I need not counsel you to die as becomes a man for I know your spirit."

"And must this poor boy suffer too?" he said.

"I fear so," I replied; "I fear he must have some powerful enemy, who has stepped in between him and mercy; yet with one so young it is most strange."

"I can read that matter," said Trelawny: "the boy has an enemy; but oh, Reynolds! I must not speak—must not speak what it is worse than death to me to conceal. But an oath, a deep binding oath, was imposed on me! and yet to die! die, with the consciousness that she, too ——" He stopped, as if he had said more than it became him to utter: he struck his hand on his breast, and, with a disturbed step, paced the cell. Again he paused, and looked at the boy, "And you so young—you, poor child, must suffer—suffer for being in my company. My poor boy, can you forgive your destroyer?"

"My destroyer!" exclaimed the lad; "oh! you have been my friend, my preserver! I am young, it is true, but old enough to die—old enough to know that death is not the worst thing that can happen to me; or for what purpose have I read this book?" He put his hand on the Bible, and then, turning to Trelawny affectionately, threw his arms round his neck.

"Sweet child!" said Harry, "would that I could be as calm; but every moment some thought of old times, some bitter feeling, some dreadful reflection, as to what must be the fate of one dear being whom I must leave behind, will not let me be at peace—will not let me quit life with that calm of spirit which teaches indifference to time and joy in eternity: what noise is that?"

We listened, and distinctly heard in the narrow passage leading to the cell, first, footsteps, and then a whispering: it seemed as if more than one person was advancing. "It is the turnkey," said the boy; "I know his heavy step; but the other footsteps are lighter." The door opened, and a gentleman, whose dress showed that he was a clergyman, entered, supporting on his arm a lady, whose face was shaded, so that I did not

immediately see it; for she wore a hood, drawn forward close about the head. She advanced with a tottering step, extended her hands, but could not speak. Harry looked at her a moment: a cry escaped his lips—a wild cry, as of astonishment; he rushed forward, and, grasping her convulsively to his bosom, exclaimed "Letitia!"

Her sobs were alone audible in answer to the strong emotions he displayed. For some minutes there was a pause with all present. All of us knew the unhappy attachment which had subsisted between Harry Trelawny and his cousin, the eldest and fairest daughter of the bishop. We felt for them the deepest sympathy; it was now best shown by a respectful silence, whilst they seemed so absorbed in their own feelings that our presence was altogether unheeded.

Harry supported his cousin; for her whole frame was so agitated she could not support herself. She wept, but uttered only a few words, so low and inaudible that they did not reach me. He put aside her hood, which had hitherto shaded her face: he gazed upon her with looks that spoke all the mingled and deep feelings of joy and of sorrow which, in the fulness of his heart, seemed too big for utterance. He gazed a moment, surveying every beautiful feature, as if doubtful—as if he would assure himself his senses were not deceived, and that she was really before him. He then gently parted and put back the silken tresses of her hair, which had fallen over her forehead, and shaded it from his view. He kissed that fair forehead, as a saint would kiss the relic that lies nearest to his heart: it seemed as if he in doing so touched with his lips some holy thing. He pressed too her hand to his bosom; and then, bowing down his head on her shoulder, overpowered by his feelings, burst into a flood of tears that relieved their intensity.

The clergyman, who was a son of old Dr. Ruddell, seeing Mistress Letitia was quite incapable of explanation, came to her relief, and spoke for her. He told Trelawny that the bishop had set out from London to hasten his journey to Cornwall, on some especial occasion, accompanied by himself and Mistress Letitia; but scarcely had his lordship got so far as Maidenhead

Bridge, when they were overtaken by a special messenger, who came with an order from the King, requiring his immediate return to London. His lordship could not do other than obey the royal mandate. He had already heard on the road that there was a great stir in the metropolis about the Prince of Orange; and apprehended it was some alarm on the part of James which had thus caused his Majesty to require his presence at Whitehall, as none were more true in upholding his title to the Crown than those very bishops who had so lately been tried in Westminster Hall. His lordship, therefore, had returned, leaving his daughter under the care of his chaplain, Mr. Ruddell, to take her down in safety to Trelawne, where he promised to follow as soon as possible. Mr. Ruddell had arrived with his fair charge no further than Exeter when the news of Mr. Harry Trelawny's approaching fate met their ears. It was the talk of the whole city; and not without difficulty had Mr. Ruddell obtained permission from the governor of Rougemont Castle for a lady, near in kindred, to be allowed to take a last farewell of the prisoner before he suffered.

On hearing this brief explanation, Harry thanked the son of his old tutor for procuring him this interview, and promised to comply with a request he had expressed, that it should not be prolonged. The time passed in one sad, continued, and affecting interest. A thousand expressions of the tenderest feelings and recollections were mingled with their tears; and not a person present but felt and took part in the scene, as if the distressed state of these two unhappy beings had been an individual grief of his own. The young clergyman, who appears to be a man truly worthy his sacred calling, whilst evincing the most gentle sympathy with their afflictions, endeavoured to lead their thoughts to that source where true consolation could alone be found. He then asked both Harry and the boy if he could do anything for either, while they were yet in this world, or after they were departed from it.

"Yes," said the unfortunate Trelawny; "I would beg you to give this letter to my poor father—I shall never see him more; *age* and infirmity—for he is now confined to a sick room—will

prevent our meeting on this side of the grave. With his principles of loyalty to the Crown, for which in former years he suffered and bled, I know he will think harshly of my late conduct. I have stated to him my reasons for what I did. Had I fallen in the battle of Sedgmoor I had been spared this hour."

He paused, and then resumed: "Tell those who may ask you respecting the fate of the rebel Harry Trelawny, that it was in the hope to preserve the laws of England, her ancient constitution, that he took up arms. Never would he have done so against his King, so long as that King remained faithful to his coronation oath. James broke that sacred bond, and by his doing so I deemed my allegiance to him void; it was from no other motives that I espoused the cause of Monmouth."

He then gave several other letters to Mr. Ruddell: one was addressed to the bishop, and another, which he said was of great import, to a person named Daniel Gumb. He thanked Mr. Ruddell very heartily for his kindness; he then turned to bid the last adieu to Letitia. He questioned her about her purposed union with Sir Francis Beaumont: she told him all the circumstances.

Harry appeared to suffer agony of mind as he listened to her statement. He protested against the marriage with a vehemence that was almost frantic in its expression. No words of mine could convey any idea of his agitation of spirit as he solemnly called on God to witness that some fearful communication had been made to him by a person named Daniel Gumb respecting Sir Francis Beaumont, though he was bound by the most awful oaths never to reveal it without the permission of his informant, whom, whilst he was thus imprisoned, he could not seek. That the communication thus made to him was of a nature so dreadful, that, if known to the bishop, he would rather see his daughter dead than wedded to such a man. He further protested that no spirit of rivalry, no jealousy—though he knew jealousy would linger even in death itself—prompted him to say this. It was truth alone; a fearful truth. And he declared that if life could be spared to him he would gladly forfeit it, were it but possible to save Letitia.

To these dark hints we could, of course, give no answer; we could only express our regrets to see him so agitated, and beg him to calm his mind for the sake of his beloved cousin,—and himself. Thinking that to protract an interview so painful would but be adding to the sufferings of all present, I ventured to hint, that, as the hour drew nigh for locking up the prison-gates for the night, it was time to part.

On hearing this, Trelawny pressed his cousin to his bosom. "Farewell, Letitia," he said, "farewell—may God bless and comfort you! Do not forget me; think of me in death; for in life you have been dearer to me than even that life itself."

He paused, and continued: "Pray to God for me, Letitia, for my mind wanders so I cannot for myself. Pray that some peace, some calm, may be vouchsafed to this sad, this broken heart."

He looked at her steadily for a moment; strained her once more to his bosom; and then saying "farewell," dropped on his seat, and buried his face in his hands. She turned to go, supported, for she was almost fainting, by Mr. Ruddell and myself.

As she drew near the door Trelawny wildly started up, rushed forward, and again clasped her convulsively to his bosom; and then, as we tore her from him, seemed to stand like a statue, fixed in mute despair to the spot whence we had forced her from him. We led her out, and the door was closed after us by the turnkey, who had been waiting somewhat impatiently for the moment of our departure.

I have only time to add that I sent this evening to the inn, and find that, in consequence of Mistress Letitia Trelawny's great distress of mind, Mr. Ruddell had set off with her, very early, in order to take her home as soon as possible to her mother at Trelawne.

I remain, dear Godolphin,
Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES REYNOLDS.

LETTER XLIII.

From Charlotte Trelawny to Ellen Buller.

MY DEAR ELLEN, Trelawne.

I HASTEN to reply to your inquiries concerning your friends here, at this eventful time.

My sister Letitia came home worn in mind and body, yet endeavouring to support herself nobly to go through the painful scenes which awaited her return. She was calm; yet, to me, there was something more alarming in this very calmness than in her former agitated state; it was so much the calmness of a mind given up to grief bordering on despair. She met my mother with a quietness of manner, a depth of feeling, and a resignation to her will that was most impressive; and received the information that in a few days our father would return to perform his promise to Sir Francis Beaumont, without the least signs of that strong emotion which she had hitherto evinced on hearing his name. In this melancholy state she continued for some days. My mother allowed her to be very little alone, though I could see she desired to be so; and both on her part, and on that of Lady Trelawny, as little mention as possible was made of the approaching nuptials.

Harry was not named, though Mr. Ruddell, the young chaplain, had told us, when my sister was not present, all that had passed at Exeter; and that on the last day of this month, now so fast approaching, he and the poor boy were to die. My mother was much affected by the intelligence; but it produced no change in her determination about Letitia, so much has she ever been bent on the match; for Sir Francis, in the first instance, was her own choice for her daughter; and you know our mother's tenacity respecting the inalienable right of a parent in the disposal of a child. She had herself, she said, never been consulted as to her pleasure when she was married to our honoured father, yet she had been happy; and so would Letitia be, in a little time, when she was unprejudiced, and old enough to know what was for her real benefit. She then dwelt at much

length on the rank, fortune and connections of Sir Francis, and praised him a great deal more than I thought he deserved.

On the Sunday evening, we had returned from attending divine service in the chapel. We were sitting in the summer-parlour (Letitia looking as calm, melancholy, and wretched as she has done ever since her return home, speaking but a few words, and those only when she was obliged), when we suddenly heard the wheels of a coach rolling up the avenue, and a servant hastily announced the arrival of my lord the bishop.

Letitia started from her seat; her face, hitherto so deadly pale, became suddenly flushed, and she trembled in every limb. "It is my father," she said; "he is come!" She prepared to move towards the door.

My mother rose and spoke—"Do not go, Letitia, let me first see your father." She interposed between my sister and the door, still attempting to stop her.

It was of no use; for Letitia, with a resolution which I had never before seen in her, rushed past her, saying—"I will see my father, I will speak to him, and alone;" and immediately forced her way by her mother, with a wildness of aspect and a rapidity of step that set all control at defiance. I stayed, if possible to pacify my mother, and Mr. Ruddell ventured to beg Lady Trelawny to let her daughter speak with his lordship by himself ere he saw any other member of the family.

I then stole out of the room into the hall; there the first person I met was Nancy, my sister's maid. She told me that her young mistress had quite alarmed the bishop by the strange way she was in; he had consented to talk to her alone; they were gone into my lord's closet. I returned with this information to my mother in the summer-parlour. Judge, Ellen, with what anxiety I awaited the expiration of the hour; for more than an hour was my sister closeted with my lord. At length our father came in; and, after hastily but gravely saluting us, with a very disturbed countenance he said to me—"Charlotte, go to your sister; she is retired into her own room for the night; but I charge you, on your duty, not to allow her to renew with you the subject of the discourse she has held with

me but now. Some strange misconceptions have possessed her mind respecting my friend Sir Francis Beaumont. Such must not be indulged. I can excuse much, however, in her; for her mind has naturally been harassed and affected by what affects us all, the fate of my misguided nephew. I had hoped that his confinement in prison would have been deemed a sufficient punishment for that matter; but the King would not hear me. The fate of my nephew is a grief to me at heart; it is a grief to me whilst he is on the eve of meeting such a fate that I must give away my child in marriage; but Sir Francis Beaumont is chosen as ambassador to the court of France; time presses, and I cannot delay the fulfilment of a promise solemnly given to him —that he should wed my daughter before he quitted the kingdom. The wedding will take place on the morning after the morrow; it will be very private, for at this season of family affliction it will neither be decent nor proper to have it otherwise. A private performance of the ceremony, in my own chapel here, will be all. Sir Francis must, on the same day, set forward to the coast; he will take his bride with him."

My mother observed she was glad it was so arranged, as going to the court of France would do Letitia good, by giving a more lively turn to her thoughts; and that her new duties, and her sense of religion, would soon restore her to herself. I did not say a word, because I knew it would be useless to attempt to speak; and so I went direct to my sister's chamber with an anxious heart.

I found Letitia sitting alone; her eyes bent on vacancy, and apparently stupefied from the effects of her late violent emotion. I could with great difficulty get her to speak to me, she was so lost; yet she would every now and then utter a few distract d words, as if to herself, yet nothing connectedly.

I stood weeping by, not being able to refrain my tears on seeing her distressed condition. I pressed my sister in my arms, and said something kind to her, I scarcely know what. She smiled upon me, and then looked wildly round and laughed. There was something in her smile and in her laugh that curdled my blood; it was not natural, it was more painful than her

tears. She saw my distress; it recalled her for a brief space to herself. "What a wicked creature am I to frighten you thus," she said; "you who have so kind a heart, and never injured me. You who are the only one who at this moment pities me."

"I do pity you; from my soul, Letitia, I pity you. I would give my life to save you from this detested marriage. But I must not say so. I can only pray God to comfort you; may he hear my prayer!"

"And mine, Charlotte," she said with energy. "Charlotte, do you know what I have done?"

"My dear sister," I replied, "what is it you mean?"

"I have made a vow, a solemn vow to God, that I would obey my parents, and wed that man without a murmur, beseeching the God of mercy that so great a sacrifice on my part might prevail with Him to spare my poor, poor Harry's life—I shall never see him more." She burst into tears as she spoke, buried her face in my bosom, and sobbed convulsively.

The next day Letitia came down to us in the parlour as soon as she was summoned. Sir Francis Beaumont was not expected till the evening. All the morning there was a flutter, a restlessness of manner about my poor sister, that to my mind was most alarming, but my mother seemed not particularly to notice it. She let us walk into the park. Letty was going without bonnet or hood, and did not know it. She almost unconsciously suffered me to put them on for her, and we went out together. She walked very fast; her lips quivered, but she did not speak. I was leading the way to the laurel-walk. She turned abruptly from it, saying, "Not there; not there. I will never walk there more;" and struck down into a path which led to the dell. As she passed along she looked at the deer. A fawn that we had tamed so that it would come up to us for bread, and feed from our hands, now ran bounding towards us. Letitia gazed at it a moment and then said, "Go, go, I have nothing for you—poor fool! you do not know that the miserable think only of themselves. What are your wants to me now?" She turned away. "Charlotte," she added, "I wonder that pretty creature knew

me again, for I am so changed I do not know myself—let us go back."

She immediately walked rapidly home again, and all the morning she continued in this restless state, as if she would by action fly from her own thoughts—from herself; yet she had no settled purpose in any one thing she did. She scarcely tasted food; and when we were sitting after dinner in the summer-parlour with my mother she preserved a most unbroken silence for a long while, doing nothing but gaze out of the window, yet not seeming to notice anything without. My mother was called away for a short space; Letty then whispered to me, "Charlotte, at what hour will he come?"

"I do not know," said I; "why do you ask me?"

"Because I would not see him this evening. Save me, if you can, from seeing him till I must see him. I will go to my room. Say anything for me; say I am ill; you will not speak falsely."

She rose hastily, and quitted the parlour. I told our mother when she returned what Letty had said, and where she was gone. She was vexed at what she called my sister's obstinacy and prejudices; but observed, all things considered, it might be for the best. She would excuse her daughter to Sir Francis Beaumont. I did not stay to see the arrival of that hated man, but stole into Letitia's bedroom, and tried to give such comfort as I could to her weary and broken spirit. I did not leave her till near midnight. On the morning of the day she was to be married my mother allowed no one but herself and her maid to attend upon her whilst dressing.

I and my sister Rebecca (who had arrived only the night before, with Lady and Mr. John Buller) were to be bridesmaids. The ceremony was to be performed as privately as possible—a mere family party. Rebecca felt a great deal for her sister; I went to her as soon as I was dressed. Rebecca was not quite ready. "Sister," she said, "I have no pleasure to-day in dressing; for I am sure Letty is going to be made miserable for life. It seems to me as if we were going to a funeral instead of a wedding. I had rather put on mourning than this white satin suit, though Madame Le Roi made it. What a pity it is that

Sir Francis Beaumont is not to her fancy: but I don't wonder she dislikes him; he is not at all like John Buller."

In this way Rebecca ran on till she had finished dressing, and then she took a last look in the glass, and away we went to seek my poor sister. We only saw her for a few minutes alone before my mother came to lead her down stairs. Letitia was dressed in her bride-clothes; though her cheeks were almost as white as the gown she wore, she looked most lovely. Her own rich and dark auburn hair, hung negligently, quite unadorned, about her face and neck. Her eye was very bright, but not settled in its expression. There was the same quivering of the lip; and when she spoke her voice and manner were slightly hysterical.

I could not help fancying that my lady was almost sorry she had driven on things to this extremity; so strange and wayward are the feelings of the human heart. I repeat it, that I did think my mother looked disappointed, even at the very moment she had so broken and subdued the spirit of her daughter that she was calm and willing to complete the sacrifice. But she is not of a character to be shaken in the firmness of her resolution even by her own regrets; and she added, after giving Letty, who kneeled to receive it, her blessing, as if to console herself more than her afflicted child—"Yes, Letitia, you will be happy; I doubt not, very happy." In silence, also, she received the blessing of her father, and returned the salutation of the bridegroom by a gentle inclination of the head, but avoiding, as I could well observe, to look at him even for a moment.

The day was one of gloom. Heavy showers had fallen in the morning, and the sky was unusually dark; it suited with the occasion. You know the old chapel at Trelawne, yet you never saw it look as it did at that hour, or at least as it seemed to look to my fancy. It was dull and sombre. The old roof seemed blacker and heavier than usual, and the air to hang about it in a sort of mist; which magnified its size, but only added so much the more of gloom to its remotest limits. This was the chapel of our feudal ancestors; many an august ceremony, many a solemn service, had it witnessed in the times of the belted knights and barons of old; but never before, perhaps, one such

as that now about to be performed—the sacrifice of a victim as innocent as unfortunate; sacrificed with the full concurrence of her nearest kindred and friends, who were about, I must say it, to mock rather than hallow the act by an appeal to the God of all mercy and truth.

The chapel had been hastily decorated for the occasion. There were some wreaths of laurel, flowers, and bay, hung about it; they looked drooping and out of place. On each side the altar were suspended the banners of the houses of Beaumont and Trelawny, so soon to become quartered in the forms of heraldic alliance. The ancient tapestry that in former times used only to be displayed within its sacred walls on the days of the high festivals of the Church was now hung up like a melancholy memorial of the past; it was worn, faded, and decaying—an emblem, as I thought, of all the vain pomps of this world, which all wax old as doth a garment, and have no abiding here. The last time this tapestry had been displayed was at the funeral of our cousin Charles; then some black knots of ribbon had been fastened to unite them together. The servants in their haste, or in their carelessness, had not removed them on the present occasion, though they had added a few bride-knots to the pieces of the tapestry hanging near the altar. I saw that Letitia, whose mind, though dead to every circumstance of joy, eagerly caught at the least that bore any note of melancholy and sorrow, observed this gloomy omen with no sign of displeasure. She only breathed a sigh. Most of the upper servants and a few of the old tenantry were already in the chapel.

Letitia passed on; and at that moment I heard John Jago's aged mother, who was standing with the tenantry, observe to her neighbour, "The sun has not shone on the bride; poor thing! there will be bad luck on her this hour." Letty, I believe, heard it too, for she looked round for a moment towards the speaker, and then proceeded. With an unsteady step, a fixed eye, a countenance white as monumental marble, and the air of one who is in a great measure stupefied, did my sister now stand before the altar. There she remained altogether passive, doing whatever she was bidden, but seeming to lose all power of thought,

feeling, or action, save at the direction of others. We stood by her, as the bridesmaids. Mr. John Buller, who was to give her away, supported her gently; the bridegroom took his place.

My lord stood within the rails of the altar, with the book open in his hands; the young chaplain was with him.

"Letty, take off your glove," whispered Rebecca. She did so.

"A little nearer," said Mr. Buller. She moved forward mechanically.

"Attend, my child," said the bishop. She looked up as if awakened from a dream.

My lord commenced; and when he came to that most awful, most impressive address to those about to be united in the sacred and indissoluble bond of marriage—"I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts will be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in holy matrimony, ye do now confess it"—my sister, as if in a moment recalled to life and consciousness by this most solemn appeal to the Lord of Heaven and earth, suddenly clasped her hands together, uttered a fearful shriek that chilled the blood and thrilled the ear, as she sank back into the arms of Mr. Buller, who saved her from falling to the ground.

To describe the agitation, the distress that now seemed to possess all present, would be impossible. Lady Trelawny rushed forward. Some ran for water—water was brought and thrown on her face. We loosed her stomacher and cut her laces. Everybody seemed distracted: all willing to give help, and none knowing clearly how to give it. She showed signs of returning life. The chill of the water had its effect—she was better. In this confusion you will not wonder that any stir without was not noticed; but the chapel-door was suddenly thrown open with so much violence that the bishop, who stood at the altar, demanded, Who was there—what was the matter?

I looked round, as I and Rebecca were now attending my poor sister, whom we had carried to the nearest seat in the aisle. I saw Dr. Ruddell coming up towards the bishop with hasty strides.

He was in a riding-dress, splashed and half-covered with mud, in a great heat, his wig pushed back, and his countenance speaking all the perturbation and anxiety of a man who comes on some errand of vital import. He was followed by a tall and majestic-looking man, plainly apparelled, less agitated in his manner than the good doctor, yet having also the air of one who has something of import to carry forward in an affair of deep interest to his own feelings.

"What is this, doctor?" said the bishop; "what——?"

"Oh, my lord!" exclaimed the chaplain, "as you hope for mercy in Heaven or peace on earth do not give yonder sweet young lady to this man who stands before you, or woe be to your lordship, a worse woe than was that of David's for his child. Say she is not married! Is she married?"

"Not yet," replied the bishop.

"Thank God, thank God!" said the doctor; "for not yet, and never, must now be the same thing. My lord, there are those who wait without who will not be kept hence, even by the sanctity of this place: they come in the King's name!"

The doctor could scarcely finish this brief address when we heard footsteps advancing. The chapel-door again opened. A poursuivant-at-arms and some yeomen of the royal guard entered. I knew them, for I had before seen these men in London. Unutterable astonishment for a moment spread the silence of wonder and of doubt throughout the chapel.

The poursuivant advanced. "Sir Francis Beaumont," he said, "I arrest you of high treason in the King's name. Here is my warrant."

"For what crime?" inquired Sir Francis, coldly.

"For a double crime," replied the poursuivant; "that of its having been discovered by the information of one Jarvis ——"

A slight involuntary cry of surprise escaped the lips of the accused.

"I say," repeated the poursuivant, "that by the information of one Jarvis, who has proved his charge by giving up certain of your own papers, it appears that from the first you were one of the prime confederates of Monmouth's rebellion; and only hung

back from openly taking up arms in his cause by the prospect of failure which so speedily followed his rash and ill-advised attempt; thus adding cowardice to treachery. And but now, before this discovery was made, you were appointed as ambassador abroad; where it appears you were going, not so much as the King's delegate as, once more, to set on foot intrigues with foreign ministers and nobles to favour the pretensions of the Prince of Orange to usurp the place and crown of his Majesty in these realms. King James has signed the warrant that I now hold for your arrest. You must hence with us."

"I attend you, sir," said Sir Francis Beaumont, sternly; "but I will not go alone. That person" (pointing to the stranger who came with Doctor Ruddell) "must bear me company. If I journey to the Tower of London for Monmouth's affair he must take the same road, for he is Daniel Gumb."

"A formidable and well-known name," replied the poursuivant; "but one, unfortunately for your charge, now included in that most gracious pardon which his Majesty in Council, by the advice of his Ministers, has been pleased to issue for all who yet remain unpunished in the matter of Monmouth's rebellion. Your name, Sir Francis, could not be included, because the new and meditated offence shows no repentance for the old. All save yourself have the benefit of the royal pardon."

Letitia heard this. She suddenly sprang from her seat, rushed past all who were near her, staggered towards the poursuivant, as if he had borne the majesty as well as the power of the King in his own person, fell at his feet, raised her eyes and looked imploringly in his face as she said, "Is he pardoned? Does Harry Trelawny live?"

Ere the poursuivant could reply, "He lives! he lives! my child," said dear old Doctor Ruddell; and with streaming eyes he ran forward and raised her. "He is without; he will tell you himself that he is alive and well."

Harry Trelawny was indeed within hearing. In a moment he was at Letitia's side. They met in silence; tears, and tears alone, spoke all they felt. The boy Samuel Elliot, and a gentleman called Captain Reynolds, were with our cousin.

On seeing the boy enter, Sir Francis Beaumont, who had hitherto preserved an air of haughty defiance, suddenly lowered his demeanour. He turned white, but said nothing. Daniel Gumb now advanced; and taking the boy by the hand, led him to the bishop. "My lord," he said, "in this youth I present to your lordship and all here present the legitimate son and the sole surviving heir of the late Sir Copplestone Bamfield. Know all, that the boy hitherto known as Samuel Elliot must henceforth claim his place as Sir Arthur Bamfield. This is the child said to have been lost; but really stolen by Dorothea Dingley, at the instigation of this accused person, Sir Francis Beaumont, who, in the event of the child's death, stood next heir to all the Bamfield estates, Sir Francis being himself Sir Copplestone Bamfield's youngest brother, though he had changed his name to Beaumont for a great property that was left to him. This is truth. God permitted the injustice; but the eye of God never slumbers; the arm of Providence is not shortened; and the dead and the living have been his instruments to bear testimony to this fact. I have here the proofs; and let us hope, ere Sir Francis goes to that prison which he will most likely never quit but to mount the scaffold, that he will yet redeem the time by doing what he can to repair the past—by acknowledging the person and the title of this youth to the inheritance of his father." Daniel Gumb then spoke to John Jago.

John Jago went out and soon after returned; and what do you think he brought? Nothing but an old stone jar, such as housewives use in their store-closets. "This," said Doctor Ruddell, "this contains a great treasure; for it puts you, Sir Arthur Bamfield, in possession of your rights, by establishing your identity with the lost child of Sir Copplestone Bamfield. I and Mr. Daniel Gumb dug it up from the spot, where, many years ago, it had been buried, under the stile in the Higher Broom Field. I say not if by means natural or otherwise I was directed on seeing a certain sign to proceed to an appointed place, to do a great work—that certain sign" (here the doctor looked up at the banners of the chevron sable and of the white doe, that hung above the altar); "but I say," continued the

worthy man, "that it is not lawful for me to state by what means, if natural or supernatural, the same was indicated to me. Here is the concealed thing; here is that which will speak for itself. Mr. Daniel Gumb is, also, an important witness in every circumstance of the affair; and in him, Sir Arthur Bamfield," continued the worthy minister, as he feelingly addressed the boy, "in him behold your maternal uncle, your long-tried, suffering, but most faithful friend."

Daniel Gumb then proceeded to lay before us all the contents of the stone jar, that had been so recently dug up in the Higher Broom Field. First he produced, tied up in a strong leather purse, one hundred gold jacobuses. "These," he said, turning to Sir Francis Beaumont, "these were the reward of guilt, rejected at last by a quickened and condemning conscience: the miserable woman who took them from your hand, as she gave into your keeping the stolen child, in the Higher Broom Field, never spent one penny of that guerdon of iniquity. Only a few days before her death she placed them in this vessel, with a written acknowledgment of the whole transaction, which I now give into the hands of his lordship; in it she declares the boy, called Samuel Elliot, to be no other than that poor child, the lawful son and heir of Sir Copplestone Bamfield. Why, after having committed such a confession as this to paper, she should conceal her own act, and die with such a load of guilt upon her mind, are circumstances I have no means to explain, and can therefore only form conjectures as to her motives. Some lurking sense of pride (for it appears she was ever of a proud and obdurate temper), some wish to preserve her character, some feeling of shame, struggling with remorse for what she had done, might have held her back. She suffered also, as I have since learnt, from temporary fits of delirium before her death. In one of these, it now appears, she stole out of her bed and buried the vessel in which she chose to deposit her secret, in the Higher Broom Field. The contents are much injured, but, on a careful inspection, legible. It remains but with you to acknowledge the boy and the boy's rights. You may remember that on my first seeing this youth, many years ago, I told you my suspicions.

You denied there was any ground for them ; and attempted to put them off with some story about the boy being an illegitimate child of your once beautiful and misguided sister, who was seduced by the profligate Duke of Buckingham. You said you brought him up in obscurity, to prevent her shame, and any suspicion of a fact so disgraceful to the family. You may remember that I was not satisfied with this tale; and that the conviction the boy was the son of my own sister and her husband Sir Copplestone Bamfield, could never be removed from my mind."

Sir Francis Beaumont remained silent—obstinately silent—till the bishop hinted that as the fears entertained by the King, at this crisis, made him feel desirous to conciliate those prelates he had so lately accused, he, as one of their number, would be likely to have some influence with his Majesty, and was not unwilling to employ it to procure banishment instead of death for the prisoner, if Sir Francis would do justice to the youth. The baronet, in the hope to save his worthless head, made the acknowledgment that was required of him.

The poursuivant's orders were peremptory, and compelled him to lose no time in conveying Sir Francis to London, where he was to undergo an examination before the King and Council, ere he should be committed to the Tower. Sir Francis submitted without speaking. All resistance would have been vain; he was borne out pitied by no one but the youth whom he had so cruelly persecuted and injured almost from the very hour of his birth.

Scarcely was he gone, when we heard a great tumult from without, huzzaing, shouting, music playing, and all those demonstrations of joy that the country-people about Trelawne are so fond of exhibiting on any day of family rejoicing. Oben, the house-steward, now approached, and in a few words explained this new matter. John Jago had mentioned to a few of the tenantry the fact of Mr. Harry Trelawny's safe return; and they had spread the news to a few more, till, at length, it had found wings in its way to Pelynt, and throughout the whole neighbourhood. The bishop, also, it was known, was arrived,

and his popularity had greatly increased since his committal to the Tower for the sake of the Church. A band of Cornishmen and yeomen (who had belonged to that immense body of the native yeomanry lately in agitation to march up to London with the intent to deliver their bishop from the Tower) now led the procession in perfect order up to the house. We heard their shouts as we stood within the walls of the chapel; and the name of Trelawny rang in deep chorus through the woods of their ancient domain.

"And am I forgiven, my dear madam?" said Mr. Harry Trelawny, timidly, as he approached my mother. "But I fear I know my fate. Most thankful am I, to see her thus preserved from one utterly unworthy of her. For myself, I ask nothing; I am too poor in my fortunes to seek her hand."

"Oh! think not that shall be a let to your happiness," said Sir Arthur Bamfield; "I owe my life—my all—to you. I have fortune; it will be of no service to me, unless I can see you happy. I will share all I have with you. And now, my lord," continued he, turning to the bishop, "let me plead for Mr. Harry. Your lordship would make him happy indeed in your daughter."

"And for the matter of the young people being first cousins," said Doctor Ruddell, "I would humbly propose to your lordship, that your lordship would suffer me to lay before you a very ancient, curious, and most erudite treatise on the matter of marriages within kith and kin, written originally in the Latin tongue by that most holy saint of Cornwall, Hercarius, who flourished about the end of the tenth century. This precious treatise, sound in argument, copious in style, orthodox in divinity, was, some centuries after, done into the English. I had the good fortune to pick it up at an old book-stall for the cost of fourpence; he has most fully satisfied me, and I doubt not would equally satisfy your lordship and my lady, that first cousins marrying is really no sin. Mr. Harry Trelawny would also, I am sure, be most satisfied before he read further than the first three hundred pages. I can show him the volume of Hercarius if he will but just step with me into my closet."

Mr. Harry Trelawny assured the doctor he already felt so perfectly satisfied with his account of the book that he would not even trouble St. Hercarius himself, if he were now upon earth, to confirm his own writings; he really never had the least shade of a scruple in regard to his dear cousin.

"But, my lord, perhaps," said Dr. Ruddell, "my lord, who likes a sound and savoury argument—he might like to be so satisfied."

"Not now, good doctor," said the bishop, who could scarcely repress a smile. "I am, in truth, very much of St. Hercarius's opinion. Lady Trelawny observed but now that this was a day of rejoicing: we will make it one. Oben, go forth; invite all who have come hither to welcome home my nephew and rejoice in his safety to stay and see what our house can afford for their entertainment on so short a notice. And the cellars of Trelawne must open their stores to drink a health round: it shall be a bridal health. Letitia, your mother has changed her purpose with her opinion of the baronet to whom she was so desirous to wed you, for what she believed would be for your own happiness. Thank her for it, and then come to me. Dr. Ruddell, we must require your services, for when you are present I can allow no one else to supply my place as a father." And, once more taking his station within the rails of the altar, the bishop continued, as he opened the book, "Let all draw nigh; for I declare that, in the sight of God and this company, I am about to settle all doubts and to dispel all fears by making my daughter Letitia and her cousin Harry Trelawny man and wife. Dr. Ruddell here stands as her father in the ceremony."

"And blesses God," said the good doctor, as the tears stood sparkling in his eyes, "that he has been permitted to live to see this day. Mistress Letitia, do not weep, for you are happy now: but happiness, like sorrow, I know to be as a fountain in the feeling heart. Mr. Harry, I never before saw you look so delighted in all my life; not even when you used to study with me your Homer or your St. Chrysostom."

The bishop opened the book; the ceremony went forward;

and great was the rejoicing of that day with all around. Harry, every one declared, deserved his good fortune, and was worthy of being united to her who was the pride and the flower of the house of Trelawy of Trelawne. I can add no more than that

I remain, dear Ellen,

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLOTTE TRELAWNY.

NOTES.

The tapestry mentioned in the Introduction to this tale deserves some notice, as it was connected with a most affecting incident of domestic life. It was the work of Letitia, many years after her marriage to her cousin.

Harry and Letitia loved each other with all that devoted affection which generally attends a marriage where the parties are so fortunate as to be brought together by mutual love and a perfect conformity of taste and character. They were an amiable and exemplary couple; and they felt their happiness to be the greater from having escaped that bitter disappointment, that pining of the heart, which arises from being separated from its kindred heart. They had many children.

* * * * *

Their first-born, Charles, inherited the spirit, talents, and manly beauty of his father, with all the gentleness and the reflective turn of mind of his mother. The utmost pains were bestowed upon his education; his parents loved him with the most fond affection, and he repaid their care with all the duty and obedience of a good and devoted son. At fifteen he was taken ill at Westminster School, with that disorder, then little less fatal than the plague, whose most deadly shaft was afterwards blunted, in this country, by the meritorious exertions and example of a woman. And never ought England to forget its obligations to that illustrious person, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, for having introduced inoculation for the small-pox; a

benefit only no longer felt by the still greater blessing conferred on it by the discovery of a Jenner. Charles Trelawny, then, died of the natural small-pox! Every effort that human means could suggest was resorted to in the hope to save him, but in vain. He died after an illness of about ten days. I have seen at Trelawne the affecting entries in his father's journal, made during the progress of the malady; and a letter he wrote, which, even at this distance of time, cannot be read with indifference, on the occasion of the boy's death. Yet, in the midst of all these affecting details, it was impossible to suppress a smile on reading the plan pursued by the doctors for his cure—the bleedings, blisterings, possets, chickens to his feet, and other remedies; and the squabbles, fees, and contradictions of the doctors. Some anecdotes of these gentlemen of the gold-headed cane would have furnished hints to Molière for many a scene in his inimitable pictures of the medical tribe in the days of Louis the Fourteenth. The boy died; I felt no wonder at the circumstance, for I had gone through the records of his doctoring.

Letitia bore her son's death very sadly; and, giving way to gloom and solitude, for one twelvemonth she shut herself up in that very chamber where I had seen the tapestry at Trelawne. The room was hung with black; she scarcely ever quitted it during the whole of that time, excepting to attend divine service in the chapel. Her melancholy hours were devoted to religious books, and to working the tapestry representing the memorial, before described, for her son.

But the singular circumstance respecting a marriage between first cousins did not end here; there was another instance of it in the next generation, in the family of Trelawny, and scarcely of a less romantic character than the former. Sir John Trelawny, son of the bishop, dying without an heir, Harry, who had married Letitia, became the successor of the title and estate of his ancient house. The Stuarts no longer wearing the Crown, he came into favour with the family of the Prince of Orange;

and many years after was, on account of his talents and his courage, appointed aide-de-camp to the celebrated Duke of Marlborough.

His public career was honourable and prosperous; but in private life he received a shock in the death of his only son Charles, from which he never recovered. His beloved Letitia soon after dying, he at length retired with his two daughters, Letitia and Rebecca, to his paternal mansion of Butts Head, near Tamerton, in Devonshire, in the hope there to end his days in peace. His younger brother had left an only son, named William, who was a captain in the navy; a gentleman of gallantry and spirit, in every respect worthy the race whence he sprang. This Captain William Trelawny formed an attachment to his first cousin Letitia, daughter of Sir Harry ; and for some time the growing affection between these young persons was not suspected. On discovering it, however, Sir Harry was filled with dismay ; and, as an imaginary point of duty, opposed it with a determination which nothing could change.

For a while the youthful cousins submitted to their fate ; but Captain Trelawny was in love, and quite as determined as his uncle had been before him to wed his cousin Letty. Notwithstanding the vigilance of every one about her, he contrived to see and to correspond with her, and won over her sister Rebecca to his cause. At length he prevailed with her to marry him in private (and no such obstacles to clandestine marriages as now exist were then in being) ; he determined to make her his own ere he quitted the kingdom on a foreign service. The difficulty was, how to get the clergyman of the parish to perform the ceremony. This was done by taking him by surprise one evening, when Letitia and Rebecca, both disguised in male attire, made their way to the church, where Captain Trelawny had requested the attendance of the pastor to marry a couple who wished to be united in the most private manner, the bride having, therefore, adopted a disguise.

The captain soon after went to sea, and his lady-love returned to her father's house. Nor was any discovery made, so much did she dread avowing her marriage to her father, till she was actually about bringing into the world the first-fruits of her secret union with her cousin. Longer concealment became impossible; and whilst she was ill, Rebecca, throwing herself at her father's feet, implored his forgiveness for her sister. Soon after a baby was presented to him as his grandson, the future heir of the title and honours of his house. That child was the late Sir Harry Trelawny, who died at Rome in 1834; he died in a good old age.

In the general preface prefixed to the first volume of this series I have given so full an account of the curious circumstances from which I derived the hint to build upon them my story of the boy who was haunted by the ghost of Dorothea Dingley, in the Higher Broom Field, that I have here little more to add on the subject, except it be to state that I am informed a field near Launceston, exactly agreeing with Dr. Ruddell's account, as given in Gilbert's History of Cornwall, is still pointed out by tradition as the scene of the boy's encounter with the spirit, and where it was laid to rest by the good doctor.

In the general preface alluded to above I have likewise given an account of the circumstances which induced me to make Daniel Gumb (who lived among the wild rocks, in a house of his own construction, near the Cheese-wring, in Cornwall) a character in my story. Indeed, for all else concerning its origin, I must refer the readers of Trelawny to that preface.

Perhaps it may be as well to state here a few things which were there omitted, though I gave a full account of all that occurred that induced me to write the Romance of TRELAWNY in the form of letters. I there also stated the few and slight traditionary circumstances on which I built my tale. I forgot to mention, however, that the story introduced in the work, and called THE PROPHECY, is not founded on any legend or tradition whatever; it is wholly fictitious.

Whilst on that agreeable visit at Trelawne, in company with the late Lady Trelawny, in 1833 (as described in the Introduction to the present volume), I saw amongst the multitude of old papers some housekeeping books of account, tradesmen's bills, and notes or letters of ordinary matters of business, of the time of the famous Bishop Trelawny. From a very slight glance at these, I learnt that the name of the house-steward of the bishop was Oben; that a Mr. Marshall was the family apothecary; that a Mrs. Docton was an intimate friend of Lady Trelawny; and that it was mentioned in a letter by one of the household that a desperate band of deer-stalkers and smugglers (whose leader was supposed to be a man called Hawkins) had been firing at the bishop's deer all night in the park, to the great terror of the in-dwellers at Trelawne. In another paper I found an attorney named Short, referred to in a manner which led me to conclude he was a pettifogger of very doubtful reputation. The family of Jago was mentioned as living at a place called Barcelona, on the estate. I gained no more information respecting these persons from the papers than I have here mentioned; but their names I felt would add to the *vraisemblance* of my story; and so I determined to have them all in, and to make each perform a part in my drama of TRELAWNY of TRELAWNE.

THE END.

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